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THE

# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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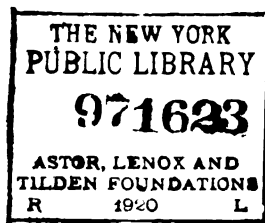


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ROY W. H.  
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# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



## CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA.\*

WHEN the Gospel was first preached in the different parts of the earth, the religion of Christ excited nowhere any surprise, for it had been prophesied in all places, and it was universally expected. The birth of a man-God, a Divine incarnation, is the belief, the faith of humanity, the great dogma which has reappeared under more or less mysterious forms in the old worships and among the most ancient traditions. The Messiah, the Redeemer promised to fallen man in the terrestrial paradise has never ceased to be announced from age to age in all countries. The people of God, specially chosen to be the depositaries of that promise, spread the notion of it among men several centuries before its accomplishment. Such were, in the designs of Providence, the results of those great revolutions which agitated the Jews and dispersed them in the world, and especially in Asia.

The double captivity of the Jews brought about their dispersion throughout Asia, with their books, their doctrines, and their prophecies; and everywhere they preached the advent of a Redeemer. Biblical traditions accompanied the children of Israel everywhere, going with them into Persia, India, and China, as they went by Asia Minor to Greece and Northern and Central Europe. According to Strabo, who wrote in the times of Pompey and of Cæsar, the Jews were to be met with in all towns; and it was not easy to find any place throughout the whole earth that had not received them, and where they had not established themselves.

When Christ appeared, then, it was not only in Judæa, among the Hebrews, that he was expected, he was also expected at Rome, among the Goths and Scandinavians, in India, in China, and especially in Higher Asia, where almost all the religious systems are based upon the dogma of a Divine incarnation. Long before the coming of a Messiah, a redemption of the universe by a Saviour, a King of Peace and of Justice, was announced throughout the whole world. This expectation is often made mention of in the Pouranas, the mythological books of India. In China, also, Confucius lamented in his works the loss of the sacred tripod (emblem of a trinity), and announced to the Pè Sin, or one hundred families (the Chinese people), that the Messiah would come from the West.

A short time previous to the birth of Christ, not only the Jews, but even the Romans all thought, on the authority of the Sybilline books, and

\* *Le Christianisme en Chine, en Tartarie, et au Thibet.* Par M. Huc, ancien Ministre Apostolique en Chine. Vols. I. and II.

the decision of the sacred college of Augurs of Etruria, that that important event was near. The senate, terrified by the rumours and prodigies that happened in Rome, issued an edict forbidding any father of a family to bring up any child—*nequis illo anno genitus educaretur* (Suetonius, Life of Augustus, 94), or to adopt any deserted infant during that year. The Roman Empire, the civilised world, India and China, were alike in the expectation of a regeneration of humanity; and what is very remarkable is, that the same year witnessed the most remote people of the East, the Seres or Chinese, sending a mission to acquire the friendship of Rome and of Augustus. The same expectation dwelt with each. China with Confucius awaited the coming of a Messiah from the West; Rome anticipated his coming from the East. Neither were deceived; that which constitutes the subject of the grandiose epics of India, the incarnation of the Divinity, was really about to be accomplished between the East and the West, in Judæa.

The Messiah saw the day, in effect, in a poor grotto of Bethlehem, not far from Jerusalem; and no sooner had that event taken place than three magi, kings of the East, who lived in anxious expectation of its occurrence, directed their steps towards the place where the Divine infant was. At the same time the Emperor of India, alarmed by the prophecies current in the country, and which in his apprehension predicted his ruin and the loss of his empire, deputed emissaries to inquire at what place such a child had been born, that he might put it to death. The horrible massacre ordered by Herod, to deliver himself from the same apprehensions, is well known. Only a few years later the Emperor of China commissioned an embassy to go in search of the Messiah that was to be born in the West. The fact is thus related in the annals of the Celestial Empire:

The twenty-fourth year of the reign of Tchao-Wang, of the dynasty of Tcheou (which corresponds to the year 1029 B.C.), the eighth day of the fourth moon, a light appearing in the south-west, illumined the palace of the king. The monarch witnessing this phenomenon, interrogated the wise men as to its meaning. These presented to him the books in which it was written that this prodigy announced that a great saint was about to appear in the West, and that a thousand years after his birth his religion would be spread over these countries.

The fifty-third year of the reign of Mou-Wang, which is that of the Black Monkey (951 B.C.), the fifteenth day of the second moon, Buddha manifested himself. Thirteen hundred years afterwards, (?) under the dynasty of the Han-Ming, the seventh year of the reign of Young-Ping (A.D. 64), the fifteenth day of the first moon, the king saw in a dream a man the colour of gold, more than ten feet in height, and surrounded as with the splendour of the sun. Having penetrated into the palace of the king, this man said: "My religion will spread into these places." The next day the king interrogated the wise men. One of them, named Fou-y, opening the annals of the time of the Emperor Tchao-Wang, made known the relation that existed between the dream of the king and the statement in the annals. The king consulted the ancient books, and having found the passage relating to the times of Tchao-Wang, he was filled with delight. He then sent the officers Tsa-Yn and Thsin-King, the learned Wang-Tsun, and fifteen other men to the West to obtain information regarding the doctrine of Buddha.

In the tenth year (the year 67 after Jesus Christ) these emissaries having been sent into Central India, obtained there a statue of Buddha and Sanscrit books, which they transported on a white horse to the city of Lo-Yang.

The error was grave: the emissaries of the Emperor of China did not

extend their researches far enough; they allowed themselves to be seduced by the doctors of Hindustan, and the introduction of Buddhism dates from that epoch. Yet in those remote times the preaching of the Gospel resounded to most remote countries, and, probably, to the very depths of that old Chinese Empire, which was at that time more extensive, and possibly more civilised, than the Roman Empire. It has been generally supposed that the Gospel was only preached there in latter ages. It is not so; the doctrine of Jesus Christ was taught there almost from the beginning.

Abdias relates the legend of Saint Thomas, that, being at Jerusalem, our Saviour appeared to him, and ordered him to accompany one Abban, an emissary from the Indian king Gondaphorus, in search of an architect, to India, to preach the Gospel and receive the crown of martyrdom. The book of the Syrian Jacobites has a reference to a similar legend in its prayers for the feast of Saint Thomas on the 3rd of July. The mission and the martyrdom of Saint Thomas in India are, indeed, alluded to in all the ancient liturgies and martyrologies. The Khaldis, or Nestorians, chant his conversion of the Indians at vespers. Gregorius Bar\*Hebraeus, Jerome, Theodoret, Baronius, Nicephorus, the Roman Breviary, and the Paschal Chronicle, all bear testimony to the same fact, and that the same apostle preached to the Parthians, the Medes, the Persians, and the Bactrians.

In later times, we have Gregory of Tours speaking of a credible person, Theodorus by name, who had visited the tomb of Saint Thomas in India. In the year 883, Sighelm, Bishop of Shireburn, was sent by Alfred, in consequence of a vow made to that effect, to carry relief to the Christians of Saint Thomas in India. Two Mussulmans, who visited India in the ninth century, speak of the church of Saint Thomas as being on the coast of Coromandel. Marco Polo described the tomb of Saint Thomas as being near a small and poor town on the coast of Malabar, whither many Christians went in pilgrimage; and the Saracens also held the place in great veneration.

Nearly at the same epoch a Dominican missionary, who had reached Tartary by the way of India, wrote to his order that Saint Thomas the Apostle had converted many people and princes, but that there was no longer but one little town in which the Christian faith was upheld. (*L'Hystoire Merveilleuse du Grant Caan, feuillet iii.*) This little town, according to Ricold, was, no doubt, Calamine, where the apostle suffered martyrdom, and where his body lay. At a later period, the same town was known under the name of Meliapour, or Peacock-town. It has also been called San Thomé; and the mediæval Arabs called it Betama, or Beit Thoma—the house of Thomas.

The Portuguese laid claim to having discovered the relics of Saint Thomas at the period of their first conquests on the coasts of India, and of having removed them to Goa. But implicit credit cannot be given to the details as recorded by the historians Maffei and Du Jarric, who relate that bones were found of a remarkable whiteness, with the legendary lance by their side! According to Rufin, some of the relics of the apostle were transported from India to Edessa, now Urfa, in Mesopotamia. Still, although denied by some, an almost irrefragable mass of evidence exists to prove that Saint Thomas was really the first apostle of



India. "Even the Protestants believe in it," says M. Huc, quoting Hohlenberg and Buchanan; as if it was part of Protestantism to reject all traditional or historical evidence. The Protestants have in reality done more towards elucidating biblical and apostolical history and archæology, than has been effected by our learned and devoted brethren of the Roman Catholic Church during all their long ages of toil and labour.

Humanity, we have seen, was prepared to receive the fundamental truths of Christianity. Independently of the relations established without the Celestial Empire between the Chinese and the Israelites, whom God dispersed among the nations to make known his name and to prepare them for the coming of the Messiah, Jews existed in China as early as the seventh century before Christ. Several of those Jews, according to the missionary Gaubil (*Chronologie Chinoise*, p. 267), enjoyed high civil and military positions; some were even governors of provinces and ministers of state.

In olden times the Chinese were less exclusive than they are in our days: they allowed strangers to penetrate freely into their vast empire, and they themselves trafficked with their neighbours. Their junks navigated both the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea. The Greeks and Latins knew them by the name of Seres, the chief article of their commerce; and the Parthians acted as intermediaries in the trade with the empires of the West. Hence every facility presented itself from the earliest times for Christianity to reach these distant realms, and hence it was in reality Buddhism that borrowed from Christianity, not, as has been supposed by some, Christianity from Buddhism.

Apostles and missionaries, braving the dangers and the fatigues of the most distant journeys, went also from the earliest times to bear the happy tidings of salvation to the people of India. Saint Pantenes was one of the first apostles in the central East. He was a Sicilian by birth, and lived in the second century, when, having acquired great repute in the schools of Alexandria, he was induced to extend his teachings to India, but little is known as to what progress he made. He was followed by Frumentius, who met with such signal success, that he became a minister of state, founded several churches, and created a primate of all India. The first of that rank was one John, who had a seat at the Council of Nice in 325. At a subsequent period, Museum, Bishop of Aduli, in Abyssinia, evangelised the northern parts of India, in company with the famous Palladius, a Goth of Galatia. Museum is said to have even extended his missions as far as China. The primate of India was at that time Theophilus, who subsequently attained great notoriety by his adhesion to the heresy of Arius. He was called the "Black Monk," on account of his dark colour. He founded three churches: one at Dabar, in Arabia, another at Aden, and a third at the entrance of the Persian Gulf. Marutha, another Hindoo, became primate in the fourth century. The seat of the episcopacy under Theophilus was Diu; under Marutha, it was Sufferdam. The latter was present at the Councils of Constantinople and of Seleucia in 381, and in 383 at the Synod of Sides, in Pamphylia. The religious communications with the remote East were, it is evident, far greater in the times of early Christianity than is generally supposed. The celebrated Egyptian traveller, Cosmos Indicopleustes,

who visited India in the time of Justinian (A.D. 535), asserts that there were in his time churches in Ceylon, on the coast of Malabar, and in the north-west of India.

There is no doubt, however, that, in as far as regards China, Christianity was first diffused in that country by the Chaldæans or Nestorians, and that the first bishopric was founded by the same people. The only point open to discussion is, whether the Chaldæan Church was founded by orthodox Chaldæans or by Nestorians. Ebedjésus, a Syrian author, well versed in the Christian antiquities of the East, having said, "*The Catholicos* (the title assumed by the Nestorian Patriarchs) Saliba-Zacha created the metropolitans of Heria (in Khorasan), of Samar Kand, and of China; *others*, on the contrary, pretend that they were instituted by Achæus and Silas." The Abbé Huc is in favour of the assumption of the anonymous "*others*," because Achæus, Archbishop of Seleucia, was primate of the orthodox Chaldæans from 411 to 415, Silas was patriarch of the Nestorians from 503 to 520, and Saliba-Zacha from 714 to 728. Granting, then, the view taken by the anonymous "*others*," the honour of founding the first Christian episcopacy would be divided between the orthodox Chaldæans and the Nestorian Chaldæans. The question is, however, totally deprived of that importance which M. Huc would attach to it; for the orthodox Chaldæans knew no more of a Bishop of Rome, or of a Roman *Catholic* ritual, than did the *Catholicos* of the Chaldæan Nestorians. Admit, however, the authenticity of the celebrated monument of Si-ngan-Fou, and the honour of having first preached the Gospel in China will remain with the Nestorians.

In 1625, some Chinese workmen were digging the foundations of a house without the walls of Si-ngan-Fou, one of the ancient capitals of China, under the name of Tchang-ngan, and known as Komdan by the Arab and Syrian writers of the middle ages, when they discovered a monumental stone, upon which was sculptured a cross and an inscription in old Chinese characters. The stone was examined by the Jesuits Alvares Sémédo, Martin Martini, author of the Chinese Atlas, and the Pole Michel Boym. Copies of the inscription were sent to Rome and to Paris. M. Huc adds one more to the numerous attempts that have been made at the decipherment of this remarkable inscription. It relates that one Olopen came, in 635, from Ta Thsin, or the Roman Empire, to the capital of China. The emperor, who belonged to the Thang dynasty, the most illustrious that ever ruled the Celestial Empire, received him with all honours, as he did also the doctrine which he brought with him. That doctrine proclaims that Aloho, or Oloho (Eloha, or God, in the Syriac), created heaven and earth, and that Sa-Tan having seduced the first man, God sent the Messiah to deliver him from his original sin, so that the law and the prophecy should be accomplished. The names of the Syrian priests who accompanied Olopen are given in the estranghelo characters.

Previous to the discovery of this monument, it had been generally supposed that China had always been denied all contact with the people of the West, and that when Father Ricci carried there the good tidings of the Gospel in 1583, it was the first time that the name of Jesus had been uttered in that land sequestered from other human beings. The abstract of the Christian doctrine given in the inscription attests that the disseminators of Christianity in Central Asia in the

seventh century were Nestorians. "The Holy Trinity communicated its substance to Mi-chi-ho (the Messiah), much to be venerated, and who, veiling his real majesty, appeared to the world in the likeness of man." Issuing forth from the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates, these ardent and intrepid propagators of the Gospel dispersed themselves all over the countries of the far East. In the present day, the most learned Orientalists, as Quatremère, Abel Remusat, Klaproth, Reinaud, and Ernest Renan, all agree in deriving the Ouigour alphabet, from whence the Mongol, Kalbuk, and Mantchu Tartar alphabets descended, from the Syrian stranghelo, introduced into Central and Eastern Asia by the Nestorians.

Voltaire insisted that the inscription of Si-ngan-Fou was a pious deception of the Jesuits to facilitate their progress with the Chinese, and make them believe that Christianity had been adopted by their ancestors. The sceptic of Ferney, who did not trouble himself with questions of evidence, sneered at the idea of Olopen having reached China, "conducted thither by blue clouds, and by observing the rule of the winds"—expressions which the learned Orientalist, Abel Remusat, said might appear very amusing in the language of the West, but which are quite simple and usual in the Chinese. Mr. Milne, a missionary at Malacca, has also thrown doubts upon the authenticity of the monument. The grounds of his scepticism are mainly based on the silence of the Chinese historians; but since that time M. Stanislas Julien has found several notices of it in Chinese works, more especially in the *Kin-che-sui-Pien*, or "Collection of Inscriptions," which may be looked upon as a treasure of Chinese archaeology. It is impossible not to feel a strong sense of disappointment on finding that all M. Huc has to say that is new upon this long-vexed question is, that during his residence at Peking several Chinese friends gave him the assurance that they had seen the monument, with the inscription, in the pagoda near Si-ngan-Fou.

The details of the progress of Christianity in Higher Asia are few in number, but it is known that subsequently to the epoch of the monument of Si-ngan-Fou, Timothy, who occupied the patriarchal seat of the Nestorians from 777 to 820, deputed several missionaries to preach the Gospel in the far east. Arabian literature also furnishes a few interesting notices. In the relation of a voyage to India and China in the ninth century, translated by Reinaud, mention is made of one Ibn Vahab, a Mussulman merchant of Bussorah, who was shown by the Emperor of China portraits of all the prophets, including Christ and Muhammad. It was at the same epoch that the great revolution occurred by which the Sing dynasty was brought to the throne in the place of the Thangs. There was upon this occasion a great massacre of Christians at Khan Fou, or Han-Tcheon Fou, which was the capital of the Sing dynasty, and is described as a wonderfully populous and beautiful city by Marco Polo. M. Huc describes it as being still one of the most considerable and beautiful towns of the middle empire. Renaudot and Reinaud have also recovered another passage attributed to one Abulfaraj by Golius, and who was a librarian of Baghdad, which says that in the last half of the tenth century a monk of Nadjran was deputed by the Catholicos of Seleucia to aid his Christian brethren in China.

At the beginning of the eleventh century all Europe resounded with

the reports of the power, the wealth, and the sanctity of the great monarch who, in his letters to emperors, kings, and pontiffs, styled himself simply *Prêtre Jean*, hence commonly called *Prestre John*. M. Hue brings a vast amount of testimony to show that he was not only a real personage, but that the name represented a powerful dynasty in High Asia, who, with their people, had been converted to Nestorianism. The first king of this name lived with his Tartar subjects, the *Keraïtes*, beyond the great desert of Gobi, and having lost himself one day when hunting, he was saved by a mysterious personage upon the condition of adopting the Christian faith, which he did, he and all his people. In 1046, forty-five years after the conversion of the King of the *Keraïtes*, one of his successors subjugated several neighbouring tribes, and extended his power as far as to *Khanhgar*. This was only the prelude to the vast conquests of the *Keraïte* Tartars. The Christian element appears to have imparted to that energetic race a principle of expansion which rivalled the enthusiastic ardour of Islamism. One of these *Keraïte* sovereigns, bearing the national title of *Prêtre Jean*, carried his arms to the banks of the *Tigris*, and took *Ecbatana* by assault. It is to this king that are attributed the pompous letters addressed to Pope Alexander III., to the King of France, and to the emperors of the East and the West. The last of these *Keraïte* sovereigns was *Ung Khan*. His army was defeated, and he himself was slain by a rival Tartar chief called *Temoutchin*, and with him ended, in 1203, the Christian kingdom of *Prestre John* and the power of the *Keraïtes*. The word *Jean*, or *John*, appears to have been a corruption of *Khakan*, or *Khan*, which is often found in mediæval chronicles written *Chan*, *Ghan*, and *Gehan*. The title of priest was derived, probably, from the union of the spiritual with the temporal sovereignty abrogated by eastern monarchs. The title of these *Keraïte* kings was then priest-khan, as others adopted that of *gur-khan*, or head-khan, and *Temoutchin* that of *Tchin-guiz-khan*, or the "*Khan of Forts*," better known as *Genghiz* or *Chingis Khan*. This was the man who, with his Mongol hordes, subjected all the Tartar tribes, and, in the figurative language of the Chinese, annihilated empires as if tearing up so much grass. The religion of this great conqueror, if he had any at all, was a *Deism*; he tolerated alike Christianity, Muhammadanism, and idolatry.

The capital of the successors of *Tchinguiz Khan* was *Kara Korum*, the ancient city of the *Keraïtes*; and *Saint Hyacinth*, a Russian missionary, is supposed to have visited the seat of their power during the height of their successes, and a Syrian—*Simeon* by name—so won upon *Ogotai* that he was deputed by him, in 1241, to put an end to the persecution of the Christians in Armenia, and he is said to have converted and baptised many of the Mongol chiefs.

The successes of the Tartars were the cause of the first missions from Western Europe. *Innocent IV.* convoked a council at Lyons in 1245, to consider how Europe was to be preserved from the invasion of these hordes of Higher Asia. Fasts and prayer were enjoined, together with the fortification of cities and the obstruction of roads, and it was resolved to depute missionaries to the chief of the barbarians, with letters inviting him to abstain from shedding the blood of Christians, and to enter into the bosom of the Church. The Prior of the Dominicans of Paris was

entrusted with the selection of certain brethren of his order to go upon this distant and dangerous mission, and four missionaries were selected—Anselm, of Lombardy; Simon, of Saint Quentin; Alberic and Alexander, who were to go into Persia; whilst four Franciscans—Benoit, of Poland; Laurent, of Portugal; and Jean, of Plan Carpin, were deputed to Tartary.

Such was the origin of the first Romanist missions to China and Tartary. They had been long preceded, as we have seen, by those of the Greek, or orthodox Church, and by those of the Nestorians from the East: they were instituted to protect the western nations from the irruptions of barbarians, and the men selected for this task belonged to two brotherhoods, at that time no less distinguished by their learning and their zeal than they were for their powers of endurance. The first mission was so far successful that the monks received no ill treatment. They were present at the election of Couyouk (Kuyuk), which was attended by ambassadors from almost all the sovereigns and potentates of Asia. The successors of Tchinguiz Khan had at that time no settled form of worship, and they therefore tolerated all alike. Tourakina, the mother of the great khan, was, however, a Christian. It was not till the time of Khoubilai that they adopted Buddhism, and imposed that faith upon their subjects. The missionaries returned in safety, after undergoing great fatigues and privations, with a letter to the Pope, in which Couyouk styled himself khan by the grace of God, and emperor of all men. He made war, he said, against the people of the West because they had not obeyed God and Tchinguiz Khan, and had killed the Tartar ambassadors. "You people of the West," he added, "you say you worship God; you believe yourselves to be the only Christians, and you despise all others. But how do you know to whom he deigns to confer his grace? We worship God, and it is by his strength and power that we shall destroy all nations from the east to the west. If man had not the strength of God, what could men do?" Jean Carpin was sixty-five years of age when he undertook this perilous embassy, and he was afflicted with such a heavy corpulence that he died of his fatigues and privations shortly after his return, after having been appointed Bishop of Antivari, in Dalmatia. As to the Franciscans, who were deputed at the same time, they only got as far as the camp of Baidjou, in Persia. This rough soldier treated them with the utmost contempt, and after three several times resolving upon their death, and contemplating sending back their stuffed skins to the Pope, he dismissed them with two emissaries, who met with a very different treatment at the hands of the Christians.

The Crusaders had the effect of making the Tartars, who heard of their military prowess, more respectful to the nations of the West. They even sent an embassy to Saint Louis, when he was at Cyprus, on his way to Egypt. These ambassadors declared that Couyouk had been baptised by a bishop named Malasias, who we must suppose was a Nestorian. Ilchikidai, who had succeeded to Baidjou as lieutenant of the khan, said in his letter that there was no distinction between Latin, Greek, Armenian, Nestorian, and Jacobite, and he begged that Louis would treat them all alike with the same clemency. The names of the pretended ambassadors were David and Mark, and it is manifest that they came in the interest solely of the Christians of the East, or, as M. Huc speaks of



churches, every one of them older than that of Rome, "the invitation given to the king of France to make no distinction between the Roman Catholics and the *heretics*, or oriental *schismatics*, had much more the appearance of coming from those schismatics themselves than from a general who, even supposing him to be converted, could not be very familiar with the dissensions which afflicted the Church, or at all events could not be much interested in them." This, however, is begging the question, because the Tartars, who had been long located on the frontiers of Persia, were in the very heart of the Armenian, Nestorian, and Jacobite schisms; they knew that the Syrians were of the so-called Greek Church, and they would no doubt have heard that the new combatants for the Cross designated themselves Latins.

Saint Louis deputed a mission of three Dominicans, André de Lonjumeau, Jean de Carcassone, and Guillaume, charged with a tent, richly decorated as a chapel, a piece of the true Cross, and letters which, M. Huc says, must "*à coup sûr étonner un peu la cour de Kharacorum.*" The missionaries, starting from Antioch, took a whole year to reach the court of the grand khan. Couyouk was dead, but they were well received by the regent Ogoul and her son, and they accepted the presents sent to them as a testimony of the submission of Louis XL to the authority of the khan. The missionaries were then dismissed with a letter, in which the Tartar chief claimed an annual tribute of gold and silver from the French king, under pain, in case of neglect, of putting him and his to the sword, as he had done many other monarchs. Louis was naturally much disgusted at the result of his mission, and Joinville says, "*que il se repentit fort quant il y envoya.*" The monks returned with an extraordinary legend, which has been repeated by Raynald and others, of a Tartar chief who had been converted by a Divine majesty, seen seated on a mountain by the side of a queen. Mosheim having criticised the monkish legend, on the grounds that Jesus did not constitute his mother queen of heaven, M. Huc remarks in favour of the legend that the good monks could not have foreseen at the beginning of the thirteenth century that Luther would come three centuries afterwards to reform the celestial hierarchy. But to this it might be again answered that Luther did not reform the New Testament, which says nothing of a queen of heaven, nor was Mary admitted as such by the primitive churches in the East, or has the Virgin been so exalted by the Nestorians, whilst the Roman Catholics have gone on, with one addition after another to the simplicity of the Scriptures, until they have arrived at the dogma of the "Immaculate Conception."

Louis was not, however, discouraged by the results of the first mission to Tartary. Satisfactory information had been obtained of the existence of many Christians in Higher Asia. The mother of the new khan, Mangou, was a Christian, as the mother of Couyouk had been, and a prince of the name of Sartak, who ruled between the Don and the Volga, had acquired quite a reputation for his sanctity. A new mission was organised, and of the two Franciscans engaged, one Guillaume de Rubruk, a native of Brabant, has acquired European celebrity under the name of Rubruquis, by the interesting account which he has given of the tribulations and dangers which they experienced in their travels, of the camp of Sartak, of the Christians at the court of Batou, of the manners of the

Tartars, of the audience given to them at the imperial court of the grand khan Mangou, of the little-known city of Kara Korum, and of a solemn discussion that took place between the Mussulmans, the Buddhists, and the Christians. Rubruquis was a candid, straightforward missionary. The Tartars did not make a favourable impression upon him. "These men," he said, "are so proud and haughty that they think that the whole world should implore their favour, and truly, if it was permitted to my profession, knowing them to be such as I do, I should strongly counsel that a war of extermination should be carried on against them." It is well deserving of being placed on record that the worthy monk found a church surmounted by a cross, with a magnificent altar, served by an Armenian priest, close to the imperial palace.

Plenty of materials, as M. Huc has satisfactorily shown in his present great work, exist to chronicle the labours of the Dominicans and the Franciscans in China and Tartary; but few or none remain to record the influence of the Nestorian, Armenian, and Greek Churches with which the Tartars were most thrown in contact during their long occupation of the countries where those faiths were professed, more especially in their almost permanent tenure of Crim Tartary, and in countries bordering on the Caspian. Even in the time of Rubruquis, an Armenian king was at the court of the grand khan, a record of which visit, preserved by a monkish descendant of the said king, was translated into French by a monk of Saint Bertin, in St. Omer, in 1351, and was afterwards published in Gothic characters in 1529, in the "*Hystoire Merveilleuse du Grant Caan*."

This same Armenian king, called Hayton, asked the grand khan to send an army to the Holy Land, to conquer and restore it to the Christians; and Mangou, after having received the sacrament of baptism, deputed Houlagou to the conquest of Western Asia, while Koubilai was sent to China. Such, we are assured, was the origin, or the pretexts, for the carrying out of that terrible campaign which shook the khalifat to its foundations, and established a new Tartar empire in the East.

The march of Houlagou was one series of victories and exterminations. The first who fell before him were the renowned Haschischin, the killers of kings, who had attempted the lives of St. Louis and of our Edward I., and from whom we derive the ominous word, assassin. The Christians alone found favour in the eyes of the Tartar conqueror; his wife, Dhogouz Khatun, was a Christian, and Armenians, Georgians, and Syrians had their oratories in the Tartar camp. The Christians of the East were indeed delighted with the spectacle of the ruin and devastation of the city of the Khalifs. The Nestorians of Baghdad were spared, and Houlagou gave to their patriarch, Machicha, one of the palaces of the khalifs, situate on the banks of the Tigris.

At this crisis the Latin Church took the most impolitic line of conduct that it was possible to do. M. Huc himself cannot defend his party. Not only were all the Christian nations and churches who had joined the Tartars treated as deserters from the cause of Christianity, but the Pope actually urged the Prussians and Livonians to enter upon a crusade against the Tartars and their accomplices, by which was meant the Russians. It is difficult in the present day to estimate what a de-

plorable effect this obstinate antagonism of the Churches of the East and of the West, at such a crisis, may have had in preventing the christianising of almost all Asia. Alexander IV. could not send the thousand *balistaires* that were asked of him to sustain the antagonism which he had advocated, but he promised a concession of indulgences. One of the first untoward results of this policy was the martyrdom of a pious colony of forty-five Dominicans, at Sandomir—a martyrdom which, the “*Monumenta Dominicana*” relate, was announced to the poor monks the previous evening in letters of gold—and the destruction, at the foot of the altar, of an aged Hungarian prince, who had long since adopted the habit of the same brotherhood, and become a most pious and zealous missionary.

The death of Mangou having necessitated the return of Houlagou to his own country, he left his general, Kitou Boga, who was well affected towards the Christians, to restore to them the Holy Land. Unfortunately, the schism between the Latin and the Oriental Churches defeated these good objects; the Franks of Sidon quarrelled with the Tartars, and even killed the nephew of the lieutenant of the empire. The general of the Mongols having heard of this mischance, he took Sidon from the Christians by assault, and from that time there was overt war between the Tartars and the Christians of the West.

We have dwelt the more upon this point, because it is in reality the most novel, in an historical point of view, in M. Huc's first two volumes. The relation of the Tartars at the time of their renowned invasions of Western Asia with the native Christians, and the hostility they met with at the hands of the Latin crusaders, has never yet been made sufficiently manifest.

Koubilai, who usurped the throne of Houlagou, extended his conquests in China and Thibet; and Houlagou, left by this usurpation to his own resources, and defeated in Egypt, sought for a time the amity of the Franks. The reconciliation was still further cemented by the marriage of Mary, a natural daughter of Paleologus, with Abaga, the successor of Houlagou. Frequent communications now took place between the Tartars and the Christians of the West; their ambassadors even reached this country, and were well received by Edward I.; but these missions had no result. The passion for crusading was waning out, and the Tartars were divided into two nations, those of High Asia and those of Western Asia, and were therefore no longer so powerful as of yore. When they did act, they did not do so in concert: a fatal expedition was undertaken to Tunis, where the Tartars could not co-operate, and there was only our Edward, who went directly to the Holy Land, but too late to check the rising power of the Turks.

Koubilai made Peking the seat of his empire, and the Nestorians had a metropolitan church there, under the patriarch of Seleucia. The Pope, Nicholas III., not only deputed missions at the same time to China, but also appointed a bishop. The progress of the Latins was, however, then, what it has been ever since—moments of favouritism alternating with periods of persecution, intervals of peaceful, learned, and laborious proselytism, succeeded by fierce and sanguinary onslaughts. The successor of Koubilai, Tagondar, became a Mussulman, under the name of Ahmed, and he put to death a great number of Franciscans with atrocious cruelty. Argoun, on the contrary, protected the Latins, the Franciscans enjoy-

ing, during his sovereignty, greater liberty than they have ever since; and if they did not succeed in establishing themselves on a firmer footing, it was, M. Huc argues, in great part owing to the hostility of the Nestorians, whose patriarch was at that time a Mongolian. The chief of the missionaries deputed at this epoch by the general of the Franciscans was Jean de Monte Corvino, who became celebrated throughout the East, and died Archbishop of Peking.

But the successors of Argoun were by no means so favourably disposed to the preachers of the Gospel as that monarch had been. Gaikhatou was a fanatic Mussulman; Baidou was more conciliatory, but weak; Gazan persecuted them even to death; but he was converted by a miracle, in which M. Huc places full faith. He had wedded an Armenian princess of exceeding beauty, who bore him a child of equally remarkable ugliness. The Mussulmans persuaded the king that it was the child of adultery. Mother and child were accordingly condemned to the flames. The only request that the unfortunate princess made was, that the child should be baptised first. But the moment the holy water was sprinkled on the infant a marvellous change took place, and ravishing beauty succeeded to a repulsive deformity. Gazan, it is related, converted by this miracle, became as zealous a friend to Christianity as he had before been an enemy.

That most remarkable period in the history of the Tartar dynasty in China, under Koubilai Khan, when the Latin missionaries first met with favour, when Jean de Monte Corvino was archbishop at Peking, with seven bishops in his retinue, and Oderic de Frioul was deputed with the bones of four martyrs, has been preserved to us in the narrative of Marco Polo. But with the advent of Tamerlan, Christianity was, for the time being, utterly extinguished in China. The few missionaries who survived the general massacre deputed the English monk Royer and Ambroise of Sienna to induce the Pope to give them aid, and they are said to have obtained the assistance of twenty-four Franciscans, but nothing is known of their proceedings. The communications that had formerly existed between Europe and the remoter parts of Asia were for a time being almost entirely put an end to by the universal disorganisation that followed upon the devastations of Tamerlan, and the overthrow of the Mongolian dynasty in China.

The discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, and the advent of the Portuguese in Asia, constituted a new epoch in the history of Christianity in China. The establishment of Macao became the point from whence religious propagandism gradually diffused itself into the interior. It was not, however, till after many failures and reverses that it did so, and it was at Tchao-King that permission was first obtained to build a house and erect a church. François Xavier perished without even penetrating into the interior; that honour is attributed to Gaspard de la Croix, who was followed by the Fathers Roger and Matthieu Ricci, and a footing was obtained in the province of Kouang-si.

The success of the Latin missionaries was at the onset of a very dubious nature. The first convert they obtained was an outcast, dying on the wayside from a loathsome and incurable disease, and who signified his adhesion to the faith of those who had pity on him, and who harboured and tendered him in his last moments. Another, one Martin, was an

abominable impostor, and others were alchemists, who had become persuaded that the Jesuits possessed the secret of the philosopher's stone, and who became converts in the hopes of being admitted to the secret.

Driven out of Tchao-King, the Jesuits took refuge at Tchao-Tcheou, quitting at the same time the habits of bonzes, or native priests, and adopting those of men of letters. Finding it impossible to influence a nation so vain of its literary and philosophical acquirements as the Chinese, and rendered impracticable by the prejudice of ages, by the ordinary methods of conviction, the Jesuits also adopted at that time the system which they almost ever afterwards persevered in, of obtaining a footing in the empire by their mathematical and scientific attainments.

The scientific influence and successes of Father Ricci were followed by the geographical explorations of Father Goes, who travelled by land from India, passing by the city of Yarkand, the desert of Gobi, and the great wall, into the interior of China, where death put a stop to his further progress.

Ricci was succeeded in his position of general-in-chief of the missions of the Company of Jesus in China by Nicolas Lombard. This latter, instead of following the system of conciliation pursued by his predecessor, and looking upon the honours paid by the Chinese to Confucius and other ancestors as a purely civil institution, attacked the system as idolatrous, and laid the foundations of that antagonism which became more fatal to the success of the missions than the most violent persecutions of the mandarins. The flagellation, poisoning, and torture of neophytes became now no uncommon thing, and the missionaries themselves were often shut up in cages. The breaking out of war between the Tartars and the Chinese brought the Jesuits, however, once more into requisition. They were summoned to Canton to help in the establishment of a foundry of guns, and they were after that employed in reforming the calendar. Father Schall first won favour with the emperor by manufacturing a musical instrument for him, and the favour and esteem in which he was held for his moral and intellectual superiority were continued under the Mantchu Tartar dynasty. So far was this carried, that it was under the same successful missionary that permission was first obtained to erect a Latin Church in Peking. The subsequent progress and tribulations of that Church are to be related in future volumes of the Abbé Huc's valuable work; but at the present moment, when so much interest attaches itself to our relations and those of the rest of Europe with China, we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity of giving here the opinions entertained by the abbé, from extensive practical acquaintance with the subject, albeit those opinions have more of a Gallican than a Romanist tendency, and are assuredly not in the interests of England, Russia, or America.

To pass, then, from the past to the future, the abbé sums up that Europe, after having for a long time received the light from the East, is destined by Providence to regenerate the Asiatics, whose moral and intellectual sap appears to be exhausted. "All religious and political feeling," he asserts, "is every day getting weaker and weaker in the bosoms of these numerous populations. We live in the time of the death and decomposition of Asia. Who will give back life to the limbs of this



great corpse? Who will take possession of these old elements in order to vivify them?"

It is unquestionable that the destinies of humanity lie for the future in the hands of the European race, whether in the old or the new world. It is sufficient to be convinced of that great fact, to cast a glance at what is taking place in the world, to see the numerous colonies of Christian people that are advancing and insensibly extending themselves in the high regions of Asia. It is written in Genesis that Noah, prophesying the destinies of the future races of men, said to his three children, "God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents (or tabernacles) of Shem."

Everything that we see authorises us to believe that the children of Japheth will not be long in acquiring the inheritance which was legacied to them after the deluge by Noah. But it must not be dissimulated there will be a sanguinary struggle, and it will not be without a fierce and prolonged combat that old Asia will be absorbed by Europe.

The war in the Crimea was an event of great significance. The Ottoman Empire was about to crumble; a neighbouring monarch, a formidable descendant of Shem, was already stretching forth his powerful arm to take possession of the relics of the Crescent. But the sword of Europe put a limit to the cupidity of the Asiatic czar. During this memorable drama, France was always seen occupying the rank that belongs to her. During the incidents of the war, as in the conclusions of peace, she allowed no nation to prevail over her, either in wisdom or in courage. She has gloriously vindicated her traditional influence upon the affairs of the East.

Peace has been signed. But let there be no mistake: that peace is only a truce. The great questions that agitate the world will inevitably be settled upon a distant and a gigantic theatre. It is well known that China, now for some years past the scene of a formidable insurrection and of frightful internal commotions, is threatened with a proximate dissolution. This immense kingdom must excite a far different interest in Europe than the Ottoman Empire. Politicians will soon have occasion to turn their attention from Constantinople and to fix them upon Peking.

There was little or no occasion in olden times to trouble oneself about these incomprehensible Chinese, living at the other extremity of the world, and leading an isolated and mysterious existence behind their great wall. People were satisfied with drinking their tea, admiring their china-ware, and laughing at the works of art that came from that strange country. Religion alone took up China in a serious point of view, and never ceased, without even allowing itself to be discouraged, sending preachers of the Gospel. This Christian propaganda was pursued with zeal and perseverance by a crowd of missionaries, at the head of which imposing list stands Saint Thomas—first apostle of India.

In the middle ages, notwithstanding the excitement created by the long struggle between the spiritual power of Rome and the temporal power of the empire, the popes never ceased to attach their paternal regards on these regions disinherited of a true faith. Gregory IX., Innocent IV., Clement IV., Nicolas III., Nicolas IV., Clement V., Jean XXI., Jean XXII., and Benoît XII., preached crusades, or enjoined missions, according as they deemed it most expedient to exercise a bellicose or a pacific influence in Asia.

In the present day, when the prodigies of steam and electricity have to a certain extent caused the immensity of the seas and the vast extent of continents to disappear, we are no longer so far removed from that Celestial Empire which reckons more than three hundred millions of inhabitants, and which contains within itself all the elements of an incomparable prosperity. Even now a person can go from London to Canton in fifty days, and when the Euphrates Valley Route shall have been opened, we shall be still far nearer to India, China, Tartary, and Thibet, those innumerable populations which, since the world began, have invariably sought to develop themselves, independent of our ideas and beliefs. Events march with a rapid pace, and this miraculous connexion may take place to-morrow. And what may be the result? What may not occur when the spirit

of Europe and that of Asia stand face to face, and shall measure one another and confront one another?

The opportunity has now come, M. Huc insists, of calling the attention of France to High Asia. It is not too soon to prepare oneself for the great events which may already be foreseen. If France wishes to preserve the rank that she occupies in the world, she should attentively examine the symptoms of an Asiatic crisis, study the distant populations, and seek for the position that suits her to take when the time shall come to act.

They must learn, and we are profoundly convinced that there is no time to lose, that other nations have been prepared for a long time past to exercise a considerable influence upon the affairs of the extreme East. England, besides its vast possessions in India and in the Straits of Malacca, has formed on the very coasts of the Celestial Empire, at Hong-Kong and at Shanghai, formidable establishments, from whence she can dominate, by means of her powerful navy, over the destinies of China whenever her interest shall require it. The preponderating influence of her commerce and of her diplomacy are well known, and her numerous agents study the history, the manners, and the language of the Chinese.

On the other hand, the central portion of the empire is encompassed by Russia. Innumerable Russian posts stretch from Turkestan to Kamtchatka, the whole length of the frontiers of Siberia, and insensibly extend themselves among the wandering tribes of Tartary, to the very neighbourhood of the great wall. It is well known that the government of St. Petersburg, even whilst it appeared to be solely absorbed in the heroic defence of Sebastopol, profited by the civil war which raged in China to explore the course of the Amur, and to establish itself in the most important ports of that magnificent river. There is a Russian mission at Peking to keep the Czar well informed upon all that takes place in the Celestial Empire, and to train up political agents who shall be well versed in the language and customs of High Asia.

It is, no doubt, in anticipation of the events that cannot fail to occur at a very proximate period in these countries, that we have seen England, Russia, and the United States, send squadrons to Japan, in order to enter into relations with that empire, which will inevitably be carried away by the same movement that will bring Europe in collision with Asia.

It is certain that the powers we have just alluded to concern themselves deeply with the revolution which has shaken the Chinese Empire to its very foundations, and which will give birth to the most grave complications that have ever existed in European policy. These powers seek to cause their influence to prevail, and to strengthen themselves in Upper Asia with an activity which has not attracted sufficient attention.

France has not, like England and Russia, extended her domination to the very confines of China: ought she, then, for that reason, to remain a simple spectator of that great struggle which will probably bring about a total change in the political physiognomy of Asiatic people? No; France cannot consent to remain neutral, without denying the past and renouncing the future.

When we study the history of Christianity in China, in Tartary, and in Thibet, we find that at all epochs France has endeavoured by its kings and its missionaries, and by the generous and chivalrous character of its proselytism, to penetrate into these distant countries and to enlighten the Asiatic people. Thus, when we reproduce the curious correspondence that took place between Saint Louis and Philippe le Bel with the grandchildren of Tchinguiz Khan; when we relate the celebrated travels, and the strange and eventful missions of ambassadors and of preachers of the Gospel, deputed, during the middle ages, by the kings of France and the sovereign pontiffs to the Chinese and the Tartars (and this prodigious zeal for the propagation of the faith in High Asia manifested itself precisely during the time of the residence of the popes at Avignon, and especially under the pontificate of John XXII., who was a French pope), still we see that this ardour of Catholic France never waned; it can be shown

to have existed at all times, and even to the present day we still see French missionaries spread in considerable numbers throughout most of the provinces of China, in the midst of the steppes of Tartary, among the mountains of Thibet, where they have revealed the power of France to the Grand Lama, and as far as to the banks of the river Amur, where they see with grief the rapid progress of Muscovite influence.

Political France, then, and Catholic France have only to inspire themselves with their own history to comprehend their great and glorious mission in the events of High Asia, as France has understood them in the affairs of the East. The war in the Crimea was the first act in a great drama, in which France played a noble part; would it be proper that she should now withdraw from the stage before the *dénouement*?

It does not in any way belong to us to say what the policy of France should meditate and undertake. There is, however, one thing certain, and which we are in the position to proclaim openly: it is, that the genius of Europe will subdue and absorb Asia; but it is only by Christianity that it will be given to her to regenerate and to assimilate these antique nations.

The elements of that regeneration, let us hasten to say it, are in the hands of Catholic France by its missions. Let the merchant ships and the steamers of Great Britain plough the seas of China; let numberless Cossacks, their lances in their fists, be stationed the whole length of the great wall; it is in the very heart of the empire that we exercise the influence of our charity and devotion. And when the day shall come that France shall wish to interfere directly in the affairs of the Celestial Empire, it will only require to take advantage of the moral ascendancy that has been long ago assured to her by the preachers of the Gospel. The occasions will assuredly not be wanting to her to make her wishes heard by that singular government, which has been accustomed to treat Christian people, for so many centuries, with contempt and cruelty. If England did not hesitate, but a short time ago, to send her fleet to require indemnification for a few boxes of opium, burnt by order of a viceroy, and that in the interest of her merchants, will not France have the right, when her turn shall come, to interest herself effectively in her missionaries, persecuted, tortured, and put to death, in the name of the Emperor of China? Public opinion is at the present moment moved with indignation at the frightful death of a young apostle, legally assassinated by the mandarins of the province of Canton, and by the recital of the hideous ferocity of the executioners, who were seen devouring the heart of the martyr, whilst applauded by the multitude.

France cannot remain insensible to such an act of barbarity. The civilising and Christian spirit that animated our kings of old has not disappeared, and the zeal of the Gregories and the Johns for the propagation of the faith in High Asia is always equally ardent in the heart of the sovereign pontiffs. And when France wishes to act, she will always find a powerful auxiliary in the papacy that will never fail her. The Pope has not, indeed, ever ceased to send missionaries to the innumerable populations of China, of Tartary, and of Thibet. In the midst of the gravest occupations, the common father of the faithful has always looked with eyes of solicitude upon these foreign countries. He has never ceased to encourage, by his supreme direction, the labours of missions; and we ourselves have but lately enjoyed the happiness of seeing his paternal hand stretched over us to bless our humble efforts.

Beneath the twofold protection of the head of the Church and of the French name, Christianity, and the civilisation that flows from it, may, at length, regenerate the old people of the extreme East. If the missions, on the contrary, are abandoned to the mercy of their persecutors, the political influence of France will be enfeebled in Asia, the progress of the propagation of the faith will remain stationary, and the missionaries, overwhelmed with grief but never discouraged, will exclaim, like those in the book of the Buddhists, "Oh! how difficult it is to convert men!"

## PARKWATER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

## I.

THE beams of a September sun, near its setting, were falling on the mansion pertaining to a well-cultivated estate in one of the better parts of Ireland. The house was not erected in a critical style of architecture, for it was a straggling, in-and-out sort of building, but the scenery around was beautiful. It was called Parkwater. At the window of one of the reception-rooms, gazing at an approaching car, stood a pretty, unpretending looking lady, unpretending in face as in dress, though that, of rich gauzy material, with its trimmings of fine lace, was of quiet elegance. She appeared a simple-hearted, cordial woman, quite devoid of pretence or affectation; and such she was.

She had dined in the middle of the day; she had, indeed, although she was a countess, had dined with her children. She was devoted to them, and when her lord was absent, she was apt to forget pomp and state. She was expecting the arrival of her little girl's new governess, and had hospitably thought she would wait tea for her: no doubt this car contained the lady. The countess rang the bell.

"Reed, show the governess in here."

"Yes, my lady."

A minute or two, and the same man threw the door open for the governess. A tall, fair girl with a handsome countenance. It had, however, a peculiar expression; very determined, and not always pleasing.

"Miss May, my lady."

Miss May came forward, her head erect, and her air consequential. One might have deemed, indeed, that she was the lady and the other the governess. She dropped a ceremonious curtsey, very low, like you may have seen from a Frenchwoman.

"Have I the honour of addressing Lady Tennygal?"

The countess inclined her head. "An uncompromising-looking young woman," she thought to herself, "but that's all proper, I suppose, for a governess. Allow me to welcome you to Parkwater, Miss May," she said, aloud. "I hope you will find your residence here agreeable."

"Madam, I thank you for your kind wishes. I trust I shall perform my duties to your satisfaction."

"And when you have taken off your things, which I dare say you are anxious to do, we will have tea," said the pleasant little countess, "and you shall see your pupils. I thought we would take it together this evening, that we might grow acquainted with each other. I have the children very much with me when Lord Tennygal is absent."

Miss May was shown to her rooms: when she returned from them she was rather finer than the countess—taking in the general effect of her appearance—and her flaxen hair was dressed in elaborate braids. "Too pretentious for a governess," was the idea that crossed Lady Tennygal's mind, and the next moment she took herself to task for it; as she was sure to do, if her kind heart gave momentary vent to an ill-natured thought.

"Here are your two little girls, Miss May; Lady Laura and Lady Rose. My dear children, I am sure you will welcome your governess, and tell her you are glad to see her."

They advanced and put out their hands : pretty children of nine and ten, and well behaved.

"Mais, elles ne le sont pas," began Miss May, and then pulled herself hastily up. "I beg your ladyship's pardon : I have been so much accustomed to converse in French, that I occasionally run into it when I ought not. I was about to ask if these two young ladies were all."

"All!" laughed the countess, "all the children! There are six more, younger than they are. The last is only three months old—such a little darling! These are all who will be under your care at present. I hope you will bring them on well."

"Papa says we are backward," interrupted Lady Laura.

"Oh yes. Lord Tennygal is very clever himself, and he thinks the children ought to be. I tell him there's quite time enough."

"He has been away ever so long, papa has," cried little Rose.

"Nearly nine weeks," added the communicative countess to Miss May. "He has been out yachting with some friends in the Mediterranean. But he is in Dublin now, and will be home in a day or two."

"Uncle Tod's coming with him," said Lady Rose, "and he is going to bring me a real live Venetian doll in a gondola. He said so."

"I have not yet inquired what sort of a journey you have had, Miss May," said the countess. "Was it rough, crossing?"

Before Miss May could answer, the sound of a carriage was heard, and the children left their tea and ran to the window to look at it.

"Mamma!" they screamed in delight, "it is papa! It is."

"Never!" cried the countess, running also to look, as delighted as they were. "Oh, how glad I am! That's just like him, Miss May, he loves to take us by surprise."

The Earl of Tennygal came in. A small, fair man, as good-natured as his wife. She met him in the doorway, received his embrace, and then flew up-stairs to carry down the baby herself, and tell the other children that papa was come. Miss May had risen, and the earl bowed to her, wondering what visitor his wife had got staying with her.

"Now who is going to be mistress of the ceremonies and introduce me?" said he to the little girls, as he stood before the stranger, with a genial smile. "Mamma seems to have flown away."

"She came this evening; she is our new governess."

"Hush, Rose," cried the more dignified Lady Laura. "Papa, it is Miss May."

Rose thought that quite enough. She pulled his arm to draw his attention. "Papa, why did not Uncle Tod come?"

"Uncle Tod is gone to London, Rosie."

"And taken my doll and gondola with him?" Rose seemed to think much of this "Uncle Tod."

"That lady you have got in the drawing-room took me by surprise, Bessie," remarked the earl, when he was alone with his wife. "Rose gave me the information that she was a 'new governess.'"

"So she is. I sent you word I had engaged one when I wrote to—where was it?—Sicily."

"Did you? I do not remember it."

"Yes I did. Don't you think she looks as if she would suit?"

"Dear Bessie, that's one of your fallacies—judging by 'looks.' Did you engage this one for her looks?"

"I never saw her till this evening. Why?" added the countess, with quick apprehension. "Do you not like her looks?"

"Oh, her looks are well enough: if her capabilities equal them, she'll do. She does not think a little of herself, I can see that. Where did you get her from?"

"I wrote to London, to Lady Langton. She heard of her through an agency, I think. I left it to her. Her style of playing is good, I hear, and her French that of a native."

"Um!" said the earl. "Is she a *lady*? What are her friends?"

"Solicitors; eminent solicitors—or were. They are dead, I think. I will find Lady Langton's letters and show you. I know my letter to Miss May, the one I wrote to ratify the agreement, was addressed to the care of Lyvett, Castlerosse, and Lyvett, a first-rate legal firm of long standing, Lady Langton says, and they strongly recommended her. I hope she will suit, but of course there's no telling without a trial."

"A high salary?"

"Oh no, very reasonable indeed. Only 40*l*. But she is young, and has not been out before. So Theodore has not come with you?"

"He will be here, I expect, in a few days. He was obliged to go on to London to see about one or two parties there; *pressing* ones, Bessie. Tod has been at the old game again. I don't wonder your father is sick and tired of paying his debts for him."

"Poor fellow! He is so good-natured."

"Not much of that. He is reckless natured, if you like. To squander away his money, and leave his just debts unpaid, is not being, what I call, good-natured. From London, Tod goes down to see Sir Archibald: but as to his getting from him what he wants, I am sure he won't, and Tod knows it."

"Papa said, the last time, that he would never set him straight again."

"The fact is, Bessie, he has said it so frequently, and *had* to say it so frequently, that it falls on Tod's ears unheeded. But he got a sharp, determined letter from Sir Archibald before he left the yacht: no more money would he advance, and if Tod went to prison, there he might stop."

"What will he do? How I wish we were rich!"

"If we were as rich as the Indies and could hand Tod a blank cheque to be filled up at will, it would be doing him no kindness, for he only gets out of one scrape to rush into another. It will take 2000*l*. now to set him only tolerably clear."

"Do you know how he is going to manage?"

"I know what he says: but if Tod says one thing to-day, he says another to-morrow. He means, in the first place, to have a rake at Sir Archibald—that is not my expression, Bessie; it is his—and get himself freed from one or two things that he *must* get himself freed from. So much, perhaps, Sir Archibald will do; for they are very bad."

"What are they?" hastily interrupted Lady Tennygal.

"My dear, I cannot explain them to you, you would not understand them. Tod's in a mess; and that's all you need trouble yourself to know."

"What has it to do with?—this that is so bad?"

"Oh, it has to do with bills: never mind. He has been in a mess before, and he will be in one again, or else it would not be Tod Devereux. Sir Archibald, no doubt, will help him out of *that*, but no further. And then Tod means to come over here, and lie *perdu* with us, while he considers how he is to get on his legs again."

"I have always thought it a pity he sold out."

"He could not keep in. He would have been sent to Coventry. You know it was not once, or twice, or three times, that Tod was in for it, but always. And some things got to the colonel's ears—if they did not get to the general-in-chief's,—and altogether there was no other resource. Besides, he was compelled to turn the proceeds into money, and make stop-gaps of it."

"Still, if he could have kept his commission——"

"But he could not," interrupted Lord Tennygal. "My dear Bessie, Tod is your brother, and I am sorry to speak harshly of him, but he is just a vagabond, and that's the best that can be said."

A few days passed on. On the following Sunday, as they were walking home across the park after morning service, Lord Tennygal suddenly addressed his wife:

"Is that governess of yours an Englishwoman, Bessie?"

"Certainly. Why?"

"Because she uses a French prayer-book in church."

"No!" uttered Lady Tennygal, in an accent of disbelief.

"She did this morning. I saw it in her hand. And——"

"Mamma!" cried little Rose, running up, her whole air, eyes, lips, one picture of admiring awe—"mamma, only think! Miss May's book is not a common book like ours: it is all in French; every bit. How I wish I was clever enough for one!"

"That's corroborative testimony," laughed Lord Tennygal. "I don't know how you will get over the dilemma," he added to his wife, in a milder and more serious tone. "It is a pity the children observed it. You cannot well speak against their governess to them: but you cannot allow their minds to retain the favourable impression that French prayer-book seems to have made."

The kind face of Lady Tennygal wore a vexed expression. "How could she evince so much bad taste?"

"Mark me, Bessie, this proves that the lady's mind has been badly trained; and I think her talents also. Nobody ever took a French prayer-book to our service but from one motive—display. And a well educated woman knows that she has no need of that. I should say Miss May is much more superficially acquainted with French than you suspect, or she would not seek to parade it."

At this moment they turned an angle of the walk, and came face to face with a gentleman, a tall, dark man, with a profusion of black hair and whiskers, black, disagreeable eyes, and a rakish cast of countenance. He was brother to Lady Tennygal, but several years older, and no two faces could be much less alike.

"Theodore!" uttered Lady Tennygal, in an accent of surprise, as she held out her hand.

"What! have you arrived?" exclaimed the earl. "How well you kept your promise of writing!"

"Aw—I had nothing good to write," said the new comer. "I got here two hours ago, and saw you all filing off to church. What a thundering long sermon you must have had inflicted on you! It is past one. I wonder you could sit it out!"

"Do not forget our old bargain, Theodore," hastily interrupted Lady Tennygal: "no irreverent speaking before the children. They are coming up. I wish you would break yourself of the habit."

"Oh, it's Uncle Tod," exclaimed Rose, running to him. "Uncle Tod, where's my live doll?"

"She died on the voyage."

"It's not true," said Rose.

"It is. She was sea-sick."

The child looked very glum and disbelieving, but spoke again:

"Then where's the gondola?"

"Oh, that has sailed away."

Lady Rose turned away in supreme indignation. "Laura, did you ever know Uncle Tod bring us anything that he promised? It is always the same."

"Uncle Tod" was no longer attending to Rose: his notice was attracted by the handsome girl who was walking with Lady Laura. She wore a lilac silk dress and a showy shawl; and he thought, as Lord Tennygal had first done, that it was a visitor. But Lord Tennygal linked his arm within his and drew him on.

"Stop a bit, Tennygal. Who's that?"

"Nobody. The governess. How have you managed over yonder?"

"I have not managed at all," was the reply, accompanied by an oath. "The old man stands out, and won't advance a stiver. I think he would have done something, but my temper got up, and we came to hard words."

"Your temper often gets up when it ought to keep down," remarked Lord Tennygal. "Well?"

"I have been turning it over in my mind, and I think a good plan would be for you to write to him——"

"I will not interfere between you and Sir Archibald," interrupted the earl.

"You won't?"

"I won't. I have no right to do so, and it might make it unpleasant for Bessie."

"Then Bessie shall. He'll listen to her: as he would to you. But he won't to me."

"Bessie must do as she thinks best. I will not control her. But were she of my opinion, she would remain neuter."

"What the plague am I to do?" was the angry rejoinder. "These confounded matters must be settled, and with speed too; you know that. Why should you put the stopper on Bessie's salving over Sir Archibald?"

"I don't put it on. I said I would not control her. But these things are not of a nature that you can explain to my wife: and how else can she do you good with Sir Archibald?"

"Of course I am not going to give the details to her."

"But they must be given to Sir Archibald. It is only the dire necessity that will induce him to come to."



"You ought to help me with him, Tennygal," was the grumbling rejoinder.

"Nonsense, man! Write a proper statement to Sir Archibald—properly worded, I mean, and apologising for your temper—and crave his assistance, so far as that you cannot do without it. That's the best thing to do. We will talk it over to-morrow. Come in now, and have some luncheon."

Meanwhile the governess and the little girls had retired to the former's sitting-room to dine, Rose still harping on her wrongs. "Don't you think it is a great shame of Uncle Tod, Miss May?" she said.

"Perhaps it was not his fault," suggested the governess. "What is your uncle's name?"

"Why, it's Uncle Tod."

"But his other name?"

"Captain Devereux," said Laura. "He is mamma's brother."

"He is not a real captain now, you know, because he has no men to command," interposed Rose. "Grandpapa was so angry with him."

"Who is your grandpapa, Lady Laura?" inquired the governess.

"Sir Archibald Devereux. He is one of the Queen's officers of state, and he makes laws."

With the last piece of information the children sat down to dinner. They were called from the room when it was over, and Miss May, unlocking a desk, took out a book. She did well to keep it, and all such, locked up: it would have astonished Lady Tennygal had she seen it at Parkwater. The governess appeared, however, to find amusement from it, for she sat reading it till the bells rang out for afternoon service.

"Those droning bells again!" was her grumbling ejaculation. "Of course I shall be expected to attend—and not a creature to look at one except parish rustics! Had I known this was such a wretched, out-of-the-world neighbourhood, I might not have schemed so eagerly to get to it."

Miss May was right: she was expected to attend. But she appeared with an English prayer-book, the gift of Lady Tennygal, who, in presenting it, had made a special request that the French one might be put away, out of sight, and never be taken to church at Parkwater again. The governess wished the church at Hanover, or as much farther off as it could be induced to go. She foresaw, indeed, that she should lead but a dull life of it at Parkwater. Sober routine was not congenial to Miss May. She contrived, however, after a short while, to strike out some amusement.

There were signs one evening of a reception at Parkwater. Rooms were lighted, and carriages whirled up, bringing guests. Not many, for the locality did not produce them: still, when all were assembled, what with old and young, it was a goodly show. Lady Rose was nine years old that day, and they were keeping her birthday: children and parents were equally welcome.

The governess's eyes and senses were dazzled. On this occasion she made one with the rest. Inordinately alive to the value of rank, to the pomp and pride of courtly life, her expectations had been raised to an extraordinary pitch when about to enter the Earl of Tennygal's family,

and she was disappointed beyond measure. In all, save the titles, it might have been taken for a private gentleman's household. Miss May had anticipated something far more grand, though precisely what, she could not herself have stated : whether the carpets were to be of cloth of gold, or the every-day dinner-plates of silver. But, on certain occasions, none knew better how to hold their rank, to display its appurtenances, than Lord and Lady Tennygal : this was one, and Sophia May, who had never before witnessed the social unions of courtly life, forgot that she was only a subordinate, and thought herself in the seventh heaven. She was standing looking at the quadrille in the children's room, when Captain Devereux approached her.

"Where is it that you hide yourself?" he demanded, in a whisper. "I have been in this house going on for three weeks, and not met with you as many times. It would have seemed like three months had you not been in it."

The blush of gratified vanity rose to Sophia May's face. Captain Devereux, brother to a countess, and son to the Right Honourable Sir Archibald Devereux, her Majesty's Home Secretary, bore, to her ideas, an exalted charm.

"What do you suppose makes me linger here, in this remote bog-hole of a sister-kingdom, and in this precious house of it, ever in an uproar with children?"

"I do not know," answered Miss May, blushing deeper.

Captain Devereux thought he had never seen a more lovely face than that one with the blush upon it, and his eyes said it so plainly that the governess cast down hers.

"Then you ought to know it. It is *you*. And if you had only listened to what I said, the other day, instead of darting away, you would have known it then." He spoke in that insinuating tone which none knew how to assume better than Theodore Devereux. It had won its way to a more experienced head than Miss May's.

"I am sorry if you thought me rude," she replied. "Lady Rose was with me, and she is——"

"A quick genius, you would say, and might carry tales. Quickness runs in the Devereux family. I am wanted in Scotland, where I made an engagement to go shooting; I am wanted at Sir Archibald's; I am wanted in fifty places; and I cannot tear myself away from the spot that contains you. You are keeping me here, and you alone."

Captain Devereux knew he had never told a greater untruth in his life : and he knew, also, that if he *could* have got away, Miss May and her charms, ten times magnified, would not have kept him. He went on improving upon his assertions.

"And I am a fool for my pains : for I know that if I stay here much longer, you will become too dangerously dear. And I can't afford yet to take a Mrs. Devereux. What's the matter?"

She had darted aside and appeared to be busy, tying the sash of a little girl. Captain Devereux looked round for an explanation, and he saw it in Lady Tennygal, who was beckoning to him from the door of the room.

"I have been searching for you," she began ; "you must ask Harriet Ord for the next quadrille. Such old friends as we are, it is showing her great disrespect. You have neglected her all the evening."

"She is such a scarecrow."

"It is a pity you think so," answered the countess. "I believe, if you chose to ask her, you might have her for your wife to-morrow. She is amiable, and——"

"Oh, I knew long ago I might have her for the asking," carelessly replied Captain Devereux, "but I shall not try that on till everything else has failed. When I am so deep in the well, that I can sink no lower, I may go to her and her eighty thousand pounds to draw me up."

"Well, come and dance with her now."

Captain Devereux followed his sister, with a wry face; but, once in the society of Lady Harriet Ord, he became all smiling attention. Slightly as he had spoken of her to the countess, there was in his heart a latent conviction that he should sometime be thankful to win her and her coveted money, and he would not mar his chance. Later in the evening he stole another whisper with Miss May.

"I have something of import to say to you—if you can contrive to grant me a few minutes' interview to-morrow, or on any subsequent day."

"Were it anything very particular," she began, with her blue eyes cast unconsciously down—"but still, it could not be. I am in the school-room all day, and the young ladies are with me."

"Provoking little reptiles!" returned Mr. Tod. "Listen to me. You can't care about church for one morning. Next Sunday you have a headache and remain at home. Mind!"

Strange to say, on the following Sunday, Miss May's head did ache. It was so painful as to preclude her going out, and an intimation to that effect was conveyed to the sympathising Lady Tennygal, who carried her some aromatic vinegar with her own hands.

When the family were departing for church, the countess knocked at the door of her brother's apartments, which were on the same floor as her own. "Theodore," she called out, "do come to church with us for once."

"Much obliged for the invitation," he answered, from within. "I shan't be up till you are back again. You and Tennygal can pray for me, you know." Yet Captain Devereux was up then; and his sister, with a sigh at his mocking tone, joined her husband and children.

Surely Sophia May's better angel was away that day! The interview she clandestinely held with Captain Devereux was sufficiently harmless in itself, but it laid the foundation for an intimacy that was to bring forth the most disastrous consequences. And in the depth of her despair hereafter, when she lay in a prison's gloomy cell, a world's shuddering aversion, she could not recal one single point of self-excuse or consolation, for she had chosen her path with her eyes wide open. But all that was not yet.

## II.

THE time went on to the spring, and Miss May was still the governess at Parkwater. That her education was superficial, and her capabilities entirely unsuited to the charge she had undertaken (not to speak of any other unfitness), it is probable would, ere then, have been discovered, had not a lingering illness attacked Lady Tennygal at the end of autumn, and confined her to her room. Not till February did she begin to get

about again. All this while Captain Devereux had been a fixture in the house, keeping his locality quiet, yawning through the dull, dark days as he best could, and cursing his hard fate at being condemned to vegetate in Ireland. His affairs did not improve; in fact, they grew worse. Sir Archibald remained obdurate, and at length he made up his mind to a desperate step.

"I have done it at last," he gloomily said one morning at breakfast, soon after his sister appeared amongst them again.

"What have you done?" inquired Lord Tennygal.

"Gone and sold myself. Bones, body, and flesh. To Harriet Ord."

"You don't mean you are going to marry her?" exclaimed the countess.

"It's nothing less. I could not go on in this mummifying way any longer: and one might as well be an embalmed mummy as have one's legs and wings tied as mine have been lately. I should have hung myself, or something equivalent, if it had lasted another month. So yesterday, when I was over there, I told her she might take me if she liked, and she snapped at it."

"It is the very best thing you ever did," said Lord Tennygal, warmly. "If you choose, you may now become a decent member of society; Harriet will make you one."

"She ought to make me something—sacrificing myself for her!"

"Where is the sacrifice?"

"Sacrifice! She's forty."

"You are six-and-thirty."

"If you look to the peerage, you will see that she wants a month of nine-and-thirty," interposed Lady Tennygal. "Three years are not so great a difference, my fastidious brother."

"Yes they are, when they're on the wrong side. Besides, look at her Chinese eyes, and African mouth!"

"You are no Adonis, Tod," laughed the earl.

"What has that to do with it?" was Mr. Tod's growling answer.

"The uglier a man is, the more the women like him."

"Were I you, I should make the best of it, instead of the worst," resumed Lady Tennygal.

"And a very good 'best' you may make of it," added the earl. "If Lady Harriet has not beauty, she has money and good temper: somebody, whom I know, is deficient in both."

"It is to be hoped her temper is good," snapped Captain Devereux, "for she will find it put to the test."

Lord Tennygal glanced at him, a keen glance, and spoke in a serious tone.

"Devereux, mark me: when a man marries, he had better resolve *not* to try his wife's temper, for his own sake as well as for hers. If you cannot bring your mind to the endeavour of making Lady Harriet happy, it is your duty not to marry her."

"What a row about nothing!" answered Captain Devereux, as he rose from the breakfast-table. "I am not going to beat her."

Lord Tennygal departed for London. His wife and family were not going till after Easter, when he was to return and fetch them, and thus a few weeks went on again.

One day, it wanted about a fortnight to Easter, there stood, in a somewhat remote part of the park, a lady and gentleman in conversation so earnest, that the approach of a carriage across the greensward was unnoticed. As it came upon them, however, the gentleman started, and took off his hat in some confusion. The lady walked away.

Lady Harriet Ord and her aunt, Mrs. Barry, were in it. Mrs. Barry only had noticed the talkers, Lady Harriet was on the far side of the chariot. "That looked like the governess," was Mrs. Barry's thought; but she said nothing. "How earnestly she was talking with Captain Devereux!"

Captain Devereux, on his part, looked with amazement after the carriage, for it not only bore the ladies, but some luggage also. "She has never been asking them to stop here!" was his exclamation, with a very ungentlemanly expletive, cast towards his sister, as he hastened to the house.

The ladies, he heard, were in their dressing-rooms: he supposed Lady Tennygal might be in hers. There he found her, with her two eldest children.

"What are Lady Harriet and her aunt here to-day for?" he asked.

"Ah!" said the countess, clapping her hands, "I knew I should give you a surprise. I begged Harriet not to tell you. I have invited them to stay with us till we leave for London."

"You have a curious way of doing things, Lady Tennygal," was his ungracious remark, as he suppressed an oath, and turned on his heel.

"Theodore! stop a minute. Have you been in the park?"

"What if I have?"

"Did you happen to meet Miss May? It is the children's hour for walking, but Laura says she went out without them. I do not understand it. Did you see anything of her?"

He would have given a flat denial, but he did not dare, for Mrs. Barry could have contradicted him. He collected his wits, and answered coolly.

"I saw her sitting down near the trees by the cross-cut. She looked ill, so I went up and inquired if I could do anything for her, but she declined my services, and marched away. It was just as Lady Harriet's carriage drove by."

"I think she is ill," said Lady Laura, "she looked quite white all study time; but when I asked her what was the matter, she told me to mind my lessons."

"Poor thing!" exclaimed Lady Tennygal, "perhaps she has one of her bad headaches to-day."

Now the substance of this conversation with her brother was innocently repeated by the countess in Mrs. Barry's dressing-room, and it aroused the latter's suspicions. For she felt certain, from the manner of both, that it was not a mere inquiry after health which was passing between them; therefore, why should Captain Devereux say to his sister that it was? "There's something behind this," she said to herself. "I'll watch them, and if I can find out anything, I hope Harriet will break with him. She is blindly infatuated with Tod Devereux, but I know he is a bad man, and it will be a bad day's work for her if she marries him."

Mrs. Barry was as good as her word. Keen, persevering, and secretive, she was the very one to ferret out a secret. And in this instance she was urged on by self-interest: for Lady Harriet Ord's proposed marriage

threatened her with the loss of a good home. About a week subsequently, soon after they left the dining-room, Mrs. Barry was passing a staircase-window, and caught sight of Captain Devereux, making off towards a grove of trees on the outskirts of the park. Why had he left the dining-room?—he who was so fond of his wine?

"My dear," she whispered to little Rose, who was in the drawing-room, "where's your governess this evening?"

"Oh, she's in the study."

"I thought she was to have come down with you and Laura."

"Mamma did ask her, but she said she had our exercises to correct."

Not another word said Mrs. Barry. She glided out, saw that Miss May was not in the study, put on a cloak, covering her head with its hood, like a true Irishwoman, and also went out into the dusk of evening. They were walking just where she expected to find them, in the shady path beyond the grove, Captain Devereux and the governess.

"Well, don't you do anything so hazardous again," he was saying, in a reproving tone. "Sending a peremptory note to me in the dining-room that I must come out to you here that instant! Suppose it had dropped into the hands of Lady Tennygal! She had not quitted the room five minutes."

"I wish it had," was the answer, delivered in a passionate tone. "If what I have heard to-day be true, I wish it had."

"Now, Sophia, don't give way to violent temper. We can both do that, on occasion, as you and I know, but this must not be one. Just calm yourself, and tell me what you are complaining of."

"I want to know the truth."

"What about?"

"Have you proposed to Lady Harriet Ord?"

"What in the name of wonder put such a thing as that in your head?" he asked, in a voice teeming with astonishment; and little Mrs. Barry leaned forward, and put her sharp, *retroussé* nose between the trunks of two proximate trees, and brought her sight to bear upon the parties. He was standing with his hands in his pockets, a slouching, favourite mode of his; and the poor young governess, as Mrs. Barry could not help thinking her then, was gazing at him with her blue inquiring eyes starting from their pale lids, as if she would read into his very soul.

"One of the little girls said to-day that Lady Harriet was to be her aunt—your wife," she slowly said, with a catching up of the breath, like a sob.

"And you believed it! and must make all this fuss to ask me! As if you could not have waited a quiet opportunity."

"Is it so?"

"No, it is not. Harriet Ord would jump into my arms if I would let her; and if I tacitly allow her and others to think that it is within the range of possibility I may some time let her, why do I do it? You ought to be able to tell."

She did not answer: only stared at him still.

"To divert attention from us; from you. And these are the sort of thanks I get!"

"The two-faced, diabolical wolf in sheep's clothing!" heartily uttered Mrs. Barry, from between the trees. "Oh, if Harriet were but here!"

"If they told me to my face I was going to marry her, I should not

contradict them," he went on. "A nice taste a man must have to marry Harriet Ord! If I lie passive under the imputation, it is for your sake."

"Were I sure you are deceiving me—that your attentions to Lady Harriet are real, I would—I would——"

"You would what, my dear? Let us hear."

"I would tell all to Lord and Lady Tennygal," she answered, bursting into tears. "I would tell Lady Harriet that she must not be your wife, for that you are under a solemn vow to marry no one but me."

"Sophy, you'd do nothing of the sort, for you are no simpleton. But it is not coming to such a pass as that. She and Lady Tennygal, and all the lot of them, are deluding themselves into the hope that I shall have the old Chinese image, and I let them hug the delusion. But now that I have told you why I do, don't you put yourself into a fantigue over it, whatever you may hear. So dry your tears, and glide back to the house. I'll go first, and get in through the window, as I came, and it won't be known I have been out of the dining-room."

"Won't it, my gentleman!" ejaculated Mrs. Barry, who did not choose to leave her hiding-place till both had disappeared, and she peered still at the governess. Miss May had seated herself in the rude garden-chair; her eyes were strained on vacancy, seeing nothing, and her whole attitude bespoke pain and misery. Suddenly her mood changed, a frightful expression arose to her face, her eyes flashed fire, her teeth gnashed together, and her clenched hands were lifted to beat the air. It lasted but a minute, when she arose and departed.

"What a mercy that she's gone!" breathed the appalled Mrs. Barry. "If she did not look, for all the world, like a demon! Captain Devereux had better take care of himself, if he is playing her false."

Of course there was a frightful hubbub; for Mrs. Barry, though she waited till the next day, did not bring her tale out so cautiously as she might have done. Accusings, and denials, and counter-accusings, and reproaches, and oaths: the latter, of course, from the angry Captain Devereux.

Mrs. Barry persisted in her story, and Captain Devereux persisted in his—which was, that Mrs. Barry must have dropped asleep after dinner and dreamt it. In this he was supported by Miss May: she affirmed that she had been correcting exercises, in the study, at the hour mentioned; had never quitted it; and he swore he had never stirred out of the dining-room. Poor Mrs. Barry was completely dumbfounded; especially when Lady Harriet Ord expressed her opinion in favour of the dream.

In the midst of the discussion, arrived Passion-week and Lord Tennygal. He listened, in his calm, matter-of-fact way, to the two sides of the case. His wife, when they were alone, actually shed tears; the affair, she told him, had so worried her, between her anxiety to do what was right, and her fear to do what was wrong. Lord Tennygal took an opportunity of speaking to his brother-in-law.

"Devereux," he said, "this is very bad. Lady Tennygal's governess ought to have commanded your respect. Were it not for the dangerous position you are in, you should not remain in this house another hour."

"There's nothing wrong," answered Captain Devereux—"nothing at all; it is a delusion altogether. That old mischief-making cat fell asleep in her room, after dinner, and must have had a dream——"

"Psha, man!" interrupted Lord Tennygal, "don't attempt to palm off your dreams upon me. Mrs. Barry heard Miss May say you could not marry Lady Harriet, because you were under a solemn engagement to marry *her*. If——"

"Mrs. Barry did not, then. She's a——"

"Hear me out, Captain Devereux, if you please. If you have been gaining Miss May's affections, under the promise of marriage, you are bound in honour to marry her, although she is but a governess. If, on the other hand, you have behaved ill to the girl, I will never forgive it, and I hope Lady Harriet will not. But whatever the truth is, I must be made acquainted with it, that I may know how to act."

"I have given my word once," sullenly replied Captain Devereux; "I don't see the use of repeating it ten times over. I deny it altogether, and I say that Mrs. Barry either invented or dreamt it."

"You persist in this?—to me?"

"I do. And to everybody else."

"Then I must take another course."

Lord Tennygal proceeded to an interview with Miss May. She was as impervious as the captain, and his lordship was puzzled. That Miss May should not remain with his children, he was determined: more clear-sighted than his wife, he had never liked her. But there was a difference between turning a young lady out of his house instantler, and giving her due warning: which course would the real facts, which he could not come at, justify? Like his wife, he only desired to act justly by themselves and by her.

"Who were Miss May's references?" he asked of Lady Tennygal.

She had to look to Lady Langton's letters before she could answer. And found that Lady Langton spoke of a Mrs. Penryn, as having written in her favour, but who Mrs. Penryn was Lady Langton did not state.

"And probably did not know," observed Lord Tennygal. "She is the laziest woman in the world, is Lady Langton: just the one to be imposed upon with her eyes open."

"There was another recommendation from some solicitors; they wrote most strongly in her favour, Lady Langton said. They were friends of Miss May's late father's, I remember; partners, or something of that. Miss May was stopping there at the time."

"What was their name?"

The countess ran her eyes down Lady Langton's letter. "Here it is. 'Lyvett, Castlerosse, and Lyvett.'"

"I shall write to them," said the earl.

He proceeded to do so at once, and his wife wrote to Lady Langton. The answers came, both on the same day.

Lady Langton, an exceedingly indolent woman, bestirred herself for once. She strove to find out where and what the Mrs. Penryn was who had written to her. But of Mrs. Penryn she could obtain no tidings whatever: nobody, at the address given, seemed to have heard of or known her. Her Ladyship then drove down to Lyvett, Castlerosse, and Lyvett's, but the information they afforded her was not of a nature to appease her anger.

"You wrote, unasked, and recommended Miss May to me," urged Lady Langton, wrathfully; who, being conscious that her own carelessness was to blame, wished to find somebody else to throw it upon.



"We never wrote at all to your ladyship," replied Mr. Lyvett, "and so we are about to inform Lord Tennygal, from whom we have received a communication."

"But the letters to Miss May were addressed here, to your care," she next urged.

"Certainly not, so far as we are aware," rejoined Mr. Lyvett. "But May, her father, may have had letters left here for him without our knowledge." And upon inquiry, it proved that the postman had received instructions to deliver all such letters into the hands of a Miss Jenkins next door, who had forwarded them to the Mays.

The following was the answer to Lord Tennygal.

"MY LORD,—In reply to the communication with which you have favoured us, we beg to acquaint your lordship that we know nothing of the matter you allude to. We never had a 'partner' or 'friend' of the name of May. Until recently, a man of that name lived at our offices as porter, but we found cause to discharge him. This occurred last July, and we know nothing of his movements since that period. May had a daughter, and we deem it not impossible that she may be the party who has imposed upon your lordship by a false recommendation in our name. She was educated above her station, and her name is Sophia.

"We have the honour to be, my lord,

"Your lordship's obedient servants,

LYVETT, CASTLEROSSE, AND LYVETT.

"The Right Honourable the Earl of Tennygal."

Lord Tennygal threw the letter into his wife's lap. "Take better care in future, Bessie," was all he said. "Miss May must leave to-day."

So the whole plot was discovered, and there remained not a shadow of doubt that Miss May had cleverly furnished her own letters of reference.

The Countess of Tennygal was in a state of consternation. Easy natured as she was, her indignation was aroused now. She would not see the governess, but deputed her housekeeper to pay and discharge her. "I could not have believed such a thing possible," she exclaimed. "I have heard of servants obtaining places under false pretences, but for a governess to do so seems incredible."

Lord Tennygal smiled a half smile: perhaps at his wife's want of knowledge of the world. "Many a governess has done it ere this," he said, "and many will again."

"But they can have no principles!"

"That's another thing."

Lord Tennygal was not far wrong. There are governesses in families, even now, who have entered them under auspices as false as those by which Miss May obtained admittance to his.

Captain Devereux came off the best. He not only contrived an interview with Miss May in the hour of her departure, and told her he should soon see her in London, but he also succeeded in persuading another credulous heart that he was not a wolf in sheep's clothing, but a falsely-accused, meek lamb: and in less than a month after Easter, the public papers recorded the marriage of Theodore Hugh Devereux, Esq., third son of the Right Honourable Sir Archibald Devereux, with the Lady Harriet Ord.

NOTES ON NOTE-WORTHIES,  
OF DIVERS ORDERS, EITHER SEX, AND EVERY AGE.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

. . . . And make them men of note (do you note, men?)—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act III. Sc. 1.

*D. Pedro.* Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,  
Do it in notes.

*Balth.* Note this before my notes,  
There's not a note of *mine* that's worth the noting.

*D. Pedro.* Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,  
Notes, notes, forsooth, and noting!

*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act II. Sc. 3.

And these to Notes are frittered quite away.—*Dunciad*, Book I.

Notes of exception, notes of admiration,

Notes of assent, notes of interrogation.—*Amen Corner*, c. iii.

VII.—NICIAS.

HARDLY less antagonistic to received notions was Mr. Grote's systematic censure of the public character and career of Nicias, than was his systematic defence of, or apology for, the policy and tactics of Cleon. Indeed the strictures on the former were an almost inevitable consequence upon the eulogy of the latter. To approve the war policy of Cleon involves your condemnation of the peace-advocacy of Nicias; just as your approbation of Mr. Pitt's foreign diplomacy implies your opposition to that of Mr. Fox.

After the death of Cleon—who fell, like that most admirable and perhaps faultless of Lacedæmonian commanders, the high-minded and single-hearted Brasidas, at the battle of Amphipolis (B.C. 422)—Nicias was left in what Bishop Thirlwall calls the “undisputed possession of the influence due to the mildness of his disposition, to the liberal use which he made of his ample fortune, and to his military skill and success, which after the downfall of his presumptuous rival, were perhaps more justly appreciated.” Nicias was desirous of peace, adds the historian, both for the sake of Athens, and on his own account. He desired peace, because it was the state which seemed exposed to the fewest risks, and in which private interests would be most secure, under the shade of universal prosperity. “As one step towards this end, he had endeavoured to conciliate the confidence of Sparta, by the good offices with which he softened the captivity of her citizens at Athens; and he was thus enabled to assume the character of a mediator between the two states.”\* The result of which was, that, in homely phrase, he fell between two stools. His mediation was a *via media* that led him whither he would not. Medium measures, by a somewhat mediocre man, were out of time, at that critical stage of the Peloponnesian war; and out of place, in the fermenting politics of Athens. *In medio* not always *tutissimus ibis*; thou, Nicias,

\* Thirlwall's Hist. of Greece.

least of all. Unless indeed by *in medio* we understand the tranquil obscurity of middle-class existence—the safest of social positions in those times of clamour and public excitement when, as the Addisonian Cato has it,

The post of honour is a private station.

Plutarch, whose estimate of Cleon is of that contemptuous and indignant kind against which Mr. Grote so vigorously protests, sometimes goes as far as Mr. Grote himself in his strictures on Nicias. Contrasting—in one of his parallels—Nicias and Crassus, he says, that if Crassus was too violent and tyrannical in his proceedings, Nicias was as much too timid. “His poltroonery and mean submission to the most abandoned persons in the state, deserves the greatest reproach.”\* Plutarch’s maxim is, that he who wants to stand at the helm, should not consider what may expose him to envy, but what is great and glorious, and may by its lustre extort homage of some sort from envy itself. Whereupon he proceeds to apostrophise Nicias: “But, if security and repose are to be consulted above all things; if you are afraid of Alcibiades upon the rostrum, of the Lacedæmonians at Pylos, and of Perdiccas in Thrace, then, surely, Nicias, Athens is wide enough to afford you a corner to retire to, where you may weave for yourself a soft crown of tranquillity.” Nevertheless, the old biographer is fain to confess that the love Nicias had for peace was indeed a divine attachment, and that his endeavours during his whole administration to put an end to the war, were worthy of the Grecian humanity; nay, that this alone places him in so honourable a light, that Crassus† could not have been compared with him, though he had made the Caspian Sea or the Indian Ocean the boundary of the Roman Empire.

It is shown, clearly and in full, in the pages of Mr. Grote’s history, how the pacific dispositions of Nicias, Laches, and what he calls the “philo-Laconian” party—the party favourable to Sparta, and averse from the policy which cried *Hellas* for the Athenians—had begun to find increasing favour at Athens after the battle of Delium; while the unforeseen losses in Thrace, coming thick upon each other—every new triumph of Brasidas apparently increasing his means of achieving more—tended to convert the discouragement of the Athenians into positive alarm. During the winter of 424-423 B.C., negotiations for peace appear to have been in progress. “The continual hope that these might be brought to a close, combined with the impolitic aversion of Nicias and

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\* “Besides, Crassus showed some magnanimity and dignity of sentiment, in contending, not with such wretches as Cleon and Hyperbolus, but with the glory of Cæsar, and the three triumphs of Pompey.”—(Plutarch’s Lives: Nicias and Crassus compared.)

† Why Plutarch should pitch on Crassus to pair off with so unlike a partner as Nicias, it is hard to guess. But Plutarch’s “Parallels” are often curiously arbitrary in the selection of heroes to be placed in juxtaposition. Mr. Grote, in a note appended to the sixtieth chapter of his admirable History, refers to the portraiture of Galba by Tacitus, as suiting, in a good many of the features, the character of Nicias—“much more,” he justly asserts, “than those of the rapacious and unprincipled Crassus, with whom Plutarch compares the latter.” Of the more striking features of resemblance, may be mentioned, family position, wealth, over-caution mistaken for wisdom—*ut quod segnitia fuit, sapientia vocaretur*—and the tersely graphic significance of the well-known passage: *major privato viris, dum privatus fuit, et omnium consensu optax imperii, nisi imperasset.*

his friends to energetic military action, help to explain the unwonted apathy of Athens, under the pressure of such disgraces. But so much did her courage flag, towards the close of the winter, that she came to look upon a truce as her only means of preservation against the victorious progress of Brasidas.\* And though we are not directly informed what the tone of Cleon now was, Mr. Grote has little doubt that he would still continue opposed to the propositions of peace, at least indirectly, by insisting on terms more favourable than could be obtained—on which point, his apologist allows that his political counsels would be wrong; but on another point, it is maintained, they would be much sounder and more judicious than those of his rival Nicias; for he would recommend a strenuous prosecution of hostilities by Athenian force against Brasidas in Thrace—a course which was at the present moment the most urgent political necessity of Athens, whether she entertained or rejected the views of peace: the policy of Nicias, who cradled up the existing depression of the citizens by encouraging them to rely on the pacific intentions of Sparta, being, Mr. Grote considers, as ill-judged as certainly it was disastrous in its results.

It was Nicias and his partisans, he contends,† who, desirous of peace at almost any price, and knowing that the Lacedæmonians also desired it, encouraged the Athenians, at a moment of great public depression of spirit, to leave Brasidas unopposed in Thrace, and rely on the chance of negotiation with Sparta for arresting his progress. Commenting on the conditions of the Peace of Nicias, Mr. Grote severely remarks, that so inconsiderate and short-sighted were the philo-Laconian leanings of that statesman and his friends at Athens, that they suffered Athens to be cheated of all the hopes they had themselves held out as the inducement for peace—and nevertheless yielded gratuitously to Sparta all the main points which she desired.

It is the advice given by a veteran master of statecraft, the lord-chamberlain *Polonius*—whom stage tradition too often degrades upon the boards into a drivelling buffoon (which, as *Hamlet* himself says, in his advice to the players, “though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve”†)—that as it is prudence to be slow to quarrel, so is it prudence to hit hard and home when the quarrel is actually begun. If once you are fairly in for it, strike and slash away with might and main.

\* Grote's Hist. of Greece, see vol. vi. *passim*.

† Pericles, had he lived, would have taken care, says Mr. Grote, to “interfere vigorously and betimes to prevent Brasidas from making his conquests. . . . To maintain undiminished the integrity of the empire, as well as that impression of Athenian force upon which the empire rested, was his cardinal principle.” Who, then, was the real adherent to the policy of Pericles, at this juncture in the fortunes of the empire? Was it Cleon or Nicias? The rule is to accept Nicias as the successor and representative of that policy. But Mr. Grote takes exception to that rule. With him it is a clear case of rule discharged. His sentence is for Cleon. “Now it is impossible to deny that in reference to Thrace, Cleon adhered more closely than his rival Nicias to the policy of Periklēs. It was to Nicias, more than to Cleon, that the fatal mistake made by Athens in not interfering speedily after Brasidas first broke into Thrace is to be imputed.”—(Grote, Part II. ch. liv.)

‡ “*Hamlet*,” Act III. Sc. 2.

— Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel : but, being in,  
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.\*

Now the latter clause of this counsel was what Nicias unhappily failed to carry out. He delayed, deferred, parleyed, procrastinated, after the quarrel had begun. Something might "turn up," whereby in a month or two they would find themselves in smooth water again, drifting out of war. Something looming in the distance might in due time deliver them from all their troubles. Clarendon observes of "objections," that, upon the entrance into great actions they cannot be too much deliberated, "though, in the action, they shall be best shut out."† And elsewhere, of the Marquis of Hertford's care to consult opinions before acting, and his independence of them in action—"by whose advice [that, namely, of the gentlemen of Somerset] the Marquis thought it necessary absolutely to govern himself, that they might see all possible wariness was used in the entrance into a war, which being once entered into, he well knew must be carried on another way."‡ It is the fault Bacon attributes to men of age, that they object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period.§ Such fault was perhaps *the* failing of Nicias. He was timid and vacillating :

Deficient animique . . . .

Serpit humi tutus nimium timidusque procellæ.||

Too fatally he was, whatever his personal courage, the creature and victim of

— some craven scruple

Of thinking too precisely on the event,—

A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,

And, ever, three parts coward. . . . .

Rightly to be great,

Is, not to stir without great argument ;

But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,

When honour's at the stake.¶

The principle and practice of the man of action are embodied in another, and utterly opposed, Shakspearean personage :

Come,—I have learn'd that fearful commenting

Is leaden servitor to dull delay ;

Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary ;

Then fiery expedition be my wing.\*\*

Nicias wasted precious hours in "fearful commenting,"

— res omnes timide gelideque ministrat,

Dilator, spe lentus, iners, pavidusque futuri,††

when "fiery expedition" should have been the word. Of his inaction at Syracuse, "after four months of mere trifling," Mr. Grote remarks, that, to all the intrinsic dangers of the case, predicted by Nicias himself (when opposing the expedition, as he did from the first, and to the last) with

\* "Hamlet," Act I. Sc. 3.

† Clarendon, Hist. of the Rebellion, book v.

‡ Ibid. book vi.

§ Bacon's Essays: "Of Youth and Age."

¶ Horat. De Arte Poetica.

¶ "Hamlet," Act IV. Sc. 4.

\*\* "King Richard III.," Act IV. Sc. 3.

†† Horat. Ars Poet. 171-2

proper discernment, was superadded the aggravated danger of his own factitious delay; frittering away the first impression of his armament—giving the Syracusans leisure to enlarge their fortifications—and allowing the Peloponnesians time to interfere against Attica as well as to succour Sicily. It was the unhappy weakness of this commander, the historian adds,\* to shrink from decisive resolutions of every kind, and at any rate to postpone them until the necessity became imminent: the consequence of which was (to use an expression of the Corinthian envoys, before the Peloponnesian war, in censuring the dilatory policy of Sparta), that never acting, yet always seeming about to act, he found his enemy in double force instead of single, at the moment of actual conflict.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.†

On "such a full sea" was Nicias "now afloat," and he must "take the current when it served, or lose his venture." He missed the current and lost. Partly because he was habitually a *dilator*; partly because he was constitutionally *iners*, and by temperament *spe lentus*; and, last not least, because he was even exceptionally *pavidus futuri*.

Superstition was, indeed, the bane of Nicias. Saint Paul preaching at Athens—the Areopagus his cathedral, the altar to the Unknown God his text—exclaimed in the proem to his sermon: "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious."‡ The word *δεισιδαιμονεστερος* may or may not mean what our translators have rendered it. But had that Hebrew of the Hebrews preached on Mars'-hill in the days of the Syracusan expedition, he might have applied the words in their strictest English significance, to the crowd who listened, if only he believed them fairly represented, in respect of religious temperament, by their foremost statesman and military leader, Nicias. Dr. Thirlwall characterises this unfortunate general as a "man naturally timid and prone to superstition," who seems, from the very beginning of his public life, notwithstanding his wealth, prosperity, and popularity, to have been constantly haunted by a secret foreboding of some calamitous reverse. "Caution was the leading principle of his conduct, both at home and abroad. As he did not know from what quarter the dreaded evil might come, he not only imitated the prudence of Pericles in his military enterprises, but endeavoured to propitiate the gods by daily sacrifices, the people by his splendid munificence, and the sycophants by frequent bribes. He is said to have kept a constant domestic soothsayer, avowedly with a view to the service of the state, but really to obtain the earliest warning of every danger which might threaten his private affairs."§ He suffered himself, in consequence to be shaken from his resolve, as superstitious rites directed; and threw over a good plan for a bad one, or tried to reconcile internecine schemes, accordingly as some vague sign from above promised him success, or some shadowy omen from below portended failure. Naturally irresolute, he was thus made, by preternatural agencies, preternaturally so. We read

\* Grote, Part II. ch. lviii.

† Acts of the Apostles, xvii. 22.

‡ "Julius Cæsar," Act IV. Sc. 3.

§ Thirlwall's History of Greece

in the words of the Preacher, the son of David, king of Jerusalem, that whose observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.\* Nicias thus watched the wind, as it were—all the more intently, all the more wistfully, with the hushed awe of expectant trepidation, because he could not tell whence it came or whither it went; he thus regarded the clouds, building castles there that were ever changing their shape, as needs must the baseless fabric of a vision. He observed the wind too dependently to have time or heart to sow; he was regarding the clouds, when a sower who *had* gone forth to sow his seed would be preparing to reap. Or say rather that Nicias, after all, *did* sow; but what, and to what end? He sowed the wind, and he reaped the whirlwind.

It has been complained, with considerable justice, that Mr. Grote speaks with extreme bitterness and even violence of the character of Nicias, and is angry with Thucydides for bestowing a passing sigh on the fate of a good and religious man, who was probably his political if not his personal friend. Yet it will hardly be denied—so the late Samuel Phillips affirmed—that goodness and piety deserve a sigh, more especially in an age of such spirits as those among whom the lot of Thucydides was cast. “The superstition of Nicias,” he adds, “was most gross; it was a weakness and a vice, and has no claim whatever on our sympathies: but it seems to have been, as Thucydides intimates, the diseased side of a religious nature; and the same man who sacrificed his army by refusing to march because there was an eclipse of the moon, would, probably, in a cruel and faithless generation, have shown mercy and kept his oath.”† The eclipse of the moon here referred to, was in very truth the eclipse of the general’s fortunes and fair fame. How literally applicable to Nicias the individual man are the words addressed by Shakspeare’s *Duke* to man in the abstract :

Thou art *not certain*;  
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,  
*After the moon.*‡

It was when measures the most promising had at length been taken for the safe retreat of the ships from Syracuse—and intimation had actually been sent to Catana that the armament was on the point of coming away, with orders to forward no further supplies—that this memorable eclipse occurred, big with the fate of Nicias and Greece. The plan (as Mr. Grote describes it) was proceeding successfully: the ships were made ready—much of the property of the army had already been conveyed aboard without awakening the suspicion of the enemy—the signal would have been hoisted on the ensuing morning—and within a few hours, this fated armament would have found itself clear of the harbour with comparatively small loss—when the gods themselves (to speak in the language and feelings of the Athenian camp) interfered to forbid its departure. But how? “On the very night before (the 27th August, 413 B.C.)—which was full moon—the moon was eclipsed. Such a portent, impressive to the Athenians at all times, was doubly so under

\* Ecclesiastes, xi. 4.

† Essays from the Times.

‡ “Measure for Measure.” Act III. Sc. 1.

their present despondency, and many of them construed it as a divine prohibition against departure until a certain time should have elapsed, with expiatory ceremonies to take off the effect. They made known their wishes for postponement to Nicias and his colleagues; but their interference was superfluous, for Nicias himself was more deeply affected than any one else. He consulted the prophets, who declared that the army ought not to decamp until thrice nine days, a full circle of the moon, should have passed over. And Nicias took upon himself to announce, that until after the interval indicated by them, he would not permit even any discussion or proposition on the subject.

"The decision of the prophets, which Nicias thus made his own, was a sentence of death to the Athenian army: yet it went along with the general feeling, and was obeyed without hesitation. Even Demosthenes, though if he had commanded alone, he might have tried to overrule it—found himself compelled to yield."\* Yet, the historian proceeds to show, it was a decision unquestionably wrong, according to Philechorus, himself a skilful professional diviner—wrong, that is, according to the canonical principles of divination. To men planning escape or any other operation requiring silence and secrecy, an eclipse of the moon, as hiding light and producing darkness, was, this professional diviner affirmed, an encouraging sign, and ought to have made the Athenians even more willing and forward in quitting the harbour. We are told, too, that "Nicias had recently lost by death Stilbides, the ablest prophet in his service; and that he was thus forced to have recourse to prophets of inferior ability. His piety left no means untried of appeasing the gods, by prayer, sacrifice, and expiatory ceremonies, continued until the necessity of actual conflict arrived."† Although the impediment thus finally and irreparably intercepting the departure of the fleet, was the direct, though unintended consequence of the delay previously caused by Nicias, Mr. Grote is fully persuaded that, when the eclipse first happened, the commander regarded it as a sign confirmatory of the opinion which he had himself previously delivered, and that he congratulated himself upon having so long resisted the proposition for going away. All those Athenians, moreover, the historian remarks, who were predisposed to look upon eclipses as signs from heaven of calamity about to come, would find themselves strengthened in that belief by the unparalleled woes even now impending over this unhappy army.

"What interpretation," he continues, "the Syracusans, confident and victorious, put on the eclipse, we are not told. But they knew well how to interpret the fact, which speedily came to their knowledge, that the Athenians had fully resolved to make a furtive escape, and had only been prevented by the eclipse. Such a resolution, amounting to an unequivocal confession of helplessness, emboldened the Syracusans yet farther to crush them as they were in the harbour, and never to permit them to occupy even any other post in Sicily." Accordingly the Athenian fleet was then and there beset, beaten, and driven ashore. The superstitious fears of Nicias and his army wrought wonders in favour of the enemy. Indeed,

\* Grote's History of Greece. Part II. chap. lx.

† Ibid.



What are fears but voices airy,  
 Whispering harm where harm is not;  
 And deluding the unwary  
 Till the fatal bolt is shot?\*

When the appalling intelligence reached Athens of the final discomfiture of the second expedition against Syracuse—and as never in Grecian history† had a force so large, so costly, so efficient, and so full of promise and confidence been sent forth; neither in Grecian history had ruin ever been so complete and sweeping—one cannot be surprised that the esteem and admiration hitherto felt by his fellow-citizens for Nicias, and which “had been throughout lofty and unshaken,” should be, with the news of his defeat and death, exchanged for disgrace. His name, we find, was omitted, while that of his colleague Demosthenes was engraved, on the funeral pillar erected to commemorate the fallen warriors.‡

Tried by the standard of public duty, what judgment are we to pass on Nicias? Mr. Grote avows himself “compelled to say”—in summing up the evidence for and against—that if his personal suffering (feelingly dwelt upon by Thucydides) could possibly be regarded in the light of an atonement, or set in an equation against the mischief brought by himself both on his army and his country, it would not be greater than his deserts. Admitting fully both the good intentions of Nicias, and his personal bravery, rising even into heroism during the last few days in Sicily, “it is not the less incontestable, that first, the failure of the enterprise—next, the destruction of the armament—is to be traced distinctly to his lamentable misjudgment. Sometimes petty trifling—sometimes apathy and inaction—sometimes presumptuous neglect—sometimes obstinate blindness, even to urgent and obvious necessities—one or other of these his sad mental defects, will be found operative at every step whereby this fated armament sinks down from exuberant efficiency into the last depth of aggregate ruin and individual misery. His improvidence and incapacity stand proclaimed, not merely in the narrative of the historian, but even in his own letter to the Athenians, and in his own speeches both before the expedition and during its closing misfortunes, when contrasted with the reality of his proceedings. The man whose flagrant incompetency brought such wholesale ruin upon two fine armaments entrusted to his command, upon the Athenian maritime empire, and ultimately upon Athens herself, must appear on the tablets of history under the severest condemnation, even though his personal virtues had been loftier than those of Nicias.”

Over-confidence in Nicias is deliberately pronounced by Mr. Grote the greatest personal mistake which the Athenian public ever committed. This mistake is taken advantage of by the historian, to urge a characteristic argument against those who, in reviewing the causes of popular misjudgment, are apt to enlarge prominently, if not exclusively, on demagogues and the demagogic influence. Never, he asserts, did any man in Athens, by mere force of demagogic qualities, acquire a measure of esteem at once so exaggerated and so durable, combined with so much power of

\* Wordsworth.

† See Grote. Part II. chap. lx.

‡ “This difference Pausanias explains by saying that Nicias was conceived to have disgraced himself as a military man by his voluntary surrender, which Demosthenes had disdained.”—(Ibid.)

injuring his fellow-citizens, as the *anti*-demagogic Nicias. This public favourite, and leading popular man, was not, like Cleon, "a leather-seller of impudent and criminative eloquence, but a man of ancient family and hereditary wealth—munificent and affable, having credit not merely for the largesses which he bestowed, but also for all the insolences, which as a rich man he might have committed, but did not commit—free from all pecuniary corruption—a brave man, and above all an ultra-religious man, believed, therefore, to stand high in the favour of the gods, and to be fortunate." And triumphantly the historian appeals to the fact, that, such was the esteem felt by the Athenians for this union of good qualities purely personal and negative, with eminent station, that they presumed the higher aptitudes of command, and presumed them unhappily after proof that they did not exist—after proof that what they had supposed to be caution was only apathy and mental weakness.

Let this justice, nevertheless, be done to Nicias—to allow him consistency as a statesman. His character, one of Mr. Grote's critics observes, must have been of great advantage to Athens in her dealings with other states. "There is no ground for supposing that his desire for peace ever rendered him untrue to his duty as a patriot and a soldier; and the conduct of the aristocratic party towards its opponents, so long as he was at its head, appears to have been moderate and constitutional. The command, in which he so fatally miscarried, was forced upon him, and the expedition was undertaken against his advice, and at the instance of his political opponent." Cordially we agree with this writer's conclusion, that, if it is impossible (as he thinks it is) to speak of Nicias with admiration, it would be wrong to speak of him with contempt or hatred.

Nor, in judging of his demeanour during the fifth act of the tragedy, let us overlook the sufferings of a physical kind by which he was weighed down; and which may have affected, to a degree we cannot decide upon, the movements of his intellect and will. "We cannot tell how far his faculties were paralysed by disease."\* Mr. Grote himself states that a great part of what passes for caution in his character, was in fact backwardness and inertia of temperament, aggravated by the melancholy addition of a painful internal complaint. First and last, Nicias is an interesting study—that of a good man struggling with misfortune, painfully bearing up against adversity, and forced to succumb. We cannot withhold our sympathy; hardly, at some stages of the narrative, our tears.

In times of good fortune (to quote a reflection from Niebuhr) it is easy to appear great—nay, even to act greatly; but in misfortune very difficult. The greatest man will commit blunders in misfortune, because the want of proportion between his means and his ends progressively increases, and his inward strength is exhausted in fruitless efforts.† This is true—so comments on the passage one of the most thoughtful of thinking Englishwomen, and most graceful of English authoresses—this is true; but under all extremes of good or evil fortune we are apt to commit mistakes, because the tide of the mind does not flow equally, but rushes along impetuously in a flood, or brokenly and distractedly in a rocky channel where its strength is exhausted in conflict and pain. "The

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\* Samuel Phillips.

† Life and Letters of Niebuhr.

extreme pressure of circumstances will produce extremes of feeling in minds of a sensitive rather than a firm cast."<sup>\*</sup>

Bacon shrewdly remarks, in his essay on Vain Glory, that in military commanders and soldiers, vain glory is an essential point; for as iron sharpens iron, so by glory one courage sharpeneth another. "In cases of great enterprise upon charge and adventure, a composition of glorious natures doth put life into business; and those that are of solid and sober natures, have more of the ballast than of the sail." Nicias was deficient in this vaunted quality. He was no *Miles gloriosus*. Like Sir John Moore, in the present century, he was of a temperament rather desponding than sanguine; and what a modern historian says of the hero of Corunna is mainly true of the ill-starred Athenian, that "although a brave and able officer, he had not the self-reliance characteristic of a master-mind."<sup>†</sup> But we cannot help thinking with the *Times* essayist, that if the abilities of Nicias were overrated (as no doubt they were) by his countrymen, they are underrated by Mr. Grote. He had approved himself a good officer, as Dr. Phillips justly affirms: his expedition to Cythera, if the conception as well as the execution was his own, reflects on him the highest credit. "His conduct during the later part of the siege of Syracuse seems, so far as we can judge, to have been very weak. But we cannot tell how far his faculties were paralysed by disease. His most glaring error was that into which he was led by his superstitious. But it is plain that he was wholly incompetent to the sole command of so great and difficult an enterprise."<sup>‡</sup> With reluctance he undertook it, and heavy was the penalty he paid, unless life and reputation are cheap things and of small account. He lived one day too long; the day on which he accepted the command of that most disastrous expedition.

Combien avons-nous vu d'éloges unanimes  
 Condamnés, démentis par un honteux retour!  
 Et combien de héros glorieux, magnanimes,  
 Ont vécu trop d'un jour!<sup>§</sup>

Painfully one is reminded of Shakspeare's sigh for the disgraced chieftain, to whose doom that of Nicias approximates too nearly, if we may receive the testimony, the verdict, and the sentence of at least one high court of criticism:

The painful warrior, famousèd for fight,  
 After a thousand victories once foiled,  
 Is from the book of honour rasèd quite,  
 And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.||

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\* Mrs. Jameson : Common-place Book. Part II.

† Busk's History of Spain and Portugal.

‡ Essays from the *Times*. First Series.

§ Odes de J. B. Rousseau. L. II. ode x.

|| Shakspeare's Sonnets. XXV.

## ELECTORAL ADDRESSES AND MINISTERIAL TRIUMPH.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

So far, the appeal of Lord Palmerston to the people has not been in vain, a triumphant majority of candidates in his favour having been returned to parliament. As a demonstration of the precise numerical superiority on the Liberal side cannot yet be expected, it would be useless to speculate upon the future. Even the addresses of the leading candidates did not fall into our hands in time for comment in our last. With the foregoing fact in our possession, and knowing that simultaneously with the appearance of these sheets the Commons of England will have met, we shall continue the narrative begun in our last number.

The Tory leader in the Commons, with his wonted alacrity, was the first in the field. As a development of character his address was well-nigh worth a dissolution of parliament. It was "delicious" with its speciousness, as coming from him who had not long ago asserted that liberty in England was only oligarchy, that priesthood meant national church, the sovereignty a title without dominion, and those called the servants of the people absolutists.\* It was lamentable that the monarch and subject who, perhaps, should be despot and slave, after Eastern tradition, were such as actually exist in this country, so "up with Young England for ever!" Let arts and commerce die, give us back our traditions, and let everything else perish. Mr. Disraeli no more says to the workmen, "Down with your masters!—down with the Shuffles and Screws!" He must feel somewhat odd regarding his old sentiments—if he can feel at all—on a retrospective glance at that period, while playing Shuffle and Screw in his late address. How changed from him who, but a little time since, held out principles attractive of vulgar popularity, and calculated to breed anarchy. How felicitous the contrast of his present support of everything arbitrary in the party to which he has allied himself, with his former averments,—a party as to sentiment descended from the Jacobites of the Stuart times, a little ameliorated by that popular advance which the same party successions had uniformly resisted. Mr. Disraeli is another Merlin; he operates upon high aristocratic minds and bends them to his cause with more than a conjurer's skill. As the personage whom court divines never name to ears polite is said to have recourse to Scripture occasionally to aid his purposes, so Mr. Disraeli appears, by the strain of his address, including an affected tone of high feeling, lofty political morality, simulated sympathy for Chinese martyrs victims to Christian tyranny, mingled with that superlative indignation all must feel who are as politically honest as himself at the alleged "double dealing" of ministers

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\* See in the "Sybil," an *ad captandum* bait for radical support, in which work the sketches of nature and pathos are taken from Blue-books. No one would think of studying navigation from Tull's "Husbandry." Mr. Dickens would have sent Disraeli to a better school.

in regard to China, to be somewhat of a plagiarist after the manner of him of whom divines speak so disrespectfully.

Nor was this all; the right honourable gentleman complained of the neglect of "high and definite principles" by the present ministry. He censured the want of steadfastness in principle so much required by "the honour and best interests of the country," and that, in consequence, men were demanded who would support and carry out similar virtues, positively upon this ground recommending himself, as if the public were hoodwinked in regard to his own treatment of principles. He alleged further, as a ground of support, that he would uphold the "popular and aristocratic institutions" of the country. What an odd coupling of epithets! what an amalgamation of oil and vinegar! Thus forgetful of the past, Mr. Disraeli eat his own words with as little remorse as Saturn gorged his children in the olden time. The new-born of his speeches and writings to-day are swallowed down to-morrow, and then he feels himself in a sort of ostrich security. In thus paying the public memory a bad compliment, he commits a grievous error in self-deception, taking the living for the dead. "But make me your leader," says he, in substance; "I will support honourable peace, reduced taxation, and social improvement"—as they were never supported before. How we apples will swim! Few would be so daring in promises who reflected they were at the head of a party that for long years had opposed all such measures with wonderful determination; happy recklessness in a leader who will not miss his mark for the sake of a few hard inconsistencies and assertions. No doubt the honourable gentleman knows his cue best, and reflects duly that he has no other party to fall back upon if he were now discarded, having gone the round of all. Mr. Disraeli knows best whether he has securely noosed the Derbyite leviathan or not. If the hook be in its nose, the right honourable gentleman will no doubt hold the end fast, for he is ever most tenacious of the game he worries. On the other hand, he seems to have tamed in no small degree those who were lately so haughty, full of feudal notions, high-minded in declaration, if somewhat mean in action, and not of the wisest. How scornful of self-humiliation before obvious truth, how assumptive and overbearing they were, and now to be tamed by one whom they lately considered a *parvenu*! It does Mr. Disraeli's talents credit to have made his reluctant friends so complacent, perhaps from a sense of their political necessities. How could they tolerate permitting their tenantry in Bucks to vote for one who finds his claim to their support in pleas that violate their dearest recollections, their reiterated avowals? The experiments upon the credulity of his party, seasoned, as in this address, with the excitement of false sympathies, censure of his opponents, and similar things, recal the stratagem of mendicants who make sores to excite commiseration. Though dementation itself could not mistake the scope and end of Mr. Disraeli, his party did, so stolid was it, so insensible to the mode in which their plebeian leader was making use of them for his own purposes. His skill in this respect must be admitted. No one better applies the negative to the positive for his objects, leads his dupes out of their ancient track more cleverly, or makes nothing of something more dexterously. He has succeeded at last so far in securing the confidence of his friends that they will support him even if

He undertake to prove, by force  
 Of argument, a man's no horse,  
 And prove a buzzard is no fowl,  
 And that a lord may be an owl,  
 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,  
 And rooks committee-men and trustees.

Apart from jest, nothing is too bold for his political adventures. There is no shame in him at making dishonest charges for honest ends, in the mode of Malagrida. Hence the charge of Toryism against Lord Palmerston while playing the radical. It is in such kind of charges, made to profit himself, that Mr. Disraeli enacts Judas so admirably. He cannot even here keep out of Palestine, nor discard for a moment the traditions of an obstinate, self-willed, and rebellious ancestry, that to the end of time are to operate as a beacon to shield the rest of the world from similar vices; for though they pretend they are to go home again to their country—we do not credit it—they would no longer be useful, as warnings to the world, if they did. England contains no public example to approach his own for the faults he charges upon others. He himself stands in the position of the servant who, applying for a place, and being asked for a character, said he had none left, having worn out all he had ever received. But, say his friends, "The charges you make against the right honourable gentleman were youthful absurdities, long gone by." We reply, as to Mr. Disraeli, the *Star Chamber*, "Vivian Grey," fictitious characters, and exaggerated realities, his own reviews of his own works in his own periodicals—these and similar things display depth of artifice of a most precocious character.\* This kind of artifice

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\* This trait of character is illustrated in the following extract from the "Notes of a Life," now in the press, which we saw in manuscript:

"It was at the same time Mr. Disraeli was publishing a periodical paper called the *Star Chamber*, of which the public took little note, that the two first volumes of 'Vivian Grey' made their appearance. The *Star Chamber* was personal. I have heard that the author suppressed it, but not till it had attacked most of the literary men of that day. I forget all further about its contents. Mr. Disraeli puffed and reviewed his own book in its columns. Calling one day upon Colburn, who published 'Vivian Grey,' the bibliopoliſt said: 'I have a capital book out, "Vivian Grey," the authorship is a great secret—a man of high fashion—very high—keeps the first society. I can assure you it is a most piquant and spirited work—quite sparkling.' Colburn always regarded the fashionable taste in publishing, no matter how absurd. The fashionable was a buying taste, and no Lintot goes further. I remarked that the characters were not drawn from life, for I had already run my eye over a copy. 'Two or three characters might,' I said, 'be from the life, but all were exaggerated, and most of them imaginary.' This Colburn did not like, but remarked that people of fashion might read and understand them for living persons. He told me the author's name was a profound secret. Three or four days after, walking along Oxford-street, I saw one of Colburn's establishment come out of the shop of Disraeli's publisher, Marsh. He had a number of pamphlets under his arm. 'What have you there?' The pamphlets were copies in yellow covers, about twenty-five pages of matter. The word 'key' was signified by a woodcut of a key, and below it 'to "Vivian Grey"!!! being a complete exposition of the royal, noble, and fashionable characters who figure in that most extraordinary work.' There was a woodcut also of a curtain, partly open, displaying within a drawing-room filled with company attitudinising. 'Oh,' said I, 'why did not Colburn publish this as well as the book?' 'That would never do,' was the reply. I did not at the moment reflect that Marsh was the publisher of Disraeli's *Star Chamber*. I took away one of the pamphlets, and found it filled with extracts from 'Vivian Grey'; remarks,

has grown with his growth, twin-brother of the sarcastic inflictions which so frighten small minds in the House of Commons. But we will not dwell upon the dawnings of the career of one who has misemployed abilities of no mean order, as every spirit of integrity must admit. His later productions were some of them even more absurd; and his chartist sympathies were those of a tolerably mature age—nearly forty, we believe; above which age, under any phase but a chartist one, he abused Sir Robert Peel for services to his country, hanging on upon the tail of Lord George Bentinck, and playing Bombastes while so situated. By this he became the head of the party whose principles he had before smothered. Mr. Disraeli was no callow youth then, and it is not going back to old grievances, but, on the contrary, it is most useful, to recal his tergiversations again and again, when he forces it, as in this address, and to give him credit for his management of a party which he has led about and about for his own interest, as a leader paramount in watching to build it up, until, as at present, that party upholds measures it before resisted in such a way as to make us think that, like its leader, it was ready for anything if repaid with office. This shows how dull many persons are that make great pretensions; and on Mr. Disraeli's part it shows how well pertinacity may be repaid by those who go doggedly at work for right or wrong. Nor was the right honourable gentleman insensible to the weight attached to the aristocratical position of the party he was about to lead. He was well aware that title and estate, appearance and pretension, are awful things in the popular view, and that the most brainless man so gifted even in radical vision, is held in respect. Even in a common gin-palace, a noble lord's name alone secured an expenditure of chalk-scoring, impossible to an individual not having the bewitching appellation. Mr. Disraeli had thus on his side what in the phraseology of the time is called "high respectability." It is amusing to see how the right honourable gentleman worked to his objects. He prepared his way by obtaining bit and bit concessions from the stiff-necked pride of the ultra-aristocracy. First, he poured out a

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some of feigned censure, to give critical verisimilitude; others were puffs of the work, some highly laudatory. At the end of 'The Key' there was a clue to living personages, whose names were ascribed to the real and imaginary characters in the book, all extracted from Mr. Disraeli's *Star Chamber*, which affected a great mystery as to the authorship, the aim of which was obvious. 'We know who the author of "Vivian Grey" really is.' Then in the same *Star Chamber* followed the names of living characters, as 'Mr. Foaming Fudge, Mr. B—m, Lord Alhambra, Lord P—, Colonel Dalmington, Colonel L—n.' All was concocted with a little critical censure here and there, but, above all, surpassing wonderment at the noise the extraordinary work was making in the world. Such were some of the artifices used to get the book into notoriety, and they succeeded. That one not much out of nonage should, as an author, have recourse to artifices so beneath a man of genius and ingenuousness, such as a young writer might be supposed to possess, when I knew who the author was, fixed his character in my mind. I thought it unfortunate that, with such ability, he should be a stranger to that highmindedness which, in those days, was assumed among literary men, even where not real. From that day my mental portraiture of Mr. Disraeli, conjoined with his 'cleverness'—that is the exact word—his want of high feeling, and the opinion of his unfixed displays since, made him a continual example of unscrupulousness in his progress. This opinion was confirmed by great absurdities in most of his subsequent productions, as well as by the acts of his earlier years. We are all we are to be by nature at two or three-and-twenty."

venom upon Peel, that to the bad taste of his party was nectar and ambrosia. Lord George Bentinck died. Mr. Disraeli seized the reins while Lord George's friends were momentarily paralysed, and kept them. The next step was to restrain the continued cry for protection, which Mr. Disraeli found would be a bar to his hopes, while he himself, who really cared nothing about protection or non-protection, became an object of greater popular distaste. He struggled against this obstacle, and found his ground must be taken in advocating no more the restoration of protection, if he had any rational hope of getting forward, party being with him, as ever, only self, while he had a more expatiating soul than his newly-adopted friends. He persevered, as did his rebellious forefathers, in that solitary virtue, "fidelity to himself." He was at the head of the Tory landlord interest. It was inherited obstinacy against obstinacy. His, combined with the highest intellect, succeeded, the odds being vastly in his favour, traditions on both sides out of the question. In most bombastic vein he had made war on the Manchester school, then arrayed against him; he opposed the repeal of the navigation laws in the same vein, and so well insinuated himself into the favour of his friends, whose obtuseness in regard to their own interests was notorious, that he was fixed as their acknowledged leader. Thus he succeeded one whose inferior political abilities were cultivated principally at Tattersall's, and never reached mediocrity, however much liked for his social qualities. The support of reciprocity against the open free-traders, attacks on Cobden, affected appeals to the working classes, the sustenance of the Church, a deprecation of public opinion as only clamour, denunciation of the free-traders' politics and predictions, and sinister censures of their opponents, were balm to his party's interest. And then how glorious was the aristocracy, the Lord Manners's Young England! The prejudices his party had against him for not being of a feudal breed of true blue blood became softened. The cunning and cleverness which accompanied these manœuvres met its reward. No more was heard the cry of low wages and dear bread. The right honourable gentleman turned next to the burdens on land, and tickled his trout once more with effect. It was pitiful, so it was, that so large a part of the excise duty fell on land; how cruel to the over-burdened landowners! The Manchester men sought to enrich themselves exclusively. They would see their commerce die off, while land would for ever flourish. At last, the right honourable gentleman recommended union and justice to the land, and toleration to trade. Thus working about and about he found his reward. The stolid party he had supported sank their prejudices in his favour. Next, he avowed that himself and party had no idea, poor innocents, of bringing back the protection for which they had so long combated!! They were on the eve of taking office, so protection to the land was no longer in the way. This, then, was an essential point to gain, and thus, to remove a stumbling-block, by unsaying, in prospect of place, all he had said, all he had been fighting about for so long a period, and getting his party to follow his example. The landed interest was juggled, and the farmers too, after abandoning protection, for which they had fought so long, and had abused Peel so venomously. Turning, and twisting, and tumbling, and apostatising, he reached the apex of his efforts. It will be said by his admirers that his conduct was splendid—that he had raised himself by his ability. No one disputes his ability,



nor his fitness for the leadership of his present band: they are peculiarly suited for each other. The point is only whether a man may rise in public life regardless of the means. Whether the preacher of revolutionary doctrines to-day, and other wild sentiments to-morrow, and then repudiating them for opposite creeds over and over, be as much entitled to hold power in a country like ours as one who may respect at least the decencies of political life. Gibbon, the historian, declared once at Brooks's that there was no salvation for the country unless six heads of the cabinet council were cut off as examples; and directly afterwards, that is, in six days, took a place under that same cabinet council! This we denominated political profligacy, and only regret that Gibbon did not furnish the last example of a similar nature.

To recur again to the address. What really cared Mr. Disraeli about the Tartar mandarin Yeh, the Bhuddist idol Foh being thrown into the bargain? The clodpoles of Bucks must have comprehended what was meant by Mr. Disraeli's pity for the celestial satrap. If they did not care, the rest of England did, on recalling the tricks and personalities of the right honourable gentleman, the repealism, radicalism, revolutionism, Robespierriism, chartism, High Churchism, Judaism, and we know not how many other "isms" of the past career of one who now cries for "fixity" of purpose in his addresses, esteems "political principle" a virtue, and charges want of "definite principles" on his opponents as demanded "by the honour and best interests of the country!" What a conversion must, judging from this address, have taken place at the eleventh hour, when on these grounds Mr. Disraeli claims support and censures Lord Palmerston. The truth is, the right honourable gentleman is above all party—quite disinterested in its regard. He is below such considerations, for he is, *cap à pie*, life, soul, aspiration, reputation, ambition, hope, present and future, himself, and nothing but himself. His party is the same in his view as anything besides that will serve his term. He is *à l'extrême* as to party, having no other to receive him, and perhaps may make a virtue of not holding it lightly. His political conscience became desiccated long ago. What would O'Connell, whom he so courted, say now, could he peep from his grave and see the position of his quondam admirer and hear his address? We fancy Mr. Disraeli would be saluted with "Leather, all leather, my dear boy!"—the phrase of the great agitator when he fathomed the intentions of those who would make a tool of him.

The public, reading his address, fail not to reason upon it, for the public has no dread of the sarcasms which shake nervous temperaments in the House of Commons. They cause a laugh, and nothing more, elsewhere. The people penetrate to the heart's core the designs of such personages, and are of opinion, living as he does for himself, and affecting to make a virtue of his errors, that he unwittingly cheats himself in order to strengthen them. It is unfortunate, too, that he is such a stranger to the wit that abides in truth. This knowledge is now, we fear, a thing too much out of his nature to come back. "Clever," that is his designation; he never can be a great man, because he has too much of which to repent himself. Who shall gainsay his cleverness? He has too little simplicity and straightforwardness. Superior minds are strangers to the artifice in which he has ever traded—"le chicaneur rusé, ne fait que ruser." He has too much to unsay and gainsay—much more than would be agreeable even to obtain a better reputation, which, with his

undoubted power, dealt worthily for the benefit of his kind in place of his own selfishness, he might obtain. The latter never gives a patent for honest celebrity. His party confesses his utility, and that compensates for their wounded self-love in appointing him their leader. Necessity knows no law, and they must stoop to conquer, nature having no patrician predilection in the matter of brains. If they don't love him, they must cherish him for the sake of their enmity towards Palmerston's administration, originating in its popular character. They are sore that, called to power by the people, the noble lord steered his course agreeably to his sense of that which public opinion approved. Now public opinion is neither Toryism, Whigism, nor Radicalism, and hence three parties were secretly displeased, and openly exhibited their displeasure on the China question. Hence, too, Mr. Disraeli styled Lord Palmerston the Tory head of a Radical cabinet. Our wish is to see a government ruled only by so much of Tory, Whig, and Radical principle as will meet the sanction of public opinion, and so continue to govern under that sanction, making it a guide. Mr. Disraeli knows he cannot enter office under any leader professing such a principle with sincerity, however profuse of promises that cost nothing he may be, and whatever alacrity at turning he may have heretofore exhibited, giving him the benefit of every plausible supposition. If it be asked, "Why such distrust?" we reply, the veil, incautiously used so long to conceal a succession of legerdemain tricks, was too transparent. Mr. Disraeli used his party, and adopted its principles from no view to the common or to their good, but to his own benefit, as he had experimented with other parties before. Through his present friends he attained a position as far as office was concerned, but it was only a taste. This is somewhat hard. We perceive, therefore, at what he is still working, and give no credit to his hollow addresses. We could not at this late hour think him a proselyte to political virtue if the age of miracles had not passed away. We are satisfied with Lord Palmerston's government so far, and the nation will not consent to thwart it ungratefully without any other cause than the desire for office of those best known by their political worthlessness. What claim has Mr. Disraeli to the public suffrage, whose sole excuse for the tergiversations of his past career can only be the plea, "that if he has not always said the same thing, he always intended the same thing?" With the sincerity of such an excuse we are not disposed to cavil, never having trusted his sayings from not having ever doubted his intentions.

The address of Lord Palmerston was to the purpose. Should the national will be transferred to the "discordant elements" that had laboured to overturn the existing government? was the question. The claims of the noble lord's administration rested on having taken office when refused by the Tories, and lost by ministers too powerless to do their duty—on having conducted the war to a triumphant termination—on the firmness displayed in overcoming difficulties raised at the peace—on the large majority upon the first step taken in reducing taxation—on the non-dissent of parliament to the steps taken in relation to Persia, the United States, and Naples. China was the point on which the ministry was assailed. This the noble lord placed in the just point of view in his own words: "An insolent barbarian, wielding authority at Canton, had violated the British flag, broken the engagements of treaties, offered rewards for the heads of British subjects in that part of China,

and planned their destruction by murders, assassinations, and poisons. The British officers, civil and naval, on the station had taken those measures which appeared to them to be proper and necessary to obtain satisfaction and redress; and her Majesty's government had approved the course pursued by those officers in vindication of the national honour and for the assertion of our national rights. A combination of political parties—not till the last session united—carried a resolution, declaring the course pursued by our officers in China unjustifiable, and consequently censuring her Majesty's government for having approved that course. But if that course was unjustifiable, the British government, instead of demanding an apology, ought to make one, and, instead of expecting satisfaction, ought to offer compensation to the Chinese commissioner; and this course the combined opponents of the government, if their parliamentary victory had installed them in office, must, in consistency, be prepared to pursue. Will the British nation give support to men who have thus endeavoured to make its degradation a stepping-stone to power?"

Lord Palmerston concluded by stating that peace with honour and safety, under the maintenance of national rights, and security for British subjects in foreign lands, well regulated economy, progressive improvement, the diffusion of education, and the reforms required by the growing intelligence of the age, were the grounds on which ministers anticipated with confidence a favourable result from the national constituencies.

This was saying, and saying well, all that was required. The country was perfectly acquainted with the circumstances which had produced the dissolution, the unfairness exercised by the "discordant elements" composing the Opposition, and their knowledge that ministers knew no more of the sudden and unforeseen outbreak in China than those expectant "elements" did themselves, whether moved by hope of place, or dislike of wars. The press had made all that fully known. The majority agreed, however, with Mr. Disraeli, that if they succeeded it should be "a vote of censure on the ministry," under which the latter must resign or dissolve the House. Yet they all well knew that if they came into power they must, let the right or wrong be where it would, being thus fixed by their own declarations and votes, either devour their own words wholesale, and reduce the Chinese to terms, or send to their friend Yeh, as "sympathisers," full satisfaction, both in humiliation and in money, rewarding him for his decapitation and poisoning of British subjects.

Sir John Bowring had earned his post. He had been satisfactorily employed in the fulfilment of more than one commercial mission. He had laboured zealously in the public service. Lord Palmerston himself bore evidence to his zeal in the duties entrusted to him. He is a man of a philosophical mind—in every sense a man of peace. One less inclined to proceed to violent extremities does not exist. We say this with the confidence acquired by an experience of more than thirty years' personal acquaintance. Sir Michael Seymour carries too high a character in the service to be provoked to needless hostilities. On the face of the proceedings great patience was exercised in dealing with Yeh. It was right to uphold our flag—to uphold it as we would uphold our religion—to make it cover, as with a veil of holiness, all over whose heads it legitimately waved. Do the public think the Opposition would have apologised to Yeh? We are of opinion, and the public no doubt is of the same mind, that the Opposition would not, did not, dream of doing such

a thing. It would send ships to Canton at once, had it come into office, and, if successful, made a virtue of it, boasting of its wisdom afterwards, and glorying in overcoming a pertinacious enemy, with whom, after all, the party had alleged, against the government, they found there was no other mode of dealing. "Out upon such a system of political craftiness," such miserable cant, such noonday hypocrisy, for the obvious end of place. Every man, too, possessed of high feeling on the other hand, must honour the mainy course taken by the minister, of standing by the conduct of those who had done no wrong, in acting to the letter of their duty, and incapable of being heard in their own defence. It gives the world a low idea of the value of men who could in such a way, and under such circumstances, assail others. We do not, cannot, bring ourselves to believe that more than a part of the Opposition upon this occasion—the reckless neck-or-nothing part, led by Mr. Disraeli—contemplated for a moment the dilemma in which they would become involved if they had attained place. As to Mr. Disraeli, if he thinks us personal for this opinion, or in eliciting others regarding himself, he must recollect it is a complaint he of all men in existence has the least right to make.

The mischief has recoiled upon themselves, and proceeded to such a length as to exclude from the House of Commons, with some who were of no value, a few whose names we were once pleased to hail in their places, who were led, we fully believe, into momentary error only, while some who filled seats justify our past repeated remarks upon the careless mode in which the people too often select their representatives, and will not be missed. All eyes are turned to a session which is to decide whether an able minister is to continue to uphold the honour of his country, or hand over his duties to a patchwork administration.

There are congratulations throughout the land upon the prospective result of the dissolution. It has afforded delight to thousands, who, not much versed in the minutiae of the causes which originated it, rejoice at seeing the defeat of those who played an unfair game of combination. It may be true that the three or four divisions which united in the adverse vote against the government, did not all meet together for the purpose of planning the overturn of the ministry; but the ultimate effect of the success of Mr. Cobden's motion was perfectly understood, by all who voted upon the occasion, not to be a Chinese question so much as a censure on ministers. The difference, therefore, was practically the same. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," whether the end desired be good or evil; and the expectation of the downfall of the Palmerston administration was calculated upon by those who sought to profit by the measure, as well as by those who expected only simple gratification by the triumph of favourite dogmas. Bitter must be the disappointment of those parties at the act of duty performed by the people. In respect to the rejection of Messrs. Bright, Cobden, and some others, it is said they were thrown out to put an end to the tyranny of the League, the leaders of which had got self-sufficient and conceited on points upon which they were really ill informed. Either the gentlemen thus alluded to must have displayed a temper to their constituents with which the world, out of Lancashire, is unacquainted, or they have met the fate of those who, after conferring a public benefit, and, from inexperience, expecting their reward from multitudinous gratitude to the end of the chapter, have found disappointment. This result is not uncommon. They should have

foreseen that the ruin of Lord Palmerston's ministry would be the consequence of supporting an abstract question mooted at an impolitic moment. There are some persons who will run their heads into a halter in their eagerness to attain an object, which on another occasion they might with honour, and some chance of success, hope to master with a grace. Had Messrs. Cobden, Bright, and others never heard of the fitful favour of "the many," of the "reeking breath of popular applause," of the ingratitude of those whose notions are as fickle as their favour is of an accidental nature? The champions of the League once rendered a great service to their country, and the treatment in return may appear somewhat ungrateful; but then they have only their own conduct to blame for it, in affording the specious opportunity. They see themselves sacrificed by those they have benefited, and must seek consolation in the recollection that it has been the lot of greater men to be thus ungratefully repaid—men who did not count on repayment, as they did. "Give an obolus to Belisarius," is an ancient and instructive story. They were to blame, too, that all in their view was secondary to the cotton-mill. The spinning-jenny was in sight in everything. Still several useful and tried men have lost their seats.

There was one feature struck us in this election. The Derby party, reinforced by Mr. Gladstone, did not, with such a fresh accession of strength, exhibit that exulting countenance which marked it in past times, when "the wisdom of our forefathers" was their watchword. This modesty, somewhat unnatural, bespoke misgiving, and we augured from it that Lord Palmerston and his friends would not be as hardly run as their antagonists expected. We were justified. Mr. Disraeli, at the end of his address, though a descendant of the race of Jacob, condescended to have recourse to roaring for High Church, about which, with his notions of the ascendancy of the Jewish race, he can really care very little. It fell as flat upon the ears of his constituency as if Mr. Moses, of Aldgate, had "roared," like "any sucking nightingale," to the celebrated pump of that name. This wily characteristic appeal exhibited, as regarded the cause of the right honourable gentleman, "Love's last shift." It was the final song of the dying swan, and nothing but his name, intended to stand in the way of epitaph, we presume, came after it. The world fully comprehended the allusion, the necessity that gave it birth, and the mischief it was intended to produce. The time of crying the "Church in danger" to any effect is no more. Lord John Russell had an escape from rejection in the City. His lordship was third on the poll, and report gave much of his success to the influence of Mr. Rothschild's friends. He was most guarded in his City speeches, so as to make it clear he was prepared for future contingencies, perhaps being out of place, for his standing dish at such times, some measure of reform, to heal past indiscretions. The noble lord was sure of a seat elsewhere if he had not been returned there. His absence from Parliament would have been lamented on all sides. His lordship, well aware of the consequences of Mr. Cobden's motion, suffered ambitious hope to rule for a moment, and has had a lesson which may be profitable, especially as, with all his faults, the country could "better spare a better man." Lord John told some wholesome truths on the hustings, displaying no little tact in his speech, in the course of which he said, in effect, and with the greatest truth, that the real question did not turn on Sir J. Bowring's being right

or wrong—on the Bowringites or Yehites—but between the Tories and Liberals; and Lord John spoke a truth that Messrs. Cobden and his friends ought to have felt as well as his lordship did. But with this conviction, why did Lord John and Mr. Cobden vote as they voted, being thus previously acquainted with the fact now acknowledged? We should like to have this point cleared up.

Mr. Disraeli's speech at the hustings upheld the Derby administration during its nine months' reign in 1852, just as much to any worthy purpose as a dissertation would be upon the identity of a mummy of the time of Pharaoh, with the relics of his chief butler. He contended for the influence of property in elections, as in past times he had contended for revolutionary principles. He reprehended the Reform Act for its injustice, and discussed with one of the persons present the dreadful calamity of a disfranchisement of Buckinghamshire in case the kingdom were divided into electoral districts. His speech was set much in the strain of the old Tory speeches of bygone times, now grown stale, but delivered with the customary ability of the right honourable gentleman, interlarded with a few jokes, and the usual absence of close reasoning. His arguments, in short, were Tory on a Tory hustings, as they would have been Radical a few years ago upon hustings of that colour, and may some day be again, after passing through a fresh turnstile. At the outset we had a touch of his characteristic imaginativeness. He told the electors that the "minister had declared that his agents in China will be superseded, thus acknowledging the justness of the vote of the House of Commons." This was in the clap-trap style of the right honourable gentleman. Lord Elgin is going out as ambassador to Pekin to place things, if possible, upon a satisfactory footing, in a general way, and report says France will co-operate in the same design. The island of Hong-Kong retains its ruler, for all we know to the contrary, or the public either. Mr. Disraeli is accomplished at  *finesse* . The electors of Bucks no doubt expect to see Sir John Bowring at home in another month in deep disgrace. This is not, we think, likely, until Lord Palmerston is convinced Sir John merits disgrace. To Mr. Disraeli's dismay the day goes against his hopes on this score. If Lord Derby's House of Commons gave a vote of censure against the minister, what if the nation—the people—have since given one of approbation? We put it to Mr. Disraeli, was it worth his while thus to mystify his constituents? A little time must have revealed the truth, and shown how much the right honourable gentleman dealt with fancy; but perhaps, as the election was decided instanter, the misrepresentation may have answered its purpose. The zeal of the right honourable gentleman in behalf of his objects sadly overran his discretion, as it did in his efforts to make the world believe in the secret treaty made by ministers to enslave Italy. The Parisian gossip was so grateful it needs must be true, because he desired it should be so. Never was there such a *gobeur*. The secret treaty motion was a most indiscreet affair, but like the right honourable gentleman's former political dealings, highly characteristic. The appeal of Lord Palmerston—the constitutional appeal—met his wishes, and even went beyond his expectations. Why was this, but that the public felt his lordship had not betrayed the trust reposed in him, and therefore gave good ground for a similar expectation in future being realised? Our more rusty institutions will be reformed, and what remains of free trade to carry

out, carried out to the letter, not by those who gave a reluctant assent to it in the hope to retain place, but by those who were its original supporters. The lukewarm Gladstone party will be no longer the go between the minister and the Tories—that party which is never named but it recalls to our recollection, on all but the free-trade question, the fifteenth and sixteenth verses of the third of Revelations.

Lord Palmerston's official conduct has justified the confidence placed in him by the country. "It is all an accident," say his enemies; "good fortune, nothing else." But it will be found in the dispensation of events, that from untoward circumstances, against which no prudence can guard, or from unobtrusive habits, some men of sterling merit may be prevented from making their way and remain in obscurity, yet those of them who become distinguished are indebted to something besides good fortune for their position. The premier's long experience and thorough knowledge of political affairs at home, an aptitude for business, and a superiority over his opponents in manner and bearing, omitting his acquaintance with foreign cabinets superior to that of any other of our public men, these acquirements render it not unnatural he should occupy his present high post. The popular discrimination has been justified. The trial has been made, and the verdict of the nation has confirmed the correctness of the selection. Our annals will record more than this on the score of celebrity. From his ministry will date a great alteration in belligerent operations, which will render England more formidable than ever to her enemies. The application of steam to an extent never before attempted, and the conveyance of an army of a hundred and fifty thousand men to so great a distance as the Crimea, the magnitude and destructive nature of the means adopted, as well as the increased expense, indicate serious changes in the art of war, which will much alter its character, and we trust diminish its calamities by shortening its duration. Napoleon I. entered Moscow a conqueror with eighty thousand men, and four hundred thousand kept up his communications. Led to destruction by the wintry elements, his power was overcome by them, not by the Russians, who claimed the credit. That people had become a huge bugbear throughout Europe—ambitious, crafty, assumptive, and dictatorial. By the aid of the new arm in warfare, conveying for the first time a large army over a space that no force could reach by a march, they destroyed half the Russian navy and the noblest arsenal of that country. France, our ally, was avenged by a loss to Russia of a force equal in number to that lost by her in 1813, thus matching the old disaster, but reversing the fate of war. This was executed from the extreme west of Europe, and the prestige of Russian invulnerability destroyed by the long reach of civilisation. Was the reflection of this result no stimulant to the English people to be just to the administration under which so marvellous an achievement was effected? Lord Palmerston's official career will be memorable for having shown the extent of the power thus newly applied to that arm to which England owes her greatness. Hence, the rule of this ministry will form a new and remarkable epoch in war. It is from this period that an application of science to such an extent will date, the utility of which the living may not see to its full extent, especially when a single vessel may soon be heard of carrying and landing ten thousand men upon some distant shore. The master of the sea will dictate to his enemies by his desultory attacks, rapidly moving at will to any point

where he cannot be followed by defensive armies upon the shore. This will be most easily achieved by England; indeed, the invention points to this country before all others, from its inexhaustible resources in material. The arm by which it will be accomplished is more especially our own. It will be that of other nations only as they proportionally advance in the arts of civilisation. Just in that proportion, too, they will become arbiters of adverse national destinies. Those only who are thoroughly acquainted with the prodigious magnitude of the late operations can appreciate the extent and energy put forth by England on the ocean upon that occasion. Whatever blunders were committed in the expedition, few or none were attributable to the arm in which England most exhibits her power, and the mighty development of the resources attaching to her insular position. The more overwhelming similar means of warfare become, under well-regulated governments, the less frequently will the calamity of war afflict mankind. Combined inseparably with the date of the development of this power to an extent never before even imagined, the administration of Lord Palmerston will pass in connexion with the history of a war entered upon for the common cause of humanity.

The country having answered the appeal of the minister, it will only remain that he justifies the further confidence of the people by following public opinion as he has already done. As yet he cannot know the materials with which he has to deal in parliament, but a little time will explain all. It is no longer the "Church in danger!" the cry of "No Popery!" or "Down with the Corn-laws and Free-trade!" those foolish cries have had their day, and Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli are bereft of these resources, once so inestimable. They can no more claim their help; the cry falls dead on the public ear. The old false cry of "The wolf is coming!" is now a theme for laughter. The secret treaty and Mandarin Yeh will in like manner no more avail them. They must look out for a new war-cry. In the declared state of the public mind their ingenuity will be taxed to discover something effective to serve the purpose. They must find a standard for their recruits whatever new cry they may set up. The old sermons for the simple cannot be preached over again. Having in vain stretched their india-rubber consciences to abandon protection, they will hardly succeed in getting their friends to bark for annual parliaments and universal suffrage. Mr. Disraeli may be well inclined to raise the war-whoop even for them, if they would lead to the gratification of their hopes, having once already shouted "Revolution and Frost the Chartist." It is passing hard he has been baffled after he has wasted so much mischief in vain, but with his latitudinarianism he need not despair if he find himself again among brain-sick politicians of a defeated colour.

We shall very quickly see, on the meeting of the House, how far the electors have been true to their duties, and how far the honest prevailed over those who have been the main cause of preventing rational reforms, by showing that the extension of parliamentary reform, without electoral reformation, would do little good to the country. There can be no pure representatives where the electors' hands are not clean. Let us hope that the returns to the present parliament have in this respect stood as distinguished as every lover of his country must desire.



## A SUMMER IN SCHLESWIG.

WE can all remember the stirring events which took place in the German duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, and the unhappy result produced by English interference. The armistice of Malmö saddled on the inhabitants the maintenance of a large force, and at the same time sadly diminished their patriotism. But the pacification on which the Austrian and Prussian diplomatists plumed themselves so much was a decided failure; and the king laughed in a most contemptuous manner at the representations of that fine old institution, the august Germanic Diet. The old system of dragooning was introduced, and the government of the duchies soon displayed all those evils to remove which the inhabitants had taken up arms in 1848. At the present moment an astounding interchange of notes is taking place; but the King of Denmark is obstinate, and insists on governing his territory in the way he thinks proper, without asking or accepting the advice of his neighbours. The quarrel has become slightly acerbated of late, and some threats have been heard of the last resource; but we doubt much whether either of the two great German powers is disposed, or in a condition, to take up arms. At any rate, one thing is certain: the Schleswig-Holsteiners will remain tranquil on this occasion; for only a choice of evils is presented them, and they probably prefer the old bloodsuckers, under the impression that they are by this time tolerably gorged. It has occurred to us, however, that our readers may like some slight sketch of a country whose name is once more assuming prominence in our foreign intelligence, and we have therefore selected a recently published German work,\* which will enable us to give some description of the inhabitants of one of the duchies at least. The writer of this little book is a doctor in the Danish army, and in that capacity assisted at the Schleswig-Holstein campaign. As soon as peace was restored, he revisited the scenes of past bloodshed, in order to regard them from their more peaceful aspect, and has brought together a series of sketches very amusing, and in all probability very truthful.

One of the most interesting portions of Schleswig is the province of Angeln, although it may afford no special attraction to the romantic tourist. There are but few relics of picturesque antiquity to be found: time has dealt mercilessly with them, and has left scarce a trace of ruins above the earth. The fields extend in wide plains, and produce abundant harvests, which the peasants set a proper value on; while the only symbols of past ages are found in the heather, with its useless flowers, which peep out here and there to remind the inhabitants that their now so fertile home was once a heath and a desert. No wonder that their ancestors quitted it to found a new empire in Britain. But, as some compensation, the middle ages have left behind them the most complicated system of law, which the inhabitants guard with that care which would be devoted to the preservation of some family relic. There are no less than forty different jurisdictions in this little country, to the great delight of the lawyers and the vagabonds, who escape criminal persecu-

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\* Ein Sommer in Schleswig. Lorch's Eisenbahnbücher. Leipzig.

tion by passing from one territory to the next. Fortunately for the security of the inhabitants, the gendarmes are no respecters of the rights divine of noble estates, and are wont to seize the persons they want wherever they can lay hands on them—to the great indignation of the vagabonds, who are great respecters of vested interests where their own are so closely concerned.

The farms in Angeln are large, and the dwelling-houses sufficiently comfortable. The latter consists of a long building, in the centre of which is the entry, and generally a wing is added, forming a right angle with the main building. You are sure to find a stork's-nest on the straw roof, and above the entrance the initials of the proprietor and his wife. The farm-buildings are scattered about, and behind a row of carefully cropped linden-trees stands a small cottage, to which the parents retire when they give up the farm to the eldest son or to the married daughter. On entering the house, you pass through the kitchen into the keeping-room, or *dörnsk*, round which are the sleeping-places of the whole family. Behind this room is the "*pesel*," or best room, and on the other side the bridal chamber, where the linen and woollen stuffs of the house are kept in immense chests, whose number generally furnishes an accurate idea of the prosperity of the farmer. The best rooms are only opened on solemn occasions; and the Angles have their great festivals, like other Christian nations, though they are not Easter, Whitsun, and Christmas, but marriage, christening, and burial. On these occasions the peasant shows of what sort he is, and the family and neighbours are provided with a topic of conversation lasting till another great event comes off. The Angles have become more German than the Germans, but they cannot belie the truth of the old chronicle that Dan and Angul were brothers: in their features and their language they retain the old Danish type. The only change is that they have become suspicious and unfriendly, and boast of their wealth to inordinate excess. On the other hand, they possess a high degree of intelligence, and though they worship the golden calf, they do not neglect the Church. The reason for their wishing to be German will be best found from the following remark made by a peasant to the author: "If we were Danes, we could not talk with the cattle-dealers from down south, and the folk that come from the north don't pay such good prices—and so we are Germans once for all."

Among these people, all the peculiar institutions of the most fashionable circles prevail. Matrimony is not the result of affection, but exclusively of policy—so many cattle are wedded to so many, and a wife forms part of the bargain, or a species of makeweight. "Sixpences ring best when along with sixpences," is a proverb of the country most highly esteemed. And the rich peasants do their courting by proxy. A special race of men exists, who go about the country striking up matches, and to them the peasantry turn when they think their farm would support a few dozen more kine. When a gentleman of this description receives a commission, he pays his addresses to the *papa*, stating that so-and-so wishes to marry, and that he has selected for him the daughter of the house. If his proposals are acceptable, he makes an appointment for the young man to call on the ensuing Sunday, when he comes attended by all his relatives. The male portion examine the stalls, &c., while the ladies rummage the linen chests, and if the old

ones do not fall out about a few hundred dollars one way or the other, the marriage is a *fait accompli*. After these preliminaries, the guests sit down to a plentiful repast of meat, and potatoes swimming in butter, washed down by any quantity of coffee. The conversation usually turns on the state of the farm, and the requisite repairs to be effected. Sometimes this produces a violent dispute, and the bargain is on the point of being broken off, when the coupler interferes, and settles the affair to the mutual satisfaction by mutual concessions. How the ceremony concludes, we will describe in our author's words :

At last an agreement was made: John Lauesen said, dryly, "Now it's all right. What sayst thou, Mariechen?" And Marie, who was engaged in clearing the table, stopped for a second on the threshold, turned half round, and said, "Ja—a!" and so the business terminated. The indefatigable Tram had hardly drawn up a formal contract, which was signed by all the parties concerned, ere the happy lover drew out his watch, and said, "It is time for us to be making for home;" and the guests drove off without the bride and bridegroom having interchanged a word of love, or even shaken hands; but it is not proper to behave so affectionately in the presence of other people. . . . Three weeks later the village was all astir—the marriage came off. On visiting my old landlord soon after, I found him sitting on a bench outside the *Ahtensitz*, with a pipe in his mouth, and looking after his son-in-law, who had now taken his place in the management of the farm. I found Marie in the kitchen; she was making butter; her husband had brought six new cows on to the farm, and she could make plenty of butter now. She could not help being a happy wife, in a country where domestic felicity is founded on the sold basis of wealth.

The great festival of Angeln is the fair of Brarup. At that period, every house in the town is converted into an inn, and every inn into a dancing-room. Folk dance in the Dörnsk and in the "Pesel," in the kitchen-garden and the orchard, and the festivities last three days and nights. The parish common is covered with booths, among which the happy visitors lounge up and down. One whole street of tents consists of eating-houses; the next is occupied by pedlars and chapmen, shouting at the top of their lungs to attract customers. The confusion is unbounded, and the noise stunning. After passing through a display of the most heterogeneous domestic and agricultural implements, we reach the cattle-market. The poor brutes have hardly come to Brarup fair for their amusement. A cattle-dealer rushes into the dense mob of animals and seizes his booty: in a second he has cut the ear of one sheep off, and given another a cross-cut between the eyes, and leaves the scene of his brave exploits, accompanied by the timid bleating of the flock. The pigs lie in the mud and gasp for breath; and a cow, who has grown tired of the incessant punching and handling, breaks loose and performs a war-dance, to the intense alarm of the owners of crockery, who hasten to secure their fragile property.

The other peculiarities of the fair remind us strongly of the same amusements in merry England, when Easter and Greenwich were indissolubly connected in the mind of the Cockneys; now, alas! all that remains is the shadow of the name. There are the same roundabouts, lotteries, nut-shooting, and so on; but we find no mention of that delectable instrument which used to be sold among us, and secured us the whole fun of the fair, for the absurdly small sum of one penny. For the benefit of future archaeologists, we may state that this consisted of a

serrated wheel inserted in a handle, and working on a headless pin. The point of the joke consisted in a young lady of affable manners dragging this instrument rapidly down your coat, which induced rustics to imagine that that article of dress was slit up. It was a capital jest, wasn't it? and yet our magistrates have gone and put a stop to it. Who'd spend a shilling in going to the Crystal Palace, when so much more fun could be enjoyed for a penny? In other respects, however, the Schleswig fair was a good imitation of our popular amusements; there was the same amount of intoxication and insane yelling, but there the wives wisely accompanied their husbands to see them safely home, and hence the police-courts reaped no rich harvest of five-shilling fines. But our author met with one adventure: on the road home, his coachman would stop to see the play performing in one of the villages, and lost his straw waggon; it was found the next morning in a clover-field, where the horses had eaten their fill of the luscious food; but as the owner of the field was probably sleeping off his debauch he did not see it, so the coachman got off at a cheap rate, and wished it was Brarup fair every day in the year.

The scenery on the west coast of Schleswig, with its open prospect of the restless sea, is far more worthy of a visit than the country of the Angles. About five miles from the coast is the island of Föhr, once connected with the mainland, and a great resource of German tourists at present. The chief fishing town is Wyck. The inhabitants of the island are born sailors, and are brought up at school for that honourable profession. At an early age they leave home to tempt fortune on the sea, and go long voyages. Many a proud argosy is now commanded by men who were once poor peasant lads. But their only ambition is to save enough money to return home to their beloved island, and set up as farmers. While the men are away on their vocation, the wives manage the household and farming affairs. The latter rarely quit the island of their birth, and carefully keep up the peculiar manners and costume. They wear a gown of some dark stuff with a blue edging, a dark, tight-fitting jacket with long sleeves, fastened up the front and at the cuffs with buttons of silver filigree work, and a gay apron, fastened behind by a massive silver hook. Round their neck they twine several black woollen shawls, and the head is bound up in another cloth of the same description, affecting the shape of a turban, with the two ends hanging down on either side. In the upper portion of this turban the married women wear a piece of red embroidered cloth, which covers the scalp; the unmarried women cover it with thick plaits of hair. On holidays they wear heavy silver chains, twined among the buttons on the jacket, and from them depends a medallion, frequently the portrait of the husband or the parents, or at times quaint old pictures, bearing close affinity to Catholic saints. The richer classes wear also a large quantity of gold ornaments. There is something very oriental in the style of dress, which is the more evident when the ladies appear in the streets. There, they drag the shawls up to their necks, and arrange the head-covering in such wise that it quite covers the forehead, and only leaves a small opening for the eyes. In winter they wear a cloak called a "Bulfanger," which bears great resemblance to the African Burnous. But while the head is so carefully protected both day and night, or in and

out of the house, they only wear thin leathern slippers. It might be thought that this was the worst possible mode of protecting the feet in a country where the slightest shower converts the ground into a morass, but the slippers are, once for all, the fashion, and are only exchanged for shoes when the ladies have an opportunity to dance, which is their chiefest delight. The women of Föhr are, as a general rule, handsome, and as they never leave the house without being wrapped up, they have an admirably white complexion. To strangers they are timid and retiring, and are remarkable for their admirable morality. How they live will be best described in our author's words:

As the islanders live principally by the sea, it is rare to find any large farms on the island. It is carefully cultivated, but the majority of the houses have only a few "daymaths" of land attached to them, employed either for pasturage or growing potatoes, the general food of the population. The villages appear to be neglected, and consist of several narrow streets, over which the ash-trees cast a leafy shade. Here and there you notice small houses with red brick walls and green jalousies. Each of the old sailors arranges his house as he likes best, and pays as much attention to it as he did before to his vessel. The grey-haired Greenland whaler has enclosed his garden with whalebone; and he sits on the bench before the door, reading the paper. His neighbour, the captain, has a large tract of land, and has turned farmer: he is just engaged in "breaking bulk" with a cargo of hay, which is too tall to go through the barn door. Above this you notice a huge board, on which is painted "*De Vrau Margarethe*," probably the name of the vessel which brought him safe to this port. His next neighbour is an admirer of lattice-work: he has put it up round his garden, round the flower-beds, before the gate, and round the fowl-house. Above the door is a figure-head painted in brilliant colours, and all the wood-work has lately received a fresh coat of varnish. He is a ship's carpenter. From the ceiling of his room the model of a frigate is suspended, on building which the old man was engaged, and he knows its history from the moment when its keel was laid, to that dread period when it was captured by the English—somewhere at the close of the last century.

Let us take a hasty glance inside the houses. We first enter the keeping-room, with huge sleeping-bunks running along the walls, and a tremendous stove heated from without: the walls themselves are covered with porcelain plates, adorned with long-tailed Chinamen, or so artistically arranged that they represent seascapes. A ship, bounding over the yeasty waves, and surrounded by water-spouting whales, which are in a dangerous proximity to the boat's-head, who stands with uplifted harpoon in the bow of the boat—such is the general result of the artistic skill. These tiles give the rooms a Dutch character, and are well adapted to the green beams, from which an ostrich egg and a few faded flowers hang; Chinese mandarins nod in the corners of the huge glass case, which is filled with cups and saucers. Behind this room is the best room, the windows filled with flowers, and the walls hidden by articles of clothing. The housewife sits at her wonted occupation; the spinning-wheel whirs, but this does not at all disturb her old man, who sits in the sunshine, with his old-fashioned spectacles athwart his nose, and reads about Cook or some other hardy navigator. He is thinking of his book, and she of her wheel; but the son, the young ardent sailor with the brown face and tarred jacket, who stands outside the garden and leans over the adjoining fence, is thinking about something else. Why has that young girl, who is leaning against a tree, and is playing with her jacket buttons, forgotten to draw her *Nosstók* over her face? It serves her quite right. He now reads the secret of her heart on her blushing cheeks—and profits by it, the rogue—he is not satisfied with merely whispering, "*Do me little Kleeve*" (give me a little kiss).

Owing to the increased mode of communication by railways and

steamers, Föhr, as a bathing-place, will probably soon become a dangerous rival to the much-bepraised Heligoland. In many respects Wyck is superior to that fashionable watering-place. The air is mild, the sand soft as velvet, the water remarkably saline and fresh. The bathing, too, is far more safe than it is at Heligoland: the sea may be approached at any time by invalids, which is not the case at Heligoland, where the breakers too often prevent bathing. Still, it must not be supposed that the sea is quiet at Föhr—the German Ocean is never at rest, and however calm and unruffled it may seem, there is always a certain swell upon it. The bathing season at Föhr is in the months of August and September. The people of Wyck are friendly and obliging: lodgings are cheap, and there is a band of German musicians who play thrice daily in the bathing-house or its vicinity. The amusements consist of excursions to the adjoining islands: balls twice a week, shooting seals and gulls by water, and knocking over the rabbits by land, which swarm in the sand-downs of Am'ram. These are certainly simple pleasures; but the days pass almost too rapidly, and when the time comes for departure, the visitor quits with regret the pleasant little island.

If our reader is a gourmand, we would recommend him, however, to visit Föhr in the month of September. Not because the cuisine there is specially to be recommended—unless you are an admirer of dumplings—but because there is an oyster-bank at the entrance of the port of Wyck, and the mollusks are good in this month. The best way to enjoy them is to go out in one of the fishing-boats, and open them as soon as they are removed from their watery bed. 'Tis a repast fit for the gods! Nor must you neglect visiting the decoys. If you follow our advice, you will visit one at Borgsum, and bid Jan Johannen serve you up a wild duck, baked in its own fat. The dinner-service consists of sherds, and if you have not your own knife and fork, you are badly off; but, what matter—princes have dined before now in Johannen's cabin—so you need not turn up your nose at the want of table luxuries.

Jan Johannen, who manages the decoy at Borgsum for the renters, is a classical figure. Were I a painter I would draw for you his sunburnt, wrinkled face, with the lively grey eyes, which are ever casting searching glances around. You should see him in his strange costume: a blue woollen guernsey, open over his broad, hairy chest; trousers beginning under the arms and terminating at a proper distance from his ankles, and bearing the closest resemblance to a sack—with two cases for the legs. He uses them, too, more as a sack than as trousers, for the pockets are constantly filled with corn to feed his ducks. On his head he wears a nightcap; on his feet a pair of monstrous wooden shoes. This is his every-day costume; but when he is catching birds he is very differently dressed. Then he throws a sack over his shoulders, presses a hat like a half bushel measure down on his brows, and hangs a pan of burning turf round his neck, that the ducks may not smell him. "Oh, they are cunning—very cunning," he said, and shook his fist. "But I can take them in. Come, and I'll show you how I do it." The old fellow took my hand and led me into the bushes. A few steps took us to the edge of a pond, in which several ducks were swimming, and began a chorus of "rab rab" when they saw the decoyman. Jan threw them a handful of corn, and then began his explanation.

A decoy consists of a rather large pond, from which canals run out in various directions, terminating in the sand among the bushes. These canals gradually grow narrower, and wind about like a horn. When the catching season begins, Jan stretches a net over the pond, at a decent height, gradually growing lower

towards the extremity of the channels. On either side are willow frames, about a man's height, ranged one before the other, like the side-scenes at a theatre. The art consists in decoying the wild ducks into the pond, and thence into the pipe. For this end, some hundreds of the captives are selected yearly and shut up in the university—as Jan calls the small earth hut built for this purpose—and when they have grown a little tame, they are introduced among the others in the pond. They are fed from autumn till the next spring. Then their wild nature breaks out afresh, and when the ducks fly northwards they join their companions, not suspecting they are thus paving the way for their destruction. Johannen rubs his hands when he sees one deserter bolt after the other, but rubs them still more when autumn arrives, and the fugitive drops into the pond again on his return southward, tastes the familiar food, then flies away and returns—not alone, but accompanied by the whole flight. Johannen then begins operations. He gets behind the steps, throws a handful of corn into the pipe, and tame and wild ducks hurry after it. He throws in another handful higher up, and the wild ducks follow eagerly, while the tame ones, accustomed to be fed in the pond, turn back. When they are once under the net, the game is his own: he makes his appearance, and the poor ducks hurry further and further to ruin. A pressure on the neck and a slight movement of the wrist suffice to end the bird's life, and Johannen has an extraordinary knack in this operation.

While the old man was giving me this description of a pursuit in which he had been engaged for thirty years, a duck fell down into the pond. It was one of his tame ones, which he recognised by a cross cut on its beak. This was about the end of August, and his murderous duties commenced at the beginning of September. But at that time Johannen received no visits; only one special favourite was allowed to remain in his hut, and then only under a promise of keeping quiet, and even peeping out of the door. The decoys on Föhr are considered valuable, and several thousand boiled wild ducks are annually exported.

At ebb tide it is possible to walk across the sound which separates the island of Am'ram from Föhr, but it is a dangerous experiment for strangers. A steamer plies daily between the two islands, and many visitors go across to enjoy a day's amusement on the Dunes. Close to the sea is a hillock of sand, known by the name of the Ulf's, or Oluff's Dune. Why it is so called it is difficult to say, for the dunes are continually changing their shape, and, after a stormy night, the inhabitants of Am'ram can scarce recognise their own coast. The story connected with this dune is as follows: About a century back, a sailor of Am'ram, Oluff by name, was captured by pirates. From the moment his father heard of this, he had no other thought but to save up sufficient to ransom his son. The old fisherman carved woodwork, made ropes of the sand-grass, begrudged every mouthful of food he swallowed, and buried his hoarded earnings at the foot of this dune. At length he had saved enough to effect his son's ransom through the government. He was informed that Oluff was free, and would soon return home. Some time later, a ship cast anchor off the island, and the released captive was put ashore. The entire population flocked down to the coast to see him. The old father was beside himself for joy. The boat came up, the passengers landed—it was not his Oluff. Another man of the same name, also a native of Am'ram, the only Oluff in the Bagno, had been released with his hardly-earned savings—nothing had been heard of *his* Oluff. The old man was annihilated. On the same spot where he had so often sat and watched his treasure, he was now seen brooding over his woes. In the mean while his son lived in the enjoyment of every Oriental luxury. Naturally crafty and clever, he found favour in the eyes of the Bey, and

the slave had been promoted to become a general. But all this splendour could not enthral him. An irresistible longing for his distant home, for the barren sand-hills of Am'ram, overpowered him; he fled, and some years after the return of the wrong Oluff, a ship again cast anchor off the coast and landed a passenger. The old fisherman was seated as usual near the dune, and looked carelessly on the new arriver—for he had no one to expect longer. Suddenly he recognised the beloved features: he gave way to the sudden impulse of joy, and sank lifeless on the sand, with the exclamation, "Oluff!" Since that time the hill has been called Oluff's Dune. If we may believe the tradition, the African general became eventually strand-bailiff on Am'ram, and old people assert they have seen the grave in the churchyard at Nebbe, where Oluff and his father, divided in life, are united in death.

The men of Am'ram, like all the inhabitants of the west coast, are excellent seamen. Their boldness saves many lives, although it is not always that the noblest motives induce them to brave storm and sea to help the afflicted. They find their living principally in stranded ships. About ten miles west of Am'ram is a long succession of shoals, in which ships are frequently cast away. The time is now past, it is true, when the pastor would pray from his desk, "If a ship is to be wrecked, may it be on this coast!" But this prayer finds an echo still in the heart of many an old sea-rat; and when the storm howls, the islanders hasten to a hillock in the centre of the island, where a species of ship's mast has been put up, whence an extensive view seawards is obtained. From this spot a signal flies when a ship is in danger, and all hands prepare for a rescue. As the vessels run aground so far from land, it is a matter of considerable peril to save the shipwrecked men. The people of Am'ram are reputed to ask exorbitant sums for piloting, and formerly it frequently occurred that the pilot, when he could not get a sufficient sum from the captain, would mercilessly leave the ship to its fate and quietly await its sinking, that he might enrich himself with the spoil which the sea brought up to the surface. But when an Am'ram pilot has once assumed the command, he will save the ship if it be possible: he is perfectly acquainted with the passage, and does not lose his courage in danger. "The Lord be with us!" sighed a skipper, in his necessity. "He don't know the soundings better than I do," said the old pilot, half insulted, who had taken the wheel.

To the south-east of Föhr is a group of islands known under the generic appellation of "The Halligen." At flood tide they are but a few inches above the surface of the sea; but when the fierce spring tides set in, the waves burst over them, and men and animals seek shelter on the scaffolding frames on which the houses are erected. These frames then form so many small islets cut off from each other: the raging sea surrounds them, and frequently bursts in the door and consummates the ruin, while the unhappy inhabitants take refuge on the roof, and anxiously await the subsidence of the waters. As this is so usual a calamity, the houses are built in a peculiar fashion, so that the roof, which is supported on strong beams, may remain standing even if the walls of the houses are washed away. The only thing that grows on the Halligen is a short, very fine grass, which gives a considerable crop of sweet-smelling hay. This is their entire harvest. Not a tree or a shrub grows on these



islands. The inhabitants are obliged to obtain articles of consumption from the mainland and adjacent islands; at times even drinking-water for themselves and their cattle. There is not a single spring on the islands, and no other sweet water than what is collected in the cisterns. These are, consequently, the object of constant attention. They are made at as great an elevation as possible that the sea-water may not force its way in, and the Halliger covers up his cistern before he closes his door against the invading waves. Even if he has spent days and nights in the midst of the waste of waters, that is nothing if the sea has not broken into his stock of fresh water, and thus robbed him of his chief resource, the milk which his kine produce for him.

Nowhere is rain so welcome as on the Halligen. When a drought sets in, water has to be fetched from the mainland, and as this is very expensive, the islanders defer it as long as they can. Once when Christian VIII. was residing on Föhr, a drought was followed by a stormy season. The sea was too rough to allow boats to be sent off for water, and in Oeland the distress was extreme. The cisterns were empty, the cattle licked the salt spray from the grass, and lowed piteously; the kine gave no milk, and the inhabitants saw themselves doomed to the worst form of death. A ship, laden with water, cast anchor off the island: the king had sent it. In the church at Oeland hangs a simple print of Christian VIII.: the inhabitants gaze on it with more reverence than ever yet was bestowed on the greatest treasures of art; and when they speak of the last king, they always designate him as the "Good King." Although the Halligen possess so little attraction for strangers, to the inhabitants they appear an earthly paradise. A contented and hardy race live on these poor islands, careless as the Italians at the foot of their volcano. The sea raves around them, ready at a second to bound over the barrier and destroy the home of the Halliger, as it had already done to his father's. The relics of land and town lie here buried beneath the waters, as they are in Italy beneath the lava: the storms root them up at times, and display the ruins deeply buried in the sand. But around the Italian's cabin trails the clustering vine, a smiling landscape gladdens his heart, and his wearied limbs go to rest in the earth of his fathers beneath the enamelled mead. Above the door of the Halliger a row of dried fish may rustle in the breeze, which he has laboriously drawn from the sea: his life is a struggle, and his grave a mound of earth, which the waters wash away to sport with the whitened bones. The old graveyard at Oeland is half destroyed, the coffins peer out from the ground, and the bones of the dead dance a ghastly dance on the shore to the never-ceasing music of the waves. An old man goes about and collects the bones to bury them again at a farther distance from the sea, receiving, as compensation for his trouble, the remains of the half-rotting coffins, which he uses to smoke fish with.

Among the numerous fiords to be found in Schleswig, there is none to which a more classical history attaches than the Schlei. It was once the commercial route which connected Britain with Russia, the scene of obstinate naval contests, and, at a later period, the silent witness of many infuriated contests between the fishermen of Schleswig and the adjacent country. It has, too, a story connected with it which forms a worthy counterpart of Leander's tragedy. That unhappy lover swam through the rapid waters of the Hellespont to his Hero; here, a loving

youth flew over the smooth crust of ice, from the coast of Angeln to the opposite Swansen. The lamp which burned before the statue of the Madonna, in the chapel "Zum finstern Stern," was his guiding star, and when the storm-brooding clouds had extinguished all the stars in the heavens, this glistened cheerily through the obscurity, and showed him the way to his beloved maiden, who lived in the valley behind the chapel. But, one night, the storm howled over the heath, extinguished the sacred lamp, and hurled the stinging snow-storm in the face of the struggling youth. He missed his road, and found his death at a spot where a fresh-water stream made the ice fragile. The Madonna was unable to recal him to life. At the termination of the Schlei is the town of Schleswig, which extends for nearly four miles round the semicircular bay. In the centre is the small island of Mewenberg, round which swarms of seamews flash in the sunlight, as they dart down on their prey. But, with this exception, the silence of the dead broods over the country. Not a sound of traffic is heard from the town; a few small fishing-boats lie along the quay, and the fishermen are spreading out their nets to dry. Schleswig is a town of reminiscences; the ruin of a great city, and handsome in its ruin. At the extremity of the bay stands the castle of Gottorp, its white walls contrasting with the fresh verdure of the park, while the cathedral, a mutilated Colossus, proudly rises from the centre of the old town. Great changes have taken place since Schleswig boasted its fourteen churches and convents; the cathedral alone remains of the ecclesiastical buildings—Gottorp of the royal castles and palaces. Such has been the result of the Danish rule; the country round Schleswig has been, since time immemorial, her battle-field. Here one religious creed rose against the other; ruled against ruler, vassal against feudal lord; here were battles fought against internal foes, and strangers. Still, the country does not look like a cemetery. Men are able, in their senseless battles, to destroy themselves and their own works, but the forest puts forth its buds, and the ground grows green over the ruins of the mighty castle and the dust of haughty warriors. Even Schloss Gottorp, once the abode of princes, and the witness of royal processions and festivities, has assumed a different aspect. Busied wives spread out their linen to dry in the court-yards where knights had once appeared in their glittering panoply; the wives of the non-commissioned officers are now gossiping at the fountain, which once listened to the tales of love whispered in the ears of trustful maidens; blue soldiers' cloaks are hanging out of the windows, in lieu of the gay tapestry; and though there are still processions going on, they are all to the monotonous tune of "Right, left—one, two—lift your leg higher, you No. 10;" for the royal château is now a soldiers' barrack—*sic transit gloria*. The peasants' houses in South Schleswig are not so comfortable as those we have already described, for they have undergone no alteration during the last two hundred years. They have not even a chimney, and the smoke escapes, at its own sweet will, partly through the door, partly through the badly-fitting planks. It is far from being a comfortable abode for those who have become acquainted with the amenities of life. Barriaded by dung mixens, and surrounded by cabbage and fruit-gardens, in which the bees buzz round the trees, such a house is itself a huge beehive, which fulfils its object when it provides shelter against the winter's cold, and room for storing all that the labourers bring home from the meadows and the

fields. Still, the peasants of South Schleswig have very fair ideas of felicity, as will be seen from the description of a wedding, with which we propose to close our paper.

When a marriage is about to take place in the village, the bride's dower is fetched the day before from her parents' house to her new home. This is performed by the neighbours: and the more waggons make their appearance, the greater is the honour paid. When the betrothed parties are of good standing, this procession is of an imposing nature. In the first waggon was the spinning-wheel, decorated with gay ribbons, and a boy stands behind it to turn the wheel; the next waggon carried a yarn-winder; the third a chest; and then followed any quantity of boxes, drawers, copper-kettles, wardrobes, &c. There was but little in each waggon, for they were numerous, and every one must have some article. Twilight had set in before the waggons stopped before the new house, and began unloading. The bride and her friends had arrived in the mean while; the dower was carried in, the chests and boxes were opened, and there was an immense amount of examining and praising. The candles were lighted, and the fiddler tuned his instrument. Food and drink were handed round, the keeping room was thronged with noisy individuals, while one earthen pot after the other was broken before the door, and all the rusty blunderbusses in the village began banging. This ceremony is called the *Polterabend*, to which friends and acquaintances, invited and uninvited, have access. All sorts of jokes are allowed: the more the better, as they are esteemed an honour to the bridal pair. Many of the villagers also take advantage of this opportunity to give their presents, and those who can, manage to accompany it by a merry couplet.

The bride and bridegroom could scarce move, so hampered were they by the flour, cakes, eggs, &c., piled up around them. Every door was open, save that of the *Pesel*. The young fellows often crept up and laid hands on the door-latch: but they had scarce opened it, ere a cry was heard from within, and the maids made a sally with brooms and everything to hand. Within, the bridal bed was being got ready, and several of the mighty chests had been obliged to disgorge their contents. Pillow was piled on pillow, over these were spread the bed-sheets, then another row of pillows, whose cases were adorned with fringe—yes, that was a bed as it should be, so all the women said: and the old men with their "nose warmers," who were allowed to enter in the company of their wives, laughed and made jokes, and spoke of their own *Polterabend*. The evening's proceedings terminated with a dance, and a considerable amount of drinking. The festivities of the great day must be described in the author's own words:

On the next day the sun shone gloriously on the scene, a gentle breeze played throughout the hedges, the lark trilled high in air, and the stork walked majestically over the grassy moor, as a procession of waggons filled with holiday guests rolled into the village from the mill. On the first waggon sat the bride, on the second the bridegroom, by the side of each their nearest relatives: then came the endless procession of the family, friends, and neighbours; and the first had almost entered the village ere the last had left the mill. The drivers had fastened red ribbons on the vans, and on their whips; and young fellows rode by the side of the waggons, with fluttering ribbons in their hats, and gaily adorned brandy-flasks in their hands, from which they refreshed the thirsty. They galloped in front, and then stopped behind; they were here, there, and

everywhere, whenever any one required spiritual support. They looked proud enough in their Sunday state, for it is a post of honour to be selected as a "Bruträcker," and accompany the bridal pair.

If the procession went slowly to church, it returned all the quicker. The Bruträcker swung their empty bottles, spurred their horses at full speed: bride and bridegroom had taken different places in the procession; he drove in front at full speed: the solemnity was over, the fun was now about to commence. They drove all round the village, and thence to the inn. In the entrance stood Cobbler Hans, in a white apron; he was no small personage this day, for he was the first Schaffner. This hero is the marshal of the festivities, who arranges everything, and with the Bruträcker waits on the men at table. He must know how to use both hand and mouth, and hence it is a post of great importance for the well-being of the guests. He received the bridal pair in a speech, spiced with coarse jokes, to which the bridegroom replied to the best of his ability. Then the folding-doors were thrown open, and the dinner-tables were exposed to view. Although the young men had diligently handed round the liquor, and the pastor had made no long address, the guests seemed to be hungry, for they scarce left the waggons ere they went to table. The men, the bridegroom at the head, sat down at the left-hand table, the women at that to the right, while the bride took her place at the end, in her crown—an ornament of pearls, which only virgins can wear. There was a tremendous confusion, in which no few starched collars and sleeves were shipwrecked; and the hats would have been crushed had not the guests cleverly kept them on their heads. As soon as all had taken their places, Hans rapped on a copper-kettle, and said in a loud, commanding voice: "*Nu be!*" (Now pray!) Their hands were folded, their heads bowed. The prayer was short, but as a compensation for this loss of time every mouth was set to work with indefatigable energy. The waiters ran about with wine and spirits, and all went truly merry as a marriage bell. . . . . Another blow on the kettle, and Hans announced: "*Nu is Tid de Hochtidgaven to gieven.*" (Now's the time to give your presents.) In the ensuing pause, the bride's relatives flocked up to her, and the bridegroom's to him, and all sorts of presents poured down on them. Her lap was speedily filled with silver spoons, painted glass articles, cups with mottoes; and between whiles rattled money, great and small, so that it was a pleasure to hear. Several baskets had been placed near at hand, which were soon filled. On such occasions it is almost more expensive to be guest than host; but, in return, the guests behave as if at home, and help themselves to the dainty dishes. The health of the bridal pair was drunk with loud applause, and Hans assailed his kettle again: the tables were carried off by a hundred busy hands, that not a precious moment might be lost: the musicians tuned their fiddle and clarionet, and the ball could commence.

The sun shone over the hedge, and gazed on the merry dance: and the poor folk stood without, and pointed to the happy bride. The sun had retired to his bed, but the dance still went on. The candles were lighted, food and drink were handed round, and Hans again struck the copper-kettle. In a clever speech he drew the attention of the dancers to the fact that the musicians must also have something for their trouble, and he himself held the plate to those who appeared to have overheard his appeal. The indefatigable Hans! he, too, it was who caught the bride, when the maidens had formed a circle round her, and would not let her escape again. They ridiculed the breathless Schaffner, and the lads laughed at him, as he ran round the magic circle, and could not force his way in. But at length Hans hit on a clever plan: he kissed Annie first, and then Tiny; and as they loosed their hands to protect their lips, Hans slipped through, and triumphantly conducted the bride to the expectant bridegroom, who then took leave of his family and friends.

And so terminates our summer in Schleswig.

A SWEDISH VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD IN THE YEARS  
1851, 1852, 1853.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. BUSHBY.

San Francisco, July, 1852.

At the period that Commodore Sloat, in July, 1846, planted the American flag in California, a certain Swiss, a Captain Sutter, had a settlement or colony about two miles off, upon the spot where the American river falls into the Sacramento river, after having, through three tributary streams—the North, Middle, and South Fork—received the waters from the snowy Sierra Nevada on the east. Captain Sutter ruled like an absolute monarch in his NEW HELVETIA, kept the Indians under by subduing some, and making alliances with others, encouraged agriculture, and acted in all things like a sensible, judicious, and kind friend to the country, whose richest proprietor he was. At that time there dwelt in California a race of people who were too slothful to take the trouble of tilling the fertile ground, and whose sole occupation was to tend the sheep and cattle, from which they derived their only means of support. A little corn and oats, some pumpkins and melons, were all they required, and the few luxuries of which they had any knowledge were brought to them in the scanty number of ships that frequented their excellent harbours. By degrees some Americans and other strangers came to settle among them; small towns sprang up, and the rich soil began to attract the attention of emigrants. It was then that an occurrence took place which, as if by magic, worked a sudden change all over California.

Captain Sutter had despatched an exploring party to the mountainous regions to look for pine forests, and as some fine ones were found about half way up the South Fork, a person called James Marshall was sent thither in February, 1848, to construct some saw-mills. While he was digging a channel for the water, Marshall observed some yellow particles glittering at the bottom of the watercourse; he took them up, and soon ascertained that they were pure gold! Large lumps were found, and before the expiration of a very few days, gold to the amount of a hundred and fifty dollars had been obtained without digging, and merely by lightly scraping in the sand. He endeavoured to keep this discovery secret, but the report of it flew with the rapidity of lightning, and had the most extraordinary results. The magic name of *gold* turned every head. Lawyers, physicians, clergymen, agriculturalists, mechanics, tradesmen, labourers, sailors, soldiers, all—all forsook house and home, and their usual occupations, and rushed towards that part of the country where they hoped in a short time to dig up fabulous riches. Villages and hamlets became soon filled, or created, by the migratory mob, like enchanted palaces in fairy tales, that suddenly spring up where the eye had before only beheld a dreary waste; and in those wilds which had hitherto only been inhabited by bears and savage Indians, there arose amidst the

mountain echoes the sound of man's energetic labour. And this was the origin of Sacramento.

In the year 1849 merely a few tents were to be seen there ; but only a short time had elapsed when upon the high shore stood a pretty town with handsome houses ; and now that good municipal government has been established there, it contains about forty thousand inhabitants. The town is built in form of a square, and all the streets which run parallel to the river are, according to the American plan, numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, &c., and all those which cross them at right angles are named after the letters of the alphabet, A, B, C, D, &c. The streets are wide, and like those in San Francisco, either laid with planks, or covered with sand. But the houses appear to be more solidly built than they are at San Francisco. Wide awnings spread from the houses give the appearance of a gallery running in front of them. Shops are to be seen everywhere, even in the upper stories, so that the whole town looks like a large warehouse, or collection of stores. If San Francisco be the fountain-head of trade for all California, Sacramento is the same for all the small places in the eastern gold districts ; and from these small places, of which there are an astonishing number, goods are again transmitted to the various little hamlets that are strewed here and there on the banks of the rivers and in the recesses of the woods, and it can easily be conceived how expensive those goods are when, after passing through so many hands, they are sold to the last purchaser.

Sacramento lies at the extremity of a vast plain on the left side of the river of that name, where it receives the "American river." In consequence of its situation it is exposed to inundations every spring, when the snow melts up in the mountains and the rivers overflow their banks. Last March the town was visited by such a dreadful inundation that the lower half of the houses were all under water, and the only communication which could take place among the inhabitants was by boats, as on the canals of Venice. Almost all the houses were exceedingly injured, and much property was lost. At home, such a national misfortune would have been engraved on men's minds, and years would have elapsed before it would have passed into oblivion. Here, in this new country, the untoward accident was speedily forgotten, and within a week after the waters had retired, the inundation was no more thought of than a passing dream.

Whilst I wandered about, reading the signboards, and gazing on all the novelty around me, the population began to awaken. The town gradually shook off its stillness ; booths were unlocked—window-shutters were opened—idlers began to lounge around the shops and inns—customers began to creep in—little cars, containing bread and other articles of food, were driven about the streets—life returned with all its commotion and noise—and trade once more seized its sceptre.

As Sacramento is the centre of a large and fertile district, it holds constant communication with the surrounding country by means of diligences, which go daily to several places. On the exterior of these coach-offices there was to be heard the most frightful uproar. Fellows were bawling out, at the top of their lungs, the names of the places whither the vehicles were going, lauding the beauty of the country, the comfort and cheapness of the conveyances, the excellence of the horses,

and almost fighting with each other to drag passengers from the rival coaches to those of the establishment to which each belonged. It was curious to see them bombarding each other with melons, pears, loaves of bread, or whatever came first to hand, until the conqueror had inscribed the passenger's name on his list, and had locked up the cash paid for the journey. I hesitated long between two rival companies, but at length fixed upon the one which seemed to me the most respectable. My destination was the town of Colonna, distant about seventy miles, and where the greatest and most promising "diggings" are situated. I took my seat in a handsome carriage, lined with purple, and smartly fitted up. At first I flattered myself that I should enjoy all the advantages the promise of which had seduced me from the opposition coach, but I soon found that I had fallen into a den of wild beasts. We drove about to all the grog-shops in the town, and took up passenger after passenger, each more disgusting-looking than the one who had preceded him, until at last I found myself jammed in between two unshaven Americans. One of these was so polite that he would not send the contents of his mouth past my nose out at the window, but whenever he wished to discharge the same, he seized me by the nape of the neck, and bent me forward, in order to eject it behind my back; a manoeuvre which, to my dismay, he repeated every three minutes, so that during the whole journey I was kept swaying back and forwards like a pendulum.

During the first thirty miles, we passed over an interminable plain completely level, with here and there a patch of wild oats, and more frequently a tavern with some grand name, where spirits were always to be had. Brandy, indeed, is not much used here, but other kinds of strong drink are greatly in requisition. As we drove on, cutting the thin grassy surface, dust arose in clouds, our faces and our clothes were covered with it, and the heat was almost insupportable. After we had traversed this disagreeable plain, we came to more broken ground, to a hilly country with deep valleys, but where everything seemed arid and burnt up. The very bushes looked red, the grass grew here and there in little tufts, and the soil was parched and hard. It was only now and then, where a solitary spring appeared, that there was any trace of vegetation, and all else around gave evidence that irrigation would be required here to make the land at all productive. After a very fatiguing journey of ten hours' duration, we reached the town of Colonna, having passed near it "Sutter's Mill," where gold was first discovered.

At the bottom of a valley where a foaming cataract rushes over a stony bed, its waters bright and clear above, but lower down assuming a turbid reddish hue, in consequence of the washings in it, lies the town, resembling a newly-built village, and consisting of one straight street, with about a couple of hundred wooden houses painted white, and an unpretending Methodist church. Here, as usual, are to be seen booths, with their awkward signboards, taverns, and gambling-houses. There is a bridge over the stream here, which was built on speculation by a Dane. A toll is paid for passing over it by persons on foot, as well as by those who cross it on horseback, in carts, or in carriages.

If masses of tents, log-huts, and harbours were not found in the immediate neighbourhood, on the hills, on the margin of the river, and among the surrounding bushes, intimating the presence of numerous gold-

diggers, who purchase in this little town all the necessaries of life, one would be inclined to wonder how its many booths, shops, and stores, could possibly be supported among these distant wilds. With the influx of labourers wants so soon accumulate, however, that other towns are springing up near this one; we passed a rising city, only a few months old, already furnished with three-story houses, an inn, shops, booths, &c.; and about a mile farther on lies a third town, George Town, which, not much more than a week since, was burnt to the ground, but is already rebuilt, and is again engaged in its former brisk trade.

Disorder reigns here supreme, but at the same time the creative power is all-triumphant, and exercised with such lightning-like rapidity, that one almost fancies oneself in those fabulous Oriental lands, where enchanted castles and marvellous scenes are created by the wave of a magician's wand.

But how they labour here! It is work, work, continually. There is nothing to be heard but the noise of the spade, the pickaxe, and the "cradles;" and everywhere are to be seen weary, exhausted-looking forms, bathed in perspiration; one stumbles constantly over heaps of cast-up earth and gold-diggers' holes, and the whole place resembles a battlefield. The day before my arrival a vein of gold had been found close to a house in the town itself, and the digging had already commenced; two days afterwards the proprietors refused to sell two feet square for 16,000 Rixbank dollars! The diggers commenced with a small hole in the earth, but when I returned to Colonna after an excursion which occupied about four days, the whole of that part of the town was undermined as if with a trench, the diligences had to go round by a back way, and people had already commenced removing some of the houses to the outskirts.

The prevailing recreation after the fatigue of gold-digging is the gambling-table. I looked into one gaming-house at Colonna, which was kept by the "Star from Texas," an Amazon who, three years previously, had served as a soldier in the Texan war, and was now reposing on her laurels, which she took care to gild as much as possible. Here I saw Chinese and negroes, Americans, Europeans, and Indians, all engaged in the same ruinous pursuit, and presenting a picture which it would be difficult to portray.

The intense heat which prevails all over California from the beginning of the month of July had withered everything, so that it was only on the margins of the larger rivers and smaller streams that vegetation was to be found at all luxuriant. But during the rainy season, and immediately after it is over, the country is most beautiful; then the fields are dyed with the most brilliant tints, then the air is scented with aromatic perfumes. Trees of immense size, fit for timber, medicinal plants of the most precious description, vegetables of all kinds abound here, and from the beginning of April till June, few lands are so blooming or so fertile as California.

The Fauna is as rich here as the Flora. The woods are filled with numbers of grey bears, tiger cats, the so-called American lions, and other wild beasts dangerous to the inhabitants of the country, as well as with herds of elks and deer. Rats swarm in millions everywhere; the marten the weasel, and the beaver yield fur in abundance; hares and two sorts



of squirrels afford excellent food. The abominable odour of the skunk is discerned at the distance of nearly three miles. Turtles sometimes frequent the rivers, which are filled besides with salmon, and other excellent fish. Frogs and toads abound, among the latter the dangerous horn-toad; likewise worms and snakes, especially the rattlesnake, which often gets into the gold-diggers' houses, and creeps behind their chests or amongst their homely articles of furniture. Thousands of birds warble in the woods, and rival with their brilliant plumage the bright tints of the flowers; and wild pigeons and partridges give the sportsman plenty of employment.

There are many theories respecting the source of the gold. The most probable seems to be that it was forced out, little by little, from the bowels of the earth, in whose depths that as well as the other heaviest metals are found, and subsequently became deposited or imbedded in the rocky masses that were upheaved by volcanic agency. Being loosened, in the course of thousands of years, from these beds by the action of water, the gold has followed the downward course of these mountain streams, and has thus sunk to the bottom. This idea may be entertained or not at pleasure; but so far is certain, that the whole of California, with the exception of the tract of land bordering on the coast and the immense plains, contains gold, and that, not to mention the old mines in Columbia, Peru, and Chili, gold has been found in the southern or old California, in Mexico, in the isthmus of Panama, and in Guiana; so that there is reason to believe that the whole under-formation is full of this metal, not only in veins, but also mingling with the earth.

It must not, however, be supposed that gold lies upon the fields as if it had been rained down from the skies. The gold-digger has often to search for it along tracts whole miles in length, make excavations amidst the hard rocky ground, or to turn up the sandy soil, only to see his labour lost, his hopes disappointed, his experience deceived. Wherever there are most rivers there is most chance of finding at least some gold; and as it is evident that the country has undergone manifold revolutions, with, to speak familiarly, many *ups and downs*, it is not alone in the beds of the existing streams that it is found, but up in the higher regions, wherever there had formerly been a watercourse. It is therefore reasonable to search for gold not merely amidst sand banks and in hollows, where are the deposits of water, but also on the summits of the hills; and the best places to look for gold is amidst the strata of quartz or mica where rapid streams have worn the rock into roundness. Even on hills of considerable elevation it is not uncommon, after having cleared away the exterior layer of sand, to light upon a solid rocky soil, in which are found cavities lined with stones similarly rounded. It is, then, to be inferred that at some period or other there has been a powerful rush of water here, and it is absolutely certain that gold will be found in the recesses where the water, after having formed a sort of whirlpool, has taken a quieter course; the gold, from its weight, has sunk down, and has remained stationary even after the bed of the stream has elevated itself several thousand feet above the original channel. Gold is to be met with sometimes in appearance like a fine, leafy, shining grain, mingled with sand, or lying in longer or shorter veins, and is extracted by careful

washings; sometimes in larger or smaller lumps, in weight valuing from one to several thousand dollars; and then it lies generally very deep in the sand or in the layers of stone. It is also seen in fissures in the rocks, where it can be scraped off with a knife after the rock has been blasted. Frequently it is so intermingled with the quartz as to be almost invisible, and in such cases it is obtained by a more elaborate process.

Gold is procured by four different means, which I shall now endeavour to describe, availing myself of the phraseology in use here. The mode which yields the largest return is *river digging*, in which the gold is obtained in the bottom or bed of the stream. It is by no means uncommon in river digging to construct canals of 1800 ells in length, and, on seeing these, one can imagine how much labour and capital have been expended, often without much profit; for it sometimes happens that a river, the water of which has been drained off with much difficulty into the above-mentioned canals, is not found to be rich in gold at the bottom thus dried up. When the water has been turned from its natural channel the gold-digging begins. Several deep holes, of about a couple of ells in width, are dug, and the sand and small stones, called "*dirt*," which are removed, are thrown into a machine called a "*tomlong*." This is a water-pipe made of wood, and slanting pretty much; the lowest end is the broadest, and at the bottom is a plate of sheet iron, resembling a sieve, with three or four lines of holes. The whole of the lower part rests upon a large trough divided by two transoms, and which projects somewhat farther out than the end of the wooden machine, which rests on it. In the upper part of this "*tomlong*" a tube, made of linen, is introduced, through which water is conveyed; it has an opening of about five inches in width. The dirt is then thrown up by those who are digging at the bed of the river into the upper end of the *tomlong*—the water flowing through the tube sinks the dirt and carries it down upon the plate of sheet iron—the sand and all the finer particles pass through the holes of the sieve, while the stones which remain are removed by two men whose duty it is to attend to this part of the operation. The constant flow of water carries off from the trough beneath all the finer sand, which by degrees forms a heap in front of the *tomlong*, and this process is repeated until the whole of the sand is thoroughly washed and sifted, as well as every morsel of stone to which gold might adhere fully cleansed.

It often happens that the ground is so hard that the spade cannot penetrate it; the hammer is then used to break it, and where the stones are large, the combined strength of several men is required for this purpose. This digging of dirt is therefore no light labour, especially under 90 deg. of heat, and standing up to the knees in water. If the dirt is much mixed with clay, a more copious stream of water is necessary to separate it from the stones and to cleanse them. The *tomlong* has then to be lengthened by fixing several tubes one within another. When evening comes, every one seizes his own "*pan*"—a metal basin of considerable size—fills it with the dirt which has passed through the sieve, and had been left lying in a heap, takes it to the water-side, and washes and shakes it diligently until every grosser particle is removed, and there only remains at the bottom of the pan a layer of dark iron-sand. This iron-sand is then carefully washed, and laid on a little white-tinned box

to dry, after which the sand is either blown away, or withdrawn by means of a magnet or quicksilver, and the residue at length yields the golden reward of the day's toil.

It were vain to endeavour to describe the anxiety with which the gold-seekers look for the presence of gold in the iron-dust, the joy which sparkles in their eyes when it is found, the deep disappointment, the lowering brows, the sighs, the curses which follow when it is ascertained that none is there, that their hopes have been blasted, and their labour in vain!

Another method is followed in what is called "dry digging." In this, gold is dug out of sandbanks, hills, the sides of deep holes, upon the plains or the mountains. The excavator sets forth on an exploring expedition, laden with his spade, which is rounded like a shovel, his hammer, and his pan. He stops at some spot which his experience or knowledge leads him to select, and begins to dig into the ground; he works away, going from forty to one hundred feet deep, through sand and gravel, until he reaches the solid rock, where he fills his pan with the "dirt" that lies just upon it, which he then washes in the manner before described, to ascertain if the work has been profitable. Should it not prove so, he wanders farther on.

Nothing can be more unpleasant than this wandering life. The excavator often despairs of success before he has dug down to the rocky stratum; he then leaves the place, and moves on somewhere else. Another comes shortly after, avails himself of the first digger's labour, hews away a little deeper down, and finds gold in plenty. If the slightest rumour of his good luck gets wind, diggers are to be seen hurrying to the spot from many adjacent diggings, but within a few hours the mine from which so much was expected is again abandoned as good for nothing. With this constant excitement and hunt after richer places, much precious time is lost, and the high price of the means of transport or travelling consumes all that had previously been gained. Sickness is often produced by all this over-exertion, united to the irregular mode of living; and many of the diggers become insane in consequence of the alternation of feelings, the sudden elevation and depression of spirits, the animation of hope, and the sullenness of despair.

If the digger happen to arrive at a place which, from appearances, he judges will be productive, and where he thinks he can remain for some time, he marks out a space of about twelve feet in breadth, and drives sticks in the ground, to one of which he affixes a notice that he has taken a "claim" there, which means that he has taken possession of it. Should he not immediately begin to work his "claim," any new comer would have a right to contend its possession with him. He brings hither his trifling moveables, erects a wooden hut, a tent, or nails a few twigs together under some leafy oak, drives a few stakes into the ground to form a bedstead or support for his hammock, digs a hole in the earth to serve as a fireplace, and he "is at home." If the tract is promising, it is not long before he is joined by several other gold-seekers; they form themselves into a company, take an extensive "claim," and divide it into shares, some of which, if all goes well, are sold at a very high price, even fetching occasionally many thousand dollars. The company chooses a

president, or captain, a secretary, and tax-gatherer, and constitutes itself into a corporation, with full powers to make laws and cause them to be observed. Other companies are soon raised near the same place, and in a short time a town springs up, and bustle and commerce grow like grass in early summer, too often bringing in their train vice, disorder, misery, and ruin.

The work at the "dry diggings" goes on upon the whole much as the before-mentioned "river diggings," only the want of water renders some peculiar arrangements needful. If the soil be of that quality to require a tomlong to work off the clay, it is necessary on the sand hills and sandy plains to purchase water from companies, who, upon speculation, have had enormous water-pipes laid in all those places where gold-digging principally goes on. There are a number of these in the neighbourhood of Colonna, which take a course of from fifteen to twenty-five English miles, over high hills and deep valleys, and are supported by immense beams of wood, like masts. When it is remembered that every plank costs from 2 to 3 dollars, and that the pay of a workman is 6 dollars per day, one may form an idea of how large a capital is required to construct such aqueducts. Yet the whole region is intersected by them, and one cannot take fifty steps along the roads without stumbling on one of them. It is from these that water is brought for the tomlongs. About 80 rix-dollars is the amount paid for as much water as will serve for a day's washing; but those who work by night with lanterns pay only half that sum. Before these water conduits were constructed, the excavators were often obliged to convey the "dirt" in buckets on mules to distant rivers, for the purpose of washing it. It is evident that this must have made the work much more tedious and laborious.

It is not, however, in all "dry diggings" that it is necessary to make use of the tomlong, and to pay large sums for water. When the soil is tolerably free from clay, and the excavations take place in the vicinity of a river, nothing is used but a "cradle," which is not an intricate machine, and is sufficiently effective in sifting the iron-sand from the dirt; the former having, as usual, to be washed in the pan to separate the gold from it. There is another kind of digging, which differs from those just mentioned by the excavations being made horizontally, and the dirt which holds the gold being thus loosened. These, often deep excavations, are fraught with danger to the labourers, on account of the frequent slips of the earth; latterly, the expensive expedient has been resorted to, for safety, of supporting the roof with props, so that the soil cannot fall in. These excavations are often very profitable, but are always so laborious, that they are not now so generally resorted to as the others.

The quartz mines are considered the best, for not only are they tolerably rich, but they admit of a longer stay at one place, and therefore of leading a more regular life. Quartz and gold are, without doubt, associated, for one finds the latter almost always in combination with the former. Quartz mines are most frequent in South California, and complicated crushing machines are beginning more and more to be employed there to break up the quartz. Expensive as these machines are, it is calculated that the labour of four months with them at the quartz mines will repay what they cost. The more simple process consists in breaking

up the quartz with a hammer and an iron pile, then burning the pieces in a strong fire, which makes them fall into smaller portions, when they can be crushed very fine, and lastly withdrawing the gold by means of quicksilver. All these modes of gold-digging are very defective, and doubtless many improvements will be made in future.

But is there really so much gold in California? I think I hear the reader ask. Yes, a great deal of gold; yet it is more frequently found by a lucky chance than by industry and painstaking. I myself have seen lumps of gold worth 6000 dollars, and I have heard from others that in a "claim" seventy ounces of gold per diem had been obtained for a term of ten weeks; that 15,000 dollars' worth had been dug up in the course of five weeks in a very ordinary "claim," which had been worked before; that under a small loose stone, gold to the value of 2200 dollars had been found; and many similar instances of success. Yet there is nothing more uncertain than gold-digging. Two persons, for example, who arrived here at the same time, and wished to try their luck in the mines, each selected and worked a "claim;" between the two claims there was a belt of earth unturned up. A dispute arose between the parties as to which of them had a right to this, and not being able to come to any agreement, they sent for a third person to act as umpire; he settled the matter by giving a few feet on either side of the disputed ground to each claimant, and by way of a reward for acting as judge on the occasion, a piece of earth in the centre was made over to him. From this little piece he obtained, within eight days, gold to the value of 30,000 rix-dollars, while his fellow-labourers on both sides were forced to give up working, finding that the earth yielded scarcely any return. I have heard people who have long resided in California say, that notwithstanding immense drudgery, they have often not made enough to pay their daily wants, but have been compelled to incur debts; and that men who in Europe were well off, and came out with some little capital—physicians, lawyers, clergymen, merchants, &c.—have been compelled to hire themselves out as day labourers, to escape perishing from absolute want, and have finished their hopeless career by filling a pauper's grave in this gold-teeming earth.

I recommend to my readers the perusal of a little work entitled "Sixteen Months at the Gold-Diggings," by Wood. It is a journal kept during a residence at the mines, and which, with perfect truth, describes all the sufferings that are in general the lot of the labourers there. During my own stay here, I saw an official report to the following effect: "Out of 100 persons who go to California, 50 generally become totally ruined; 40 earn about as much as they would do at home; 5 make a little more; 4 do very well, and 1 becomes rich—sometimes exceedingly wealthy." He whose mind is absorbed in the idea of making a speedy fortune in the land of gold will exclaim, "Why should not I be that one?"

It must be taken into consideration how expensive everything is here. The very tools necessary to carry on work cost a large sum. A spade, for instance, 24 rix-dollars; a tom-long, 204; a hammer, 20; then a fowl costs 16 rix-dollars; and all articles of food are equally high in price. The cheapest plan is to board in some one's house, where that is

possible. All sorts of deceptions are practised upon new comers; not only in the towns, but even at the mines, where there are plenty of people lurking about, ready, like wild beasts, to spring upon a new comer and devour him. The innkeepers spread glowing reports respecting the richness of different tracts of land, in order to bring thither customers for themselves. Another fraud is to offer for sale "a claim," given out to be very productive, and which is sold for a large sum, the owner having himself strewed the lumps of gold about, which he shows the purchaser as being found in the excavation.

The gold-digger has no society but amongst the thoughtless, the reckless, or the debased—no pleasures but vicious ones. It is easy to be pious amidst the holy, to be respectable among the good, to be moderate among the temperate; but how many do not imitate bad example when it is constantly before their eyes, and not having strength of mind to resist, follow the multitude to do evil!

Then let sickness come, which is so ready to attack a stranger in a climate to which he is unaccustomed, where he has so many fatigues to undergo, and where the very water he drinks is often injurious to him—let sorrow or failure prey upon his mind, and drown the voice of hope—let day after day see him plunging deeper and deeper into want and debt—and let there be none to say a soothing word to him, no kind hand to cool his fevered brow—alas! his thoughts will fly from that golden land with all its glitter and its specious promises, back to his poorer native soil, where, though the earth contains no hidden treasures, none are left so friendless and neglected, and where honest industry can at least win its daily bread.

Before leaving the subject of the gold mines, I will say a few words concerning the way in which justice is administered there, which has its peculiarities. There is certainly no law to be found in its old judicial forms; that is to say, no written decrees or edicts, to be interpreted and carried out by a rich bench of judges, and a still richer body of legal sub-officials. Justice is preferred to law, rather than law to justice, that is the whole difference. It is seldom now that the gold-diggers labour singly. They generally form themselves into companies, frequently consisting of eighty persons; among these companies the injured too often take vengeance into their own individual hands. But this mode of redress is wearing out, the companies usually select a certain number of persons to form a jury, who acquit or convict the accused; in which latter case, the sentence, whatever it may be, is executed forthwith. Every one respects the decision of the jury, for all are interested in upholding justice; therefore security of life and property is pretty generally ensured now at the mines. Formerly, the gold-diggers used always to go about armed—now pistols are only seen in the gambling-houses, being no longer considered necessary by way of protection in common. Formerly it was the custom for every one to bury his treasures under rocks, or bushes, or in the ground under his own tent. This is no longer done; people either carry their gold about with them in leather bags, or they leave it locked up in chests at home; though, of course, they do not proclaim to every one the quantity of which they may be possessed.

At the diggings one finds a mixture of all sorts of people; one hears

all languages, and beholds every possible kind of garb and physiognomy. There are, however, most Americans, and their language is most prevalent. Next in number come the Chinese, an industrious, temperate, and thrifty people, who here, as everywhere else, are kept down by the arrogance, and oppressed by the ill-usage, of other people. Should the Chinese have found a rich tract, they are driven out of it by a stronger corporation with sticks and blows, and may thank God if not with pistol-shots. The state, which only claims three dollars annually from the other diggers for the right of working the ground, exacts the same sum per month from the poor Chinese, upon the plea that, if they were not more heavily taxed than others, the population of the Celestial Empire would soon overrun the American shores of the Pacific Ocean. I think I have heard it asserted that only within the last year about 49,000 Chinese have come to California. They live almost entirely on rice, observe the strictest cleanliness and order, and it is pleasant to visit their tents, and see how well arranged and comfortable they are. One meets these poor, melancholy-looking people wandering about in troops, hunted from place to place, carrying their moveables on their shoulders, and suffering adversity with the greatest patience.

The gold-digger is a peculiar figure. The legs are thrust into a pair of long boots, and besides his pantaloons he generally wears only a red or blue woollen shirt. His long, uncut, waving locks descend from under a hat which is often seen hanging on his neck, while his shaggy beard reaches almost to his breast. In this guise, with his cheek and brow bathed in the perspiration consequent on his bodily exertions, you see the unsophisticated son of labour and liberty—sometimes, too, the millionaire that is, or is to be.

And now a word respecting the gold-diggers' mode of performing the journey or voyage to this place. They can come to it by sea, round Cape Horn, or over the Isthmus of Panama, or by a land journey crossing the American table-lands, prairies, and mountains; and each way is dreadful. Independent of the length and tediousness of the voyage round the stormy Cape, of the extreme coldness of the weather, and the sea-sickness, there frequently occurs a scarcity of provisions on board, and the passengers are exposed to many kinds of privation. The passage from New York to Chagres, thence over the Isthmus of Panama, and so on to San Francisco, is certainly more convenient, but exceedingly expensive. The vessels also carry so many more passengers than there is accommodation for, that they are packed as closely as herrings in a barrel; there is no space wherein to take the least exercise, and they may consider themselves fortunate if they should not be short of provisions and water; and sickness is almost the certain consequence of this crowded state of the ships. But worse than these is the land journey in which the Mississippi is crossed. The road traverses table-lands and sandy deserts, where not a drop of water is to be found, where every living thing perishes beneath the intense heat of the burning sun. Beasts of burden fall down and expire, and men themselves lie helpless from the effects of fatigue and thirst.

Often when the caravans have struggled forward, they have just arrived in time to see the snow falling amidst the chain of hills which stretch

between the arid plains and California, and to find the mountain passes closed against them. Numbers then perish in the snow in endeavouring to force a passage; others, reduced to a state of famine, first eat their beasts, then fall frantically upon each other—destroy their children—and becoming insane from misery and despair, actually, when help at length arrives, refuse the food that is tendered to them, to devour their comrades' half-stiffened corpses! The annals of mankind contain nothing more horrible than the statements of the fearful sufferings that in such shocking cases have been contended with. Too often all the better feelings of human nature have been extinguished, and men have become as savage as wild beasts. I will not shock my readers with more minute accounts of these horrors, but they form a chapter in the history of human life which the physiologist ought not to neglect to study.

California, or rather that portion of the country which is called Upper California, and which now forms one of the United States of America, is bounded on the north by that Oregon territory which has latterly caused so many disputes with England; it is separated from Arkansas and the vast country through which the Missouri flows by the Sierra Nevada, from whose inaccessible and snow-clad heights descend numerous rivers that fall into the Pacific Ocean, and on the south lie between it and Mexico sandy deserts of great extent. Formerly this country was only inhabited by tribes of wild Indians, but these have been driven from the coasts and plains into the woods and mountain recesses, all that remain to them of the extensive lands inherited from their forefathers; but, with the exception of a few, they do not quietly acquiesce in this spoliation, and there is not much safety for the gold-diggers who approach their haunts.

Ferdinand Cortes and his followers annexed California to the crown of Spain, and it was not until 1823 that it threw off its allegiance to Spain and united itself to Mexico, which had become an independent state. A revolution broke out in 1836, when it was doubtless intended to proclaim California as a separate and free state; but it only ended in scenes of disorder and violence, which presented an occasion for the interference of foreign powers, and when the Mexican war took place, California was added as a province to the United States. At the period that gold was discovered, California contained about 15,000 inhabitants; now, the population is estimated at 2,000,000, and, where used to be the silence of solitude, the stroke of the hammer, the noise of the "cradle," and the rushing of water through the "tomlong," are now everywhere to be heard.

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## EUTRAPELIA:

AN OMNIUMGATHERUM LITERARIUM, CHIEFLY ILLUSTRATIVE OF  
BARROW ON 'WIT.'

## VI.

## THE "PAT ALLUSION."

## § 2.

Sometimes it [Eutrapelia] lieth in *pat allusion* to a known story.—BARROW:  
*Sermon XIV.*

To further illustrate the "pat allusion," present we next a draft on Alexander Pope. No fear, in his case, of its being dishonoured, with that mere negation, "no effects."

Ridiculing certain stiff and stately dinner-parties, he thus patly alludes to the prandial privations of the Governor of Barataria:

Is this a dinner? this a genial room?  
No, 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb,  
A solemn sacrifice, performed in state,  
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat;  
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear  
Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there.\*

Another example. The poet is bewailing the penalties a poet has to pay, in respect of troublesome notoriety, importunate intruders, and the like. Then comes allusion to a "known story:"

'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring  
(Midas, a sacred person and a king),  
His very minister who spied them first  
(Some say his Queen), was forced to speak, or burst.  
And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,  
When every coxcomb perks them in my face?†

A third. When the Goddess in the Dunciad has anointed Cibber, her chosen son, "God save King Cibber!" is heard from dunces in chorus far and near, from "familiar White's" and Drury-lane, and Hockley-hole—shouting their *Vivat rex!* with lusty roar:

So when Jove's block descended from on high  
(As sings thy great grandfather Ogilby),‡  
Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,  
And the hoarse nation croaked, God save King Log!§

In the following book, Pope exhibits Great Cibber sitting "high on a gorgeous seat, that far outshone Henley's gilt tub or Fleckno's Irish throne;" while enraptured crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze, and his peers shine round him with glory reflected from him, their central sun:

\* Pope's "Moral Essays." Ep. IV.

† Pope's "Prologue to the Satires." (Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.)

‡ Alluding to Ogilby's version of Æsop's Fables.

§ The Dunciad. Book I.

then comes allusion to a known story again, not this time from *Æsop*, but from *Paulus Jovius* :

Not with more glee, by hands pontific crowned,  
With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,  
Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit,  
Throned on seven hills, the antichrist of wit.\*

(Camillo Querno, the commentators tell us, was introduced as a buffoon to Leo X., and promoted by that letters-loving pontiff to the honours of the laurel; "a jest which the court of Rome and the Pope himself entered into so far, as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation.") The less known a story is, however, the less is, *cæteris paribus*, its effect. A pat allusion that needs a note to explain it, may be considered *not* pat, and so far a failure. This objection noway applies to the mythological allusion in our next extract :

. . . . When Dulness smiling,—Thus revive the Wits !  
But murder first, and mince them all to bits.  
As erst Medea (cruel, so to save !),  
A new edition of old *Æson* gave ;  
Let standard authors, thus, like trophies born,  
Appear more glorious as more hacked and torn.  
And you, my critics, in the chequered shade,  
Admire new light through holes yourselves have made.†

In addition to the reference to *Æson recoctus*, there is a humorous effect produced by the parody in the last line on a well-known line of Waller's—for Pope, no doubt, had Waller's verse in his mind at the time, and perhaps intended a reminder too of Milton, in the "chequered shade" of the line before.

Generations have already been, and generations to come, we suppose, will be, amused by the Sir John Cutler allusion, in "*Martinus Scriblerus*," in illustration of man's individuality. "They make a great noise about this Individuality : how a man is conscious to himself that he is the same Individual he was twenty years ago ; notwithstanding the flux state of the particles of matter that compose his body. We think this is capable of a very plain answer, and may be easily illustrated by a familiar example. Sir John Cutler had a pair of black worsted stockings, which his maid darned so often with silk, that they became at last a pair of silk stockings. Now, suppose those stockings of Sir John's endued with some particular degree of consciousness at every particular darning, they would have been sensible that they were the same individual pair of stockings both before and after the darning ; and this sensation would have continued in them through all the succession of darnings ; and yet, after the last of all, there was not perhaps one thread left of the first pair of stockings, but they were grown to be silk stockings, as was said before."‡ Good as the story is, we have perhaps no right to it here, as a "known story," which we should have had, on the other hand, to the analogous narrative of Sir Francis Drake's ship.

Robert Lloyd—the dissipated, reckless, short-lived friend of Churchill

\* The Dunciad. Book II.

† Ibid. Book IV.

‡ "*Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*," ch. xii.

and Cowper (discordant conjunction of names—so worldly a cleric and so unworldly a layman!)—has the following allusion in his rhyming Epistle to a Lady, introduced with copious compliments enow on “female knack at prose,” in the form of letter-writing :

With mine, disgrace a lady's prose,  
And put a nettle next a rose?  
Who would, so long as taste prevails,  
Compare St. James's with Versailles?  
The nightingale, as story goes,  
Famed for the music of his woes,  
In vain against the artist tried,  
But strained his tuneful throat—and died.\*

Goldsmith's “Citizen of the World” is often enlivened by “pet allusion” to stories appropriate to the Chinese cosmopolite. Here again, perhaps, is a class which does not properly fall within our category—and this on two grounds, from their being (first) something less than “known” stories, and (secondly) something more than mere “allusions.” One example nevertheless may be foisted into such an *omniumgatherum* as the present, without much further damage to our already compromised character for consistency. The Chinese philosopher accompanies his friend, the Man in Black, to Westminster Hall. “But bless me,” he exclaims, “what numbers do I see here—all in black—how is it possible that half this multitude find employment?” His companion explains, that they live by watching each other:—for instance, the catchpole watches the man in debt, the attorney watches the catchpole, the counsellor watches the attorney, and all find sufficient employment. “I conceive you,” shrewdly answers our intelligent foreigner, “they watch each other, but it is the client that pays them all for watching; it puts me in mind”—here comes the pat allusion—“of a Chinese fable, which is entitled ‘Five animals at a meal.’”

“A grasshopper filled with dew was merrily singing under a shade; a whangam, that eats grasshoppers, had marked it for its prey, and was just stretching forth to devour it; a serpent that had for a long time fed only on whangams, was coiled up to fasten on the whangam; a yellow bird was just upon the wing to dart on the serpent; a hawk had just stooped from above, to seize the yellow bird; all were intent on their prey, and unmindful of their danger: so the whangam eat the grasshopper, the serpent eat the whangam, the yellow bird the serpent, and the hawk the yellow bird; when, sousing from on high, a vulture gobbled up the hawk, grasshopper, whangam, and all in a moment.”† The critical may object that the fable, though piquant, is *im-pertinent*, by going too far, and implying too much.

From Cowper's poems we may select examples more strictly pertinent to our purpose. Here is one—where the poet is describing an author's delight in the work of his own hands :

He views it with complacency supreme,  
Solicits kind attention to his dream,  
And daily more enamoured of the cheat,  
Kneels, and asks Heaven to bless the dear deceit.

\* Rob. Lloyd's Poems: Familiar Letter of Rhymes to a Lady.

† Citizen of the World. Letter XCIII.

So one, whose story serves at least to show  
Men loved their own productions long ago,  
Wooded an unfeeling statue for his wife,  
Nor rested till the gods had given it life.\*

In Cowper's day, profane swearing in ordinary conversation was miserably common among Persons of Quality—the biggest big-wigs of the bench being, too often, the biggest sinners in this respect. Cowper severely satirises their habit of fixing "attention, heedless of your pain, with oaths like rivets forced into the brain," and goes on a tale to tell :

A Persian, humble servant of the sun,  
Who, though devout, yet bigotry had none,  
Hearing a lawyer, grave in his address,  
With adjurations every word impress,  
Supposed the man a bishop, or at least,  
God's name so much upon his lips, a priest,  
Bowed at the close with all his graceful airs,  
And begged an interest in his frequent prayers.†

The happy use to which Cowper could turn a story, borrowed from east or west, was never perhaps more happily proved than in the closing lines of his hearty, genial Epistle to his hearty, genial old friend, Joseph Hill :

But not to moralise too much, and strain  
To prove an evil‡ of which all complain  
(I hate long arguments verbosely spun),  
One story more,§ dear Hill, and I have done :  
Once on a time an emperor, a wise man,  
No matter where, in China or Japan,  
Decreed that whosoever should offend  
Against the well-known duties of a friend,  
Convicted once, should ever after wear  
But half a coat, and show his bosom bare.  
The punishment importing this, no doubt,  
That all was naught within, and all found out.

Oh, happy Britain! we have not to fear  
Such hard and arbitrary measure here ;  
Else, could a law like that which I relate,  
Once have the sanction of our triple state,  
Some few, that I have known in days of old,  
Would run most dreadful risks of catching cold ;  
While you, my friend, whatever wind should blow,  
Might traverse England safely to and fro,  
An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,  
Broad-cloth without, and a warm heart within.‖

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\* Cowper : "The Progress of Error."

† Ibid. : "Conversation." The reader will be reminded, perhaps, of an innocent because unconscious *bravura*, of "cussin' and swearin'," on the part of Jacky, the Australian savage, or demi-semi-savage, in Mr. Charles Reade's novel, "It is Never too late to Mend."

‡ Namely, the rarity of true friendship ; the prevalence of false.

§ Cowper had just told, with uncommon vivacity and point, the story of cynical Horatio and his servant, who "begged to go abroad," to see a friend—so rare a sight, Horatio protests, that he must needs have his cloak fetched, and see it too—"the first I ever saw."

‖ Epistle to Joseph Hill, Esq.

This is true *eutrapelia*, in one of its most refined aspects; "genteel comedy" in no vulgar sense, and of no common sort. Of this sort Cowper was an approved good master—a veritable master of arts. Few indeed who have gone in for honours to the same tripos—of grace, humour, and heart—have taken anything like so good a degree.

(On the same theme, of Friendship and its counterfeits, he makes *pat* allusion [in "The Task"] to Gay's fable of the Hare with many Friends. He is describing one of his pet hares, and concludes with the promise—

If I survive thee, I will dig thy grave;  
And when I place thee in it, sighing say,  
At least I knew one hare that had a friend.\*)

Here is another "fabulous" allusion, occurring in the midst of a sort of natural history of despotism, its rise and progress—

Thus kings were first invented, and thus kings  
Were burnished into heroes, and became  
The arbiters of this terraqueous swamp,  
Storks among frogs, that have but croaked and died.†

In his strictures on the Commemoration of Handel in Westminster Abbey, Cowper makes allusion to a story of quite another sort:

But hush!—the Muse perhaps is too severe,  
And with a gravity beyond the size  
And measure of the offence, rebukes a deed  
Less impious than absurd, and owing more  
To want of judgment than to wrong design.  
So in the chapel of old Ely House,  
When wandering Charles, who meant to be the Third,  
Had fled from William,‡ and the news was fresh,  
The simple clerk, but loyal, did announce,  
And eke did rear right merrily, two staves,  
Sung to the praise and glory of King George.§

In some of his anti-slave-trade stanzas, Cowper attacks the "argument" of those who said, Well, but if *we* don't buy the poor black fellows, somebody else will—the French, Dutch, or Danes, for instance—and perhaps treat them much worse than we should:—his apology for bringing in the following story shall also be ours—so *pat* in the apology if not the story itself:

Your scruples and arguments bring to my mind  
*A story so pat*, you may think it is coined  
On purpose to answer you, out of my mint;  
But I can assure you I saw it in print.

A youngster at school, more sedate than the rest,  
Had once his integrity put to the test;  
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,  
And asked him to go and assist in the job.

He was shocked, sir, like you,|| and answered, "Oh no!  
What! rob our good neighbour? I pray you don't go!

\* The Task. Book III.

† Ibid. Book V.

‡ Duke of Cumberland, the so-called "Butcher" of Culloden.

§ The Task. Book VI.

|| Addressed to the Slave-Trade apologist, by hypothesis.

Besides, the man's poor, his orchard's his bread :  
Then think of his children, for they must be fed."

"You speak very fine, and you look very grave,  
But apples we want, and apples we'll have ;  
If you will go with us you shall have a share,\*  
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear."

"If the matter depended alone upon me,  
His apples might hang till they dropped from the tree ;  
But since they will take them, I think I'll go too ;  
He will lose none by me, though I get a few."

His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,  
And went with his comrades the apples to seize ;  
He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan ;  
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.†

A new and seasonable reading of the old but never obsolete saw, *Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*.

One example more—this time a classical one—from the bard of Olney :  
When Mrs. Throckmorton's bullfinch was done to death by a rat, which gnawed through the wooden cage, and made a meal of poor Bully *in toto*, beak alone excepted,—an appropriate threnody was composed by the lady's rhyming friend. ("Did ever fair lady," he asks Mr. Rose, *per epistolam*, "from the Lesbia of Catullus to the present day, lose her bird, and find no poet to commemorate the loss ?" A question put à propos of this piece of news : "Weston has not been without its tragedies since you left us. Mrs. Throckmorton's piping bullfinch has been eaten by a rat, and the villain left nothing but poor Bully's beak behind him.") The pat allusion is to Orpheus in the closing stanza—the penultimate one containing an honest wish that the rat had *half* swallowed the beak too, and that it had stuck fast and disagreed with him :

O, had he made that too his prey !  
That beak whence issued many a lay  
Of such mellifluous tone,  
Might have repaid him well, I wote,  
For silencing so sweet a throat,  
Fast stuck within his own.

Maria‡ weeps—the Muses mourn—  
So, when by Bacchanalians torn,  
On Thracian Hebrus' side  
The tree-enchanted Orpheus fell,  
His head alone remained to tell  
The cruel death he died.§

But we shall forfeit all claim to the first three syllables of our title of *omniumgatherum*, if so long a stay with any one Eutrapelus become the rule, not the exception. Looking out, therefore, in other and diverse

\* The *will* and *shall* in this line are (as regards accent) almost as awkwardly managed, *metricè*, as Hibernian or Scot would mismanage them, *grammaticè*. Cowper could have done better an he liked, with next to no pains at all at all.

† "Pity for Poor Africans."

‡ Mrs. Throckmorton.

§ "On the Death of Mrs. Throckmorton's Bullfinch." (1788.)

directions, for individual instances of the pat allusion, we find one in Swift's description of a rainy day in town, where the beau in his sedan-chair is mock-heroically compared to the Greeks inside the wooden horse. *Vide* the tale of Troy divine :

Boxed in a chair, the beau impatient sits,  
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits,  
And ever and anon, with frightful din,  
The leather sounds ; he trembles from within.  
So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,  
Pregnant with Greeks, impatient to be freed  
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,  
Instead of paying chairmen run them through),  
Laocoön struck the outside with his spear,  
And each imprisoned hero quaked for fear.\*

The following (also a classical) pat allusion occurs in Lord Hervey's celebrated squib on the retirement of Walpole and the accession of the Pulteney party to place, in 1742 :

And as popular Clodius, the Pulteney of Rome,  
From a noble, for power, did plebeian become,  
So this Clodius to be a patrician shall choose,  
Till what one got by changing the other shall lose.

Thus flattered, and courted, and gazed at by all,  
Like Phaeton, raised for a day, he shall fall,  
Put the world in a flame, and show he did strive  
To get reins in his hand, though 'tis plain he can't drive.†

The far-famed barber of Seville is always saying or doing something pat—'tis his vocation. As a pat allusion on his part, take the Rabelaisian reference to Panurge's flock of sheep, in the scene where Figaro pretends to have been the man who was seen jumping out of the boudoir window, and is suddenly confronted with the actual jumper, the little page. Cherubino allows that he it was who came tumbling on the gardener's beds : what has Figaro to say to *that*, asks the jealous count his master :

*Figaro (révant)*. Ah ! s'il le dit . . . cela se peut. Je ne dispute pas de ce que j'ignore.

*Le Comte*. Ainsi vous et lui . . . ?

*Figaro*. Pourquoi non ? la rage de sauter peut gagner : voyez les moutons de Panurge ; et quand vous êtes en colère, il n'y a personne qui n'aime mieux risquer. . . .

*Le Comte*. Comment, deux à la fois ! . . .

*Figaro*. On aurait sauté deux douzaines, &c.‡

Advising Bubb Dodington, by letter, how the parliamentary opposition should act, in the organised struggle which ended in Walpole's resignation, Lord Chesterfield insists that the decisive battle must be in

\* Swift contributed these lines—racy part of a graphic whole—to the "Tatler," where Steele welcomed them "for self and readers," as written by "one who treats of every subject after a manner that no other author has done, and better than any other can do."

† Horace Walpole to Sir H. Mann, Oct. 16, 1742. And his "Reminiscences," ch. viii.

‡ Beaumarchais : "Le Mariage de Figaro," IV. 7.

the House of Commons, since among the peers the ministers are too strong to be shaken, and "for such a minority," his lordship adds, "to struggle with such a majority, would be much like the late King of Sweden's attacking the Ottoman army at Bender, at the head of his cook and his butler."\*

Here again is a characteristic example from Horace Walpole's letters, where the writer, then on his travels, has been concentrating a deal of gossip into scanty space, and is proud of the result: "You see how I distil all my speculations and improvements, that they may lie in a small compass. Do you remember the story of the prince, that, after travelling three years, brought home nothing but a nut? They cracked it: in it was wrapped up a piece of silk, painted with all the kings, queens, kingdoms, and everything in the world: after many unfoldings, out stepped a little dog, shook his ears, and fell to dancing a saraband. There is a fairy tale for you."† Mr. Macaulay is pleasantly addicted to pat allusions of this fairy-tale kind.

Canning, in early life, wrote an essay on the exceeding curiosity men have to know what the world may think of them. There is no craving, he alleged, the gratification of which is so eagerly desired, or, in general, so heartily repented of;—and his apposite illustration is the story of Mercury going into the statuaries' shop, a mere mortal in form, and, after purchasing at a considerable price a Jupiter, a Juno, a Fury or two, and some other knick-knacks of the same kind,—pointing to a statue of himself, which stood on graceful tiptoe in the window, and asking what might be the price of *that* elegant image? "Sir," replied the artist, "you have proved so good a customer to me, for some of my best pieces, that I shall but do you justice if I throw you that paltry figure into the bargain."‡

If there is neither Wit nor Humour, properly speaking, in the writings of Rousseau, there is frequently an indulgence in that pat allusion which belongs to *Eutrapelia*, and is our present theme of illustration. As where, in the very act of disclaiming (from his prevalent lack of self-possession) all ability to say what is pat to the purpose, until too late, he asserts his ability to make an excellent *impromptu à loisir* (only give him *loisir* enough), but owns his incapacity for producing a good thing payable on demand, or at sight. He says he should succeed well in a smart conversation carried on through post-office agency, as the Spaniards play at chess; and then alluding to that duke of Savoy who turned back, while on a journey, to cry out, "A votre gorge, marchand de Paris!" he applies the known story by frankly affirming *Me voilà !*§

Thus, too, describing the noblesse of Savoy, and their then exclusion from means of aggrandisement and paths of ambition, he says, that they follow, of necessity, the counsel of Cineas||—alluding to Pyrrhus and his remonstrant privy councillor. Elsewhere he pictures himself as going to Grimm, like another *Georges Dandin*, to beg his (Grimm's) pardon for

\* Lord Chesterfield to Dodington, Sept. 8, 1741.

† H. Walpole to Richard West, Jan. 4, 1740.

‡ Canning: "The Microcosm." No. 18.

§ Rousseau: "Les Confessions." Livre III.

|| Ibid V.



the offences he, the said Grimm, had committed.\* Again, narrating his literary intercourse with Madame de Boufflers, and how she received his assurance that her tragedy in prose, called *L'Esclave généreux*, closely resembled "an English piece, very little known, but of which a translation [into French] existed, and entitled 'Oroonoko,'"†—an assurance which madame repaid (with thanks) by a counter-assurance that no such resemblance whatever was traceable between the two,—the snubbed philosopher proceeds to say: "I have never mentioned this plagiarism to any one in the whole world except herself, and to *her* only because she had imposed the doing so upon me as a duty; none the less, however, have I often been reminded, since then, of the fate Gil Blas incurred in the case of his patron the Archbishop."‡ Perhaps of all "well-known stories" to which facetious allusions have, first and last, been made, *this* is the best known. Insomuch, that, not being (like Cleopatra) gifted with infinite variety, custom has now considerably staled, and time withered it. But the story must have had a capital constitution to have gone through so much, and served so many uses.

Joseph de Maistre shall supply the next illustration—a man who in creed, character, and general characteristics, both intellectual and moral, political and religious, was born and bred, so to speak, at antipodes to Rousseau, though born and bred very near him, geographically—and not a little distinguished at that Turin where Jean Jacques may be said to have begun his public career—a bad beginning too, significant of what was worse to come. De Maistre thus rates the *philosophes* of the French Revolution: "When one sees these pretended legislators take up English institutions from their native soil and transport them *brusquement* to that of France, one is necessarily reminded of that Roman general who caused a sun-dial to be removed from Syracuse to Rome, without troubling himself the least bit in the world as to the question of latitude. One thing, however, renders the comparison after all inexact; and that is, that the worthy general was ignorant of astronomy."§

The pat allusion is common enough in writers to whom both Wit and Humour are, by the general voice of critics (right or wrong), denied. Such a one is Schiller. And here, accordingly, is a "sample" from his miscellaneous stores. Writing to Goethe about the visit of Madame de Staël to Weimar, in 1803, he says: "De Staël I saw yesterday, and shall see her again to-day with the duchess's mother. It is the old story with her: one would think of the Danaides' sieve, if Oknos with his ass did not rather occur to one."|| Schiller was, in plain English, sick of the brilliant Frenchwoman, and rather dejected than enlivened by her vivacious parts of speech. On the *Oknos* allusion, Mr. Carlyle has the following note:

\* "J'allai chez Grimm, comme un autre Georges Dandin, lui faire des excuses des offenses qu'il m'avait faites."—(Rousseau: "Les Confessions." Livre IX.)

In a letter to Madame d'Epinay, previously transcribed, this *hauteur-timoroso* Jean Jacques had said: "L'Evangile ordonne bien à celui qui reçoit un soufflet d'offrir l'autre joue, mais non pas de demander pardon. Vous souvenez-vous de cet homme de la comédie, qui crie en donnant des coups de bâton? Voilà le rôle du philosophe."—(Ibid.)

† Southern's well-known tragedy—well acted too, once upon a time.

‡ Rousseau: "Les Confessions." Livre XI.

§ Joseph de Maistre: *Lettres d'un Royaliste Savoisien à ses Compatriotes*. 3.)

Correspondence between Schiller and Goethe, b. vi.

"Oknos, a Greek gentleman, of date unknown, diligently plaits a reed rope, which his ass as diligently eats. This Oknos is supposed to have had an *unthrifty wife*. Hence Schiller's allusion."\* Goethe probably appreciated the patness of the allusion better than we impartial English; *à fortiori* much better than madame's countrymen, and above all countrywomen, could, would, or should do.

Jean Paul, on the other hand, though a German of the Germans, possessed both Wit and Humour in as remarkable a degree as they were of a remarkable kind. The kind was both individual and national; being conditioned and coloured by the whimsical nature of the man, and the peculiar genius of his fatherland. As an instance of *his* use of the pat allusion, take his description of French poetry—where he explains his metaphor of "poet-peacock, with glittering tail-mirrors and tail-eyes," by saying—*quoad* the queer term "tail-mirrors"—that in French poetry, you must always, like the Christian, consider the latter end, or the last verse; "and there, as in life, according to the maxim of the Greek sage, you cannot before the end be called happy."† Strange uses the maxim of a Greek sage, Solon to Cræsus, may be turned to, with the roll of centuries, and the revolution of languages, and the whim-whams of a humorist, addicted to what *seems* far-fetched and wide-of-the-mark to less discursive spirits.

Sir Walter Scott would give us work enough, were a collection to be made of all his achievements in this species of Eutrapelia. Some of them we cannot forbear from noticing. As where he says of *Ellangowan*, who suddenly commenced a ruthless system of magisterial reform, at the expense of all gipsies, rogues, impostors, superannuated pickers and stealers, &c., in his neighbourhood—that "he wrought his miracles like a second Duke Humphrey; and by the influence of the beadle's rod, caused the lame to walk, the blind to see, and the palsied to labour."‡ In the same fascinating romance occurs the following pat allusion, *à propos* of the earthly-minded eagerness of a throng of greedy relations, who have just returned from burying the old lady from whom they have "expectations," and who exchange their pious put-on funeral demeanour for the gross solicitude of legatees *in posse*, impatient to find the will, and hear it read, and profit by it of course. "There is a fable told by Lucian, that while a troop of monkeys, well drilled by an intelligent manager, were performing a tragedy with great applause, the decorum of the whole scene was at once destroyed, and the natural passions of the actors called forth into

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\* Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, vol. iv.

† Here is another "pat allusion," of Jean Paul Jean Paulish, very. The Sphinx story of ancient Greece is thus referred to in his satire on Bonaparte's prosecution, or persecution (*c'est égal*), by press-censorship, of Madame de Staël's book on Germany. "The whole printed edition was laid hold of, and, as it were, under a second paper-mill devil, hacked anew into beautiful pulp. Nor is that delicate feeling of the whilom censors and clippers to be contemned, whereby these men, by the faintest allusion, smell out the crown debts of their crown-robber (usurper), and thereby proclaim them. The Sphinx in Elba, who, unlike the ancient one, spared only him that could not read his riddle (a riddle consisting in this, to make Europe like the Turkish grammar, wherein there is but one *confusion*, one *declension*, no gender, and no exception), could not but reckon a description of the Germans, making themselves a power within a power, to be ticklish matter."

‡ "Guy Mannerling," vol. i. ch. vi.

very indecent and active emulation, by a wag who threw a handful of nuts upon the stage."\* The story felicitously characterises the proceedings that immediately ensued upon the funeral of Mistress Margaret Bertram.

Again. When *Diana Vernon* has silenced and confounded *Frank Osbaldistone* by suddenly, and haughtily, checking his flow of complimentary speeches, prepared and elaborated by the young gentleman for the express purpose of bestowing them on the young lady—telling him at once, and once for all, that compliments are thrown away upon her, and begging him therefore not to exhaust his stock in trade, but to keep his fine things for those who may believe in and relish them—seeing the utterly "snubbed" condition of her now dumbfounded companies, she resumes "her lively and indifferent manner," and says: "You remind me at this moment of the fairy tale, where the man finds all the money which he had carried to market suddenly changed into pieces of slate"†—so completely has she cried down Frank's whole stock of complimentary discourse by one unlucky observation.

"Surely," says *Reuben Butler*, in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," when he has counted over the money his douce guid-wife has handed to him—as if to assure himself that the notes were real—"surely there was never man in the world had a wife like mine—a blessing seems to follow her." "Never," *Jeannie* assents, with sly simplicity and a pat allusion—"never since the enchanted princess in the bairn's fairy tale, that kamed gold nobles out o' the tae side of her haffit locks, and Dutch dollars out o' the tother."‡ And thereupon she bids the minister gang away now, and put by the siller, and na keep the notes wampishing in his hand that gate, or she shall wish them in the brown pigg again, for fear of the ill folk in the neighbouring hills.

So, when *Jeannie's* titled sister, now *Lady Staunton*, comes to visit the rural manse—her relationship a necessary secret from all but *Jeannie*—and amuses herself by visiting the dairy in which, as plain *Effie Deans*, she had so long been assistant, she nearly discovers herself to the dairy-woman by betraying her acquaintance with the celebrated receipt for Dunlop cheese; which makes her ladyship, a woman of wit, and humorous sadness, compare herself to *Bedreddin Hassan*, whom the vizier, his father-in-law, discovered by his superlative skill in composing cream-tarts with pepper in them.§

When *Caleb Balderstone* has coolly appropriated the cooper's dinner, and carried it off as a dainty dish to set before the Master of Ravenswood and his guests, the effect of the pursuing horseman's address to him, at first so alarming, but when boldly heard out so unaccountably reassuring, is thus illustrated: "I have heard somewhere a story of an elderly gentleman, who was pursued by a bear that had gotten loose from its muzzle, until completely exhausted. In a fit of desperation, he faced round upon Bruin and lifted his cane; at the sight of which the instinct of discipline prevailed, and the animal, instead of tearing him to pieces, rose up on his hind-legs, and instantly began to shuffle a saraband. Not less than the joyful surprise of the senior, who had supposed himself in the extremity of peril from which he was thus unexpectedly relieved, was

\* "Guy Mannering," vol. ii. ch. ix.

† "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," vol. iii. ch. xi.

‡ "Bob Roy," vol. i. ch. vi.

§ Ibid. ch. xii.

that of our excellent friend *Caleb*, when he found the pursuer intended to add to his prize, instead of bereaving him of it.\*

The reader (unless a very light reader) of "*Kennilworth*" will hardly have forgotten the occasion which causes *Flibbertigibbet* to answer *Wayland Smith's* salutation of "Ha? is it thou, my minnikin—my miller's thumb—my prince of cacodemons—my little mouse?" with a reproachfully pat allusion. "Ay," said Dickie, "the mouse which gnawed asunder the toils, just when the lion who was caught in them began to look wonderfully like an ass."†

The ostler at the Alsatian inn in "*Anne of Geierstein*," is "as sparing of his words, as if, like the Princess in the fairy tale, he had dropped ducats with each of them."‡ The bees imported into the Orkneys by *Triptolemus Yellowley* die off, not from want of care, but "of ower muckle care, like Lucky Christie's chickens."§ Poor *Peter Peebles* takes up the cue when old *Fairford* is stating, in law form, how the rule is for the client to state the cause to the agent, the agent to the counsel,— "The counsel to the Lord Ordinary," strikes in Peter, once set a-going, like the peal of an alarm-clock, "the Ordinary to the Inner-House, the President to the Bench. It is just like the rope to the man, the man to the axe, the axe to the ox, the ox to the water, the water to the fire."|| Peter's pat allusion is certainly to a sufficiently well-known story, in nursery circles, and out of them.

## INFORMATION RELATIVE TO MR. JOSHUA TUBBS AND CERTAIN MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY.

CAREFULLY COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

By E. P. ROWSELL.

### XXII.

#### BORROWING OF AN OLD FRIEND.

COME along, Tubbs, my friend, come along: I have been almost tired of waiting for you. You and I must now walk down this hill together. We will be fast companions henceforth, mind you. I shall not allow anybody to separate us, for I do so like you, Tubbs. I like you all the better for having had to wait for you. You are something of a prize now I have got you, and I am full of glee—ha, ha! Tubbs—ha, ha!

Thus spake that old demon Ruin, as he tucked Tubbs's arm under his own, and began to walk smartly with him down the hill of Fortune. Of course they were not going in that direction without companions. Old

\* "*The Bride of Lammermoor*," vol. ii. ch. v.

† "*Kennilworth*," vol. ii. ch. x.

‡ "*Anne of Geierstein*," vol. ii. ch. i.

§ "*The Pirate*," vol. ii. ch. xv.

|| "*Redgauntlet*," vol. i. letter xiii.

Ruin had a number of friends and associates who were busily occupied with the same kind intent as himself. Strangers were being assisted to the bottom of that great hill in a variety of ways. Some were chatted to and talked with, and pleasantly led on without being suffered to take the least note where they were journeying until they had almost reached their destination; others were advised and persuaded to follow that road. Again, others (and these were by far the larger number) were unceremoniously kicked from top to bottom, the poor wretches grasping, indeed, as they bounded along, at every little trifle which seemed to give a chance of staying their fall, but being always unsuccessful, and never more than for a moment resting until they lay breathless at the hill's base. Here they remained quite still until the time came, in mercy, to each of them, when a fresh impetus rolled them over once or twice more, and deposited them finally in their graves. Ruin might howl over them there as much as he pleased, but they were out of his way, and were not even disturbed by his yell of disappointment and undying hate.

Friend of mine—dear friend—let me assist you up this hill. Accept my hand. Do not distress yourself, dear friend. With my help you cannot fall. See, we are nearly at the top already. Ah! do you not allow my power to serve them whose names are entered in my book of favour? Observe these poor struggling people coming the same way with us. I do not help *them*, and so, see the huge stones which lie in their path and impede their progress. Dear friend, I cause all the stones which would hinder you to crumble into fine powder. The up-hill journey which robs these creatures of their breath is smooth, pleasant walking to you, dear friend. Ah! never fear while I smile upon you. A cloud never darkens the face upon which my eyes rest approvingly, and sunshine, indeed, blesses him to whom I give my hand as now I offer it to you.

Thus spake Good Fortune, so sweetly, so fascinatingly, to the Rev. Tolman Tawke. He kissed the hand, and rose up the Right Reverend Father, Lord Bishop of St. Giles's.

Mr. Joshua Tubbs sat in an easy arm-chair, staring at a very dull fire in his parlour grate. There was a sympathy evidently between the gloomy red of the hollow mass of coal and the character of Mr. Tubbs's thoughts. For as the fire was waning, Mr. Tubbs's spirit was fading; and as the fire reminded one of a firm relinquishing business and retiring, so Mr. Tubbs's mind rested upon a general closing and winding-up of his earthly concerns.

Verifying that ancient adage as to misfortune entertaining a great aversion to loneliness, and always preferring to pay visits and make calls in company, no sooner had Mr. Tubbs been waited on by half a dozen writs or so in the matter of the Aldgate Pump and General Life Assurance Company, than his speculative transactions of various kinds, hitherto so prosperous, turned upon him with a frown as black as night, and rivalled the attempts even of the respectable but unfortunate association named to cast him down and crush him.

So no wonder Mr. Tubbs was gloomy, and sat staring with that leaden eye at the expiring flame.

"That bill," he muttered, "must be met to-morrow without doubt, and yet, how in the world is it to be done?"

That certainly was the question. A few months back, if anybody had hinted to Mr. Tubbs that a matter of five hundred pounds would be a difficulty to him, Mr. Tubbs could either have surveyed the wretch with a pitying glance as one would look upon a very deplorable idiot, or he could have kicked him as a ship's mate would kick a negro cook, just as his humour had inclined him. But now Mr. Tubbs's resources were thin and meagre as those of a country curate, and his power of borrowing in the open market was about on a par with that of the last-named enviably-placed personage. Still it was to be hoped that difficulties might be to some extent arranged; and therefore the object now was to procure sufficient help just to satisfy clamorous and imperative demands, so that no absolute prostration should take place.

As to this bill, then, for five hundred pounds, due to-morrow—where could the means to meet it be obtained? Why, there was Smith, that fine, hearty, good-natured, and wealthy fellow—Smith, who had been such a bosom friend, who had been accustomed to come regularly once a week to dinner—he was just the man to do a little favour of this kind. Mr. Tubbs would call on Smith at once.

And he did call on Smith without delay. And Smith said how glad he was to see him, and shook him by the hand so warmly, and looked so kindly in his face, that Tubbs was quite affected. But then Smith always was such a nice, free, warm-hearted fellow.

Tubbs was not long in mentioning the object of his visit. He surrounded his request with a little army of apologies, and shifted it backwards and forwards so many times, that he seemed uncertain whether he should not withdraw it altogether.

But Mr. Smith eagerly interposed.

"My dear friend, there's no occasion to apologise. It is a most reasonable request. I am quite delighted you have made it, so pray don't distress yourself."

There was positively a tear in little Tubbs's eye. It was so kind of Smith to treat the matter in this handsome way. He could scarcely have refused, of course, but then he might have acquiesced surlily and savagely, and caused Tubbs to bemoan that he should have had to ask him the favour. Tubbs seized Smith's hand, and shook it warmly.

"Nothing gives me greater pleasure," said Smith, with fervour, "than helping a friend when it lies in my power."

"I am sincerely obliged, my dear Smith," said Tubbs—"truly obliged, I can assure—"

"Oh, you know," interposed Smith, in a half-reproving tone, and with a most benignant air, "we must all help one another in this world. What would life be without good feeling and friendly disposition amongst us?"

"Ah, what indeed!" exclaimed Tubbs, looking upwards.

"Now, in regard to this little want of yours," resumed Smith, "what pleasure it would have been to me, to be sure, to have assisted you if I had had the means."

"Eh!" exclaimed Tubbs, in amazement, for Smith being notoriously

worth fifty thousand pounds at the least, he thought he could not have heard him aright.

"I say, if I had had the means," repeated Smith, in his blandest tone, and pressing Tubbs's hand most kindly again. "But, bless you, you don't know what calls I have upon me just now."

"Eh!" exclaimed Tubbs again, still bewildered.

"What a worry money is," remarked Smith, complacently, gently rubbing his hands. "Do you know, Tubbs, I often wish there was no such thing as money in the world."

"Cannot you lend me the five hundred pounds?" inquired Tubbs, recovering himself somewhat.

"I am *so* sorry," replied Smith—"I really am so sorry—you cannot think how sorry I am. If you had asked me, now, only last week, or the week before that, or if I were not going out of town next week, or if—— Bless me, I did not know it was so late" (looking at his watch); "will you excuse me—an important engagement."

"Then you cannot lend me the five hundred pounds?" again asked Tubbs, relapsing into a dreamy state.

"I'm sorry—very sorry," replied Smith, putting on his hat—"inexpressibly sorry (ditto his gloves) to say I CANNOT."

Tubbs lifted his eyes, and was about to say something, but instead of Mr. Smith he saw Mr. Smith's footman, who was waiting to show him the door. And Tubbs slowly walked forth, and after staring for a moment at Messrs. Bracelet and Bramble, the confectioners' cart, which was standing outside, having brought materials for an elegant supper which Mr. Smith was to give that evening to about a hundred wealthy people (for with no other guests was Mr. Smith minded that *his* supper should be furnished), our poor little friend hurried homewards, with dismal forebodings as to the future.

He thought he would just try Jones about this five hundred pounds. Jones's mansion was in his way, and he would call. Having been an old friend, perhaps Jones might do the needful, although, certainly, it showed Tubbs's inexperience in the borrowing line, that he should thus feebly and inconclusively argue. For I cannot forbear a word on this point, reader. If you are really in great difficulty, in sad trouble, in miserable embarrassment, and you are disposed humbly to ask help of some one, go and make your request to that stranger walking in the road. "Eh? why, he will think me drunk, or foolish, or that I mean to insult him." I dare say he will. I have not much doubt but that he will. And yet, what would you propose to do instead? "Why, I would ask assistance at the hand of some *old friend*." Just so. I expected as much. Now let me say to you again, petition the stranger, supplicate Moses the money-lender, inquire of Grasp and Greedy the rich lawyers, what they can do for you, attack the old lady coming from the bank with her dividends—all these suggestions of mine are profound wisdom compared with your own proposition, when you are in adversity to seek help from "an old friend!" Oh, dear! this is so very absurd, so truly ridiculous; it shows your judgment to be so very much on the decline, and tells such a woeful tale of decaying intellect!

Jones was at home, and, like Smith, he was very kind. He didn't shrink at all when Tubbs asked him for the five hundred pounds. He

quietly answered that he would discount Mr. Tubbs's acceptance, with a good name at the back of it, and hinted at the governor, or deputy-governor of the Bank of England. But as Mr. Tubbs did not see his way clearly to the inducing of either these City magnates to endorse an accommodation bill for his benefit, no good was done in this quarter.

Now, it is very melancholy to relate that Tubbs was not a man of the stamp which the world delights to stare and gasp at, to parade as a marvel of goodness or of wickedness (giving preference to the latter, through its creating more excitement). Things having come to this dire pass, Tubbs should, so to speak, have made a sortie on his difficulties, and have endeavoured, by a desperate piece of swindlerian bravery, to have annihilated them; and in the event of failure he should have annihilated himself, so simultaneously destroying the fortress and its besieging army of creditors. But, unfortunately, such little gunpowder as Tubbs had in him was damped by a small stock of honesty, which, though sadly deteriorated, had not entirely lost its power of spoiling, thwarting, and upsetting many brilliant plans and projects which otherwise he might have been disposed to adopt.

And so poor Tubbs sat down moaning.

There was an end of him then, of course. When a man is really in difficulties, and he sits down bemoaning his situation, the vultures will soon gather about him and devour him. It quickly got abroad that a man who had lately made some little stir in certain circles, was about making a great stir in certain other circles—circles wherein all mishaps are sources of gratification and profit. People shook their heads, and discovered all at once that they had never liked the man, and related the strange misgivings which had filled them, even when partaking of his turtle and venison, as to his soundness and respectability. He was declared to have been a cheat, an impostor, a miserable upstart, a vulgar fellow. Mr. Smith said to Mr. Jones, "I told you so;" and Mr. Jones remarked, "Yes; I expected what would be the end of it." And when the final crash had come, and Mr. Tubbs's insolvency in respect of a good round sum, represented by five figures, was openly proclaimed, a cheap weekly newspaper, which mainly lived on crimes, bankruptcies, and such like appetising matters, presented its readers with a portrait of the unfortunate, together with divers pieces of information regarding him, his family, and his ancestors, as false and malicious as the concoctors of the vile trash were mean and base.

Down they came upon him. Everybody who had a claim upon him hurried to get that claim settled first. No one had any mercy. They sold his furniture, they locked him up in prison, they made him bankrupt—they tugged and clawed at him like so many fiends. And Tubbs's little reign was over. The tiny grocer's shop recurred to his mind, and a longing to return to his old humble pursuits took possession of him, and haunted him night and day.



## XXIII.

## THE END OF ROSA VANRUEN'S JOURNEY.

THERE were seven parties to the suit, and seventeen counsel to be heard. The learned vice-chancellor was now enduring the sixth, who, having divided his argument under fourteen heads, was just glancing at a few subsidiary matters bordering upon a third point out of five points embraced by the first of the said heads. His honour seemed to say that this point was not material, whereas Mr. Mylud opined that it was, which led to a conversation as to some custom prevalent at the time of William the Conqueror. The sixteen other counsel here joined in, and after much discussion, and after the whole learned body had settled on the said custom like bees on honeysuckle for a clear half hour, it was found that the flood of light which was so much required to reveal the truth of this difficult question must yet be sought elsewhere, whereupon Counsel No. 7 proceeded to try his hand and raise his voice. But his honour had had enough for the day, and adjourned.

We will not trouble the reader with a minute account of the progress of the great cause of VanRuen *versus* Judkins. Suffice it to say that the whole seventeen counsel were heard, but the effect upon the vice-chancellor for a time was serious. Tough as he was, irritation of the brain ensued, and not even mention of the case was allowed for a lengthened period. However, one fine morning his honour proceeded to deliver judgment, and sundry faces in court turned pale with intense anxiety.

And a wonderful judgment it was. Whither had fled all that mystification with which the real points at issue had been so carefully surrounded?—what had become of that plausible vesture of exaggeration and falsehood, artfully interwoven, which had been cast about the real question? His honour was not to be blinded or deceived. He brought out the case in its true colours, he presented it in its true proportions. Even the beaten party were dismayed and silent, mortified and subdued. There was no room here for appeal. That fortunate young lady, Miss VanRuen, about whom there were such curious conversations in the court, was declared entitled, under some will of an old Indian nabob, defunct half a century ago, to an enormous fortune. "Lucky girl! Is she engaged?" asked every young barrister still in single blessedness, and with an empty brief-bag.

The instant the judgment was concluded, one of the spectators in court, a young man, pale as through recent illness, immediately departed, and hurrying to a railway station, northward, took the train to a village about thirty miles distant. Arrived at his destination, he proceeded to a small but pretty dwelling not far off. Here some one opened the door hastily to him, saying:

"Marsden, in one word——"

"For the plaintiff," said Marsden, divining the other's meaning, and passing hastily into the house.

It was Mr. Christian who had met Marsden. Their hands clasped, and they did not speak again for some moments.

"If this had come sooner," said Mr. Christian, slowly, "the poor girl up-stairs might perhaps have been saved."

"Is she then so ill?" inquired Marsden, sadly.

"There has never appeared to me really any chance of her recovery. That a constitution like hers should even so far have rallied was wonderful."

"How well I recollect the night," said Marsden, "when, myself so sorrowful in mind, so ill in body, I met one upon whom had fallen a burden heavier than that which had been laid on me. It was a mighty lesson to me. I shall never forget the anguish, the absolute despair, of that long night when I wandered along the sea-shore, and, in my bitterness, cursed the hour of my birth. It seemed to me as though some blight had rested on me from my first hour, and I could not conceive a worse condition than my own. But when, scared and horrified, I saw *her* lying on that cold, wet sand, so desolate and forlorn, and apparently at the point of death, my heart told me that here was a fate even worse than mine, and a humiliation with which mine could not compare."

"Yes, poor girl," said Mr. Christian, "I, too, shall not forget your bringing her in in your arms. At first I fear I was minded to be very uncharitable. It seemed a serious charge to come to us almost as soon as we had settled in our new abode. But who could resist my dear Emily's appeal to do what we could for the poor outcast. Thank God, I yielded to it."

"Is Emily up-stairs?" inquired Marsden.

"She scarcely ever leaves Miss VanRuen," replied Mr. Christian.

"Did you see anything of Winks in London?"

"Yes; he is coming down to-morrow night."

"I hope he will come in better temper than he left."

"Oh, there was nothing in that. Winks is a little inclined to be jealous of everybody just now. What a fuss he made last summer because Emily had been seen riding with young Butcher! However, I suppose Emily will, ere long, reward, as he deserves to be rewarded, one of the best and kindest-hearted men that ever lived."

"I'm afraid this will be a house of mourning before it can be a scene of rejoicing," replied Mr. Christian. "But I must tell Emily the news, and the poor sufferer too, gently. Too abruptly might destroy her, weak as she is now. Will you follow me presently?"

Marsden nodded, and Mr. Christian left the room. After a short interval, Marsden ascended to a little sitting-room up-stairs, wherein, on a sofa, lay Rosa VanRuen, with Mr. and Emily Christian near her.

The great news had evidently been told, for all were flushed with excitement.

Rosa held out her hand, and said faintly,

"So you have come to tell me that I am rich—very rich—Mr. Marsden?"

Marsden shook her hand gently, but did not reply. He then greeted Emily Christian, who seemed rejoiced at his return (but mainly, as we must believe, because it heralded another return on the morrow).

"What a beautiful evening!" he remarked.

The window (open) near them commanded a glorious view over miles of superb country, flooded now with the light of the dying sun. The soft air came stealing in with the odour of honeysuckle and roses, which clustered round the window. Not the faintest sound broke the deep silence.

Rosa gazed earnestly on the scene. "Such a contrast to that evening," she murmured.

"What evening, dear Rosa?" asked Emily, bending over her.

"The evening when I began that long journey," faintly answered Rosa. "It is drawing to its close now," she added.

They all came nearer to her, and gazed upon her with mingled feelings of surprise and anxiety.

"How it rained! how cold it was!" she resumed, with a shiver. "How they turned from me as I hurried through the streets! Oh that evening, when I began my journey, how different to this, when it is near its end!"

Marsden hastily whispered something to Mr. Christian, and the latter, much agitated, drew his daughter aside, and appeared to endeavour to persuade her to retire. But the invalid spoke:

"Emily, don't leave me now, dear girl. Be with me *only a few minutes longer*."

Who could resist this appeal? Emily took the hand of the dying girl (yes, she was dying). "No, no, I am with you," she said, gently.

"All that has passed since that evening," resumed Rosa, "seems like a dream. How thankful should I be for the events which have since occurred. That you should have received me here" (addressing Mr. Christian), "wretched outcast as I was; that almost immediately afterwards there should have dawned upon me the good fortune which has now been realised; and that in this hour you all should be around me when—— But where is Mr. Marsden?"

Marsden took her other hand.

"Oh, I would not for worlds have failed to say a parting word to you," she continued. "You saved my life when it was fleeting from me in pain and misery. Dear friend, who so fitly should witness its passing now in peace and happiness?"

They saw, of course, that she was rapidly leaving them, and gazed upon her in mournful silence.

The great change slowly crept over her: the scene darkened without and within.

Oh that night of death which awaiteth all, how should we pray that it may come to us gently, softly, peacefully! so that calmly we may fall asleep in sure hope of waking to a glorious mornow in a brighter world! As Rosa VanRuen now glides into the mighty ocean of eternity, my mental eye turns strangely, perhaps, but involuntarily, to many an admired beauty in the fashionable assembly, the glittering ball-room, the crowded theatre. I behold life in its intensity—life with every fascination round it; but at this solemn moment such scenes of dazzling brightness appear to me poor and dim, gloomy and unsatisfying, compared with that afforded by the small death-chamber before me, now flooded with the rich glory of opening heaven.

Yes, as the earthly sunlight faded, that nobler effulgence illuminated the little room. Say not that it was fancy: as that pure spirit passed to God, a sound of angels' voices reached the ears of those who watched and wept, and heavenly brightness rested on them. And they looked upwards to the starry heavens as Rosa VanRuen's new home, and prayed that they might meet her there in a future day.

## XXIV.

## THE TUBBS PAPERS ARE EXHAUSTED.

IN a cheap, quiet little house in the suburbs of London, behold Mr. Joshua Tubbs and family. The bishop came forward when things were at their worst, and allowed his father-in-law a certain annual sum, upon the which he has lived to the present time. On the whole he is quite as happy now as he was in his temporary exaltation. He would be happier if he could resume his shop; but the bishop objects to this. Mrs. Tubbs by no means admires the change, but makes the best of it. Young Mr. Tubbs, who in the days of prosperity had been leading a life of idleness, felt acutely stricken and bowed down when he became a clerk in the Wastepaper-office, under government, and used to make his appearance at home about five o'clock in the afternoon with a very pale and distressed countenance. Even he, however, fell into the new train of things at last, and now copies his half-dozen letters, and answers his half-dozen inquiries per diem, with a devotion and a stern determination to do his duty to his country worthy of great admiration.

The firm of Butcher and Mangle is defunct. Mr. Butcher retired, and died a month afterwards. The pleasant stimulus afforded by sharp law practice having been too abruptly withdrawn, the blood in Mr. Butcher's veins waxed chill, and ere long ceased to circulate. His revered remains lie under a highly ornamented stone in a country churchyard, and no youthful aspirant after the particular description of fame achieved by the lamented deceased ever passes that tombstone without feeling, if it should be his high privilege to do even one half the mischief done in his professional lifetime by the legal luminary sweetly sleeping there, how happy and wealthy he shall be.

The Thorneley pride—ah! how it fell when poor Mary ceased to be. Old Mr. Thorneley bowed his head then, and never raised it again. Even as he had sown, so did he reap.

Winks married Emily Christian, and Harry Butcher talked at the club about calling him out; but he didn't do it. Instead, he turned his attention to Miss Gripe, the money-lender's daughter, and finally married her. When the deed was done, Mr. Harry repented, and thought that of all the persons in this world the least likely to make him happy was the lady to whom he had just been united. Too late to mend now, Harry Butcher. Others have made similar discoveries, but, miserable creatures as ye are, ye are beyond help, and ye must bear patiently your burdens. Like some incurable diseases, they will only get worse if you attempt to remove them.

Three people were rendered very wealthy by a will which Rosa VanRuen had made in anticipation of a verdict in her favour—Mr. and Emily Christian, and Henry Marsden. In regard to the latter, therefore, all the troubles and mortifications attendant upon poverty were at an end. Alas! that wealth could not bring back that great source of happiness irretrievably lost. Riches had conferred position and influence. The now unfettered and vigorous exercise of an intellect above mediocrity might bring honour and distinction; but Mary Thorneley was in her grave, and there is a shade over Henry Marsden's happiness which no sunshine of prosperity or fame will ever banish.

## THE BATHS OF LUCCA.

BY FLORENTIA.

## VI.

Fêtes at Lucca—Vespers, Illuminations.

LONG had we anticipated going to these fêtes, the first I had an opportunity of witnessing in the land of stoled priests and gorgeous ceremonies; and when the day really arrived (Monday, the 13th of September), I rose early, finding it impossible to waste the hours in bed in my present state of delighted expectation. A fine day was certain, for the parting clouds over the mountains to the east indicated sunshine and blue sky.

Well, here we are in the good city of Lucca, swarming with people, mostly *contadini* from the neighbouring hills, and strangers, like ourselves, arrived from the Baths or Florence. No sooner were we installed in our apartments at the Universo—where the padrone received us with a politeness very suspicious to my mind, as indicative of his determination of cheating us—than we had no end of visitors.

First and foremost appeared Baldassare, the Adonis of the Baths, his handsome face beaming with delight in the hopes of escorting us—a hope which I internally determined should be doomed to disappointment. What is beauty without expression? is a question that has often been asked, but never with more reason than *à propos* of this young man, whose features, chiselled in the most classical mould, are positively unpleasant from their extreme vacuity.

But I must not be too severe. He is at least good-natured, and on the present occasion had done all that he could devise to make our stay agreeable. So, leaving to the proud houses of the Orsetti and the Bernardini the task of settling the claims of their low-born townsman, I cordially thanked him for all his exertions in our behalf.

Were we well?—were we pleased with our room?—should he take a box for that evening at the theatre?

I replied *Yes* to all these questions, by which time the youth had placed himself in a statuesque attitude, and was gazing at the ceiling with all the expression he could muster. I was rapidly growing weary of a flagging conversation (for Baldassare, when not dancing, has nothing in the world to say), when the door opened, and the Countess T. appeared. Giving a patronising nod to the aspiring beauty, she advanced towards me, full of her usual hopes and fears. She pitied me for the long drive I had had from the Baths, for being in an hotel, for not having dined; in fact, for everything, I was called "*poveretta*." She was shabbily dressed, yet had a certain distinguished air about her that would have redeemed her in any society. She speaks such pretty, soft Italian, and has such a gentle way of pressing one's hand and looking lachrymously in one's face, which, although it means nothing in all the world, and is done to every one whom she considers worthy of the honour, still pleases at the moment, and makes one like her. To hear her talk, one would have thought my enjoyment at the coming fêtes was to her a

matter of the greatest moment, so earnest were her hopes, so pathetic her fears.

"You must remember, *cara signora*," repeated she, "that the court not being at Lucca, there will be none of the gaiety and *éclat* we usually look for—no opera, no balls, no *accademia*; but still"—and she pressed my hand—"I trust you, who are so amiable and so good, will be amused; also the *signora* sister," turning towards R., who, not speaking a syllable of Italian, could only bow and smile. "*Cara amica*, if I can be of any service to you, command me and my house—*tutto è a sua disposizione*—you are the mistress." And the good-natured little countess again took my hand.

Baldassare, seeing no probable conclusion to this affectionate scene, in which he could take no share, having earnestly gazed at his boots, arranged his hair in an opposite mirror, and sat for some time staring like a handsome Grecian mask, took his leave for the present. He was rather in awe of the countess, who, being too dignified to patronise, acted on him rather as a damper. Besides, he did not exactly like us to see the precise estimation in which the doctor's son was held by the high-born dames of Lucca.

The countess and I, seated side by side on a couch, became tenderly affectionate, and I was called "*poveretta*" over and over again. I offered her my carriage; she responded by renewed offers of her house and all it contained. At this touching crisis, our interview was cut short in the most pathetic moment, when for the twentieth time she had pressed my hand and called me "*poveretta*," by the appearance of a round, good-natured face peeping apologetically in at the door. This was a face we both knew—the excellent Cavaliere Trenta—who, as his cards express it, being chamberlain to his royal and imperial highness the Grand Duke of Tuscany, commands everywhere a certain position. When the cavaliere, with his white hat and orthodox blue coat and gold buttons, had fairly got into the room, I warmly welcomed him. He, on his part, was charmed to see us. "*Sempre belle—sempre amabili*," as he flatteringly said. The countess, too, received him graciously, and called him *Cesarino*, or *little Caesar*—rather a droll diminutive addressed to a fat old man. But as he was the head of one of the oldest noble families in the city, and resided in a palazzo twice as big as her own, the countess considered it safe to be facetious. But Trenta cared little for her or her condescensions. All his attention was fixed on us, and the idea of escorting us about occupied him entirely.

He declared he felt young again—able to do anything and go anywhere "*coll' amabile signora*"—and actually began to show his agility by dancing. But we persuaded him not to over-exert himself, and at length got him reseated for the present. The countess now departed, shaking her little fair curls, set in stiff rows round her face, with the nods and bows she bestowed on me.

We now walked out in order to see the progress of the preparations; and as we passed through the town it was evident some great event was in *petto* from the additional bustle and activity in the streets. The crowds collected at the various cafés, and the display of all sorts of goods in the shops and on the tables planted at the corners of the various thoroughfares, told of some solemnity. If I possessed any proper know-

ledge of architecture, I might aspire to describe the cathedral a rich specimen of Lombard gothic; but, unhappily, I do not understand the mysteries of architecture, the very nomenclature proper to descriptions of famous buildings is to me a closed book, and I can only put down my impressions of what I see in the simple vernacular. It is very beautiful and very ancient, dating from the year 1060. Alexander the Second, previously Bishop of Lucca, commenced its erection during his papacy, out of the love and regard he bore to his native town.

The façade is formed by a multitude of small open arches supported by half-pillars, rising tier above tier, and resting below on the solid arcades which form the portals or porches; along the sides of these porches appear a series of curious basso-relievos, which are much esteemed—one in particular, by the hand of Niccolò Pisano, sculptor of the wonderful Baptistery at Pisa. At one corner of the edifice springs a lofty campanile, light and airy in appearance, being raised, like the façade, on a series of open arches. On entering the Duomo, it would be difficult to pronounce on its size, so perfect are its proportions; it is, however, of very large dimensions, consisting of a vast nave, with spacious aisles on either side, and a choir and transept. The pillars supporting the nave are somewhat heavy and massive, but the ceiling, which instantly catches the eye from its rich colouring of deep blue, admirably relieves the somewhat stern character of the architecture; when I saw it, however, all aspect of sternness had disappeared, for the pillars and entablature were decorated with rich crimson damask, bordered and striped with gold, giving the church the appearance of a splendid ecclesiastical drawing-room. Along the top of the arches in the nave runs a gallery, or lattice, carved in the most delicate gothic fretwork imaginable; at a distance, one might believe it was lace, so fragile do the beautiful patterns cut in the massive stone appear. Here and there a fine old window of painted glass, glowing in deep rich shades of blue and red, flung down radiant shadows aslant the aisles, heightening the gorgeous appearance of the interior. The spacious edifice was in total solitude, save here and there a few solitary figures kneeling in the shadow of an overhanging altar. Trimmed and furnished for the fête, spotless and beautiful in its gorgeous trappings, the effect of the Duomo was indeed striking. Everything spoke of expectation, of anticipation: the guests were all bidden; the vast pillared aisles were wreathed; the altars were laid; all waited the hour and the moment when silence would burst into strains of delicious melody, when twilight would vanish into floods of glorious light illuminating every column, and solitude would give place to a mighty multitude, crowding the steps, the porticos, filling every chapel, occupying every space.

That any such reflections as these occurred to the mind of the worthy old cavaliere, I much doubt, but he enjoyed the church also, in his own way. On entering, he declared it to be the very finest Duomo in all Italy, and defied any one to assert the contrary; which proposition, not being contradicted, he looked on as an admitted fact. It was devotional, he said; to demonstrate which fact he knelt down at every altar, in the most unaccountable places, and in so abrupt a manner, that I several times was in danger of falling over him. One moment he was expatiating on the antiquity of the edifice; the next, before I could reply, he was kneeling on the bare stones, muttering prayers with a

velocity quite astonishing; which done, he instantly rose and continued his discourse, only to repeat the same performance the very next minute.

After he had regaled himself sufficiently with this devotional exercise, we proceeded round the building. First, he led me to a circular chapel, standing in the midst of the nave, in defiance of perspective or general effect, covered with gilding, and surrounded by multitudes of gold and silver lamps, and innumerable glass chandeliers. Upon the altar the miraculous crucifix, or *Volto Santo*, in whose honour the fêtes of the Santa Croce are given, reposes. This miraculous image, supposed to being every kind of prosperity to the good city of Lucca, is said to have been carved by Nicodemus. As yet the *Volto Santo* was not exposed, but stood shrouded by a veil of crimson silk. Near the chapel of this famous image—the peculiar object of devotion to every native Luccan—stands an exquisite ideal statue of San Sebastiano, by Civitalis, the celebrated Luccan sculptor. In the centre of the nave an iron cross descended from the roof, within which some flax was placed. It is the privilege of the Archbishop of Lucca, together with the Pope, during the singing of the “*Sic transit gloria mundi*,” to light this flax on all grand occasions; so the flax lay prepared to be fired at the approaching fêtes. The high altar, standing in a deep semicircular choir, was richly decorated with silver crosses, candlesticks, and plate; to the left appeared the chapel, dedicated to the independence of Lucca, now dwindled to a name, which the fine sculptures of Giovanni of Bologna, beside the altar, will long outlive. Here, in the palmy days of this once sturdy little republic, which contrived to maintain its liberty from the time of the Lombards until our own century, the gonfalonieri and magistrates yearly knelt, and registered solemn vows and prayers for the defense and preservation of the national independence. A few old crones were all that remained to offer up their prayers at the altar of national liberty, whose very shadow has now fled, to be replaced by the alien sway of an Austrian, who cares as little for Lucca as Lucca does for him.

After admiring the cathedral sufficiently, we were joined by Baldassara, who insisted on our immediately taking our places in the palchi. The procession to the altar began to form soon after we were seated. Priests and canons in black, red, and purple, issued from the sacristy, awaiting the arrival of the archbishop, who appeared at last, dressed in splendid robes of crimson, but wearing his spectacles. At his appearance the crowd of priests rapidly formed into pairs, and entered the choir, where, after making low obeisances before the altar, they took their seats on either side; the archbishop, mounting the steps, seated himself on his throne, surrounded by the canons, also wearing mitres. The service now began in good earnest; bursts of magnificent martial music broke forth from the galleries, precisely resembling an overture to an opera; not a note or cadence expressed the solemnity of church music; all was of the earth earthy, and I could hardly persuade myself I was not seated in a box at Covent Garden hearing the “*Prophète*.” Night had now closed in, the chandeliers were lit, and the whole cathedral assumed a character of gorgeous brilliancy quite overwhelming. The floods of light that irradiated the chapel of the *Volto Santo* were dazzling: hundreds of candle-labors, like so many constellations, shone around it, and rays of bright light issuing from within increased the brilliancy. The aisles, before so



desolate, were now thronged with a moving mass of thousands, all pressing towards that glittering chapel. The fumes of the incense perfumed the heavy air; the music echoed through the aisles in strain after strain of rich harmony, taken up first by one orchestra, then by the other, in responsive chorus: now, one organ thundered forth in mighty melody, then the other replied; the voices on this side responded to those opposite; until every sense was intoxicated by the glorious scene appealing to every sense with such powerful eloquence.

After a time, I began to observe the company in the tribune seated around us. On one chair sat a priest, so fat and bloated his very robes seemed as if they must crack with the immense internal pressure; a large double-chin rested on a dirty white collar; his eyelids, heavy with sleep, were partially closed. Next him sat a lady, who certainly had forgotten she was in a church, for she never ceased talking and laughing one instant with a gentleman sitting in the row behind her. There was a levity in her whole manner highly displeasing. But no one looked shocked; not even the scrupulous cavalier of mine, who, however, himself abstained from all conversation. In a seat near him was a little hunchback dwarf, so low in stature that his head barely reached the top of the chair. He was the only person near me holding a prayer-book, which he studied with unwearied attention. Not one moment were his lips closed, and the prayers he muttered ought to have relieved his soul from years of purgatory. By him was seated an Italian nobleman to whom I had been previously introduced. His red face and martial grey moustache, added to a very common expression of countenance, looked anything but aristocratic. His countess, who sat beside him, was equally vulgar, something like a broken-down housekeeper out of place, dressed in rusty black. I have heard of a gentleman who, seeing his own cook crossing the hall in her Sunday best, so entirely mistook her as bowingly to escort her into the drawing-room, and beg her to be seated whilst he called his wife to receive her. But the noble lady near me was in the other extreme; and if she had been seen by a stranger in the lofty apartments of her own palace, she would infallibly have been taken for her own maid-servant, and desired to retire.

The music had never entirely ceased. Occasionally the instrumental pieces were varied by vocal music, and voices of great beauty and of that peculiar mellow quality so common in Italy, made the old arches echo with many a melting cadence. One barytone in particular sang a solo with fine effect, his voice telling wonderfully well in the solemn music allotted to him. Then came a chorus, given with a precision that reminded one of the performances at Covent Garden: taken up alternately by either orchestra, in a kind of musical conversation, the effect was grand and original—at least to me, unaccustomed as I am to Italian church music. Then there was a beautiful concerto, played by a boy on the violin, accompanied by the orchestra, which was also charming, and rested the ear, fatigued by the noise of the powerful instrumental performance.

At last, for even the most delightful enjoyments will weary one, I began to grow tired; the pieces of music seemed interminable, and what psalms or prayers they possibly made to last out so many hours I cannot divine. No one seemed to know in the least what they were chanting; even old

Trento, learned as he usually is in such matters, only replied generally, "that they were the Vespers." That such operatic music can produce one devotional feeling I utterly disbelieve, and support my opinion on the light and frivolous conduct of those around me, who evidently considered the whole display in the light of a concert. No one can listen to such melody, calculated to delight the most fastidious ear, amid such a scene of beauty as the illuminated Duomo presented that night, where the eye revelled in luxurious contemplation, without a *certain* feeling of excitement and exaltation that transports one out of oneself into an ideal world. But this chaotic and indefinable feeling, whether directed to heaven above or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, is not *religion*, and woe, indeed, to those who deceive themselves into the notion that such confused and dreamy aspirations (vague as the echoes of the music that aroused them) draw them nearer to heaven, or are acceptable to the Deity. The music ceased at last, or only sighed forth in a few bars of incoherent sweetness. Vespers were ended. The archbishop rose, and was attended by his suite, many of whom issued from behind the grand altar, where I doubt not they had enjoyed a comfortable sleep during the musical service. The dense crowd, which waded to and fro, like the billows of a troubled sea, filling the whole body of the vast edifice, with difficulty parted to let them pass. Administering blessings with his two fingers as he swept by, the archbishop, always wearing his spectacles, at length disappeared under the shadow of the hangings of the gallery to the left of the altar, where the sacristy was situated.

The crowd was overwhelming in the vicinity of the chapel of the Holy Countenance, now one gorgeous mass of illumination. But we were determined to see the crucifix, and, nothing daunted, pushed on in the throng, which entered at one side of the chapel and made their exit opposite. Literally at the risk of having our clothes torn off, we reached the entrance, guarded by a sentinel, and never shall I forget the horrible impression made on me by the miraculous image. Illuminated by a blaze of light that fully displayed every line, a horrible black figure as large as life was suspended on a crucifix over the altar. The hideous white staring eyes, resembling large glass beads, actually seemed to glare on us; altogether, it was the most unpleasing sight I ever beheld, the life-size of the figure tending to increase the disagreeable impression. The head, leaning to one side, and the hands, were all that were visible of the black figure, the remainder of the body and limbs being clothed with more than royal splendour. A crown of gold glittering with costly jewels encircled the head; a velvet robe spangled with magnificent embroidery, down the front of which ran a broad belt of solid gold set with jewels, descended to the feet, cased in shoes of solid gold, one resting on a sacramental cup of the same metal. The glittering magnificence of the figure, thus loaded with priceless splendour, increased tenfold the sinister aspect of the black face—more like a frightful monster seen in a nightmare than anything else. On either side stood two beautifully sculptured angels, one holding a massive golden sceptre set with diamonds, costly in itself, but appearing quite insignificant beside the glittering mass of gold and jewels heaped on the cross and figure. The

other angel presented the keys of the city, formed of silver, and in a supplicating attitude seemed to implore the protection of the image. Behind the altar, in a little niche, stood a priest, to whom the crowd of peasants, as they passed through the chapel, presented their crosses and rosaries, which, after rubbing on the golden shoe, he returned to them to kiss. Now and then, when some monk or privileged person approached, the priest left his little nook, of which they took possession, and themselves kissed and handled the golden shoe, which rested in the sacramental cup,—for what particular purpose I cannot imagine, as such an appendage could not be considered as a part of the original crucifix. I have heard the jewels and gold worn by the figure estimated at sixty thousand pounds, but I do not think the value is known with certainty. It is, however, one of the richest images in Italy, and received some sumptuous gifts from the munificence—or extravagance—of the Princess Marie Baciocchi. The city, too, proud of this monstrous statue, supposed to be the prime cause of the national prosperity, is almost yearly increasing its value by some rich offering, as was the case on a late occasion, when a splendid golden sceptre was presented. Also, a few years back, a large lamp of pure gold, now suspended before the chapel, was given as a mark of grateful acknowledgment to the image for having ward off the attacks of the cholera, so fatal in its effects at Leghorn. After Trenta had duly performed his pious orison on the steps of the altar, and also kissed the golden shoe, and we had gazed sufficiently on the mass of gold and jewels, lit up by floods of light streaming from innumerable lamps and candelabra, we made our way out of the chapel towards the entrance.

The cool night air was delicious after the heated atmosphere, heavy with incense and with the breath of thousands crowded within the church, and we paused under the arched portico to arrange the course we were to take in order to see the illuminations.

A dispute instantly commenced between our two viceroes as to the best route to take, in which I carefully avoided taking part. After they had railed at each other with true Italian rapidity, and settled the matter to their own satisfaction, we set forth. On reaching the piazza, surrounded with trees, one side of which is occupied by the Ducale Palazzo, a beautiful scene opened out: it was as bright as day, festoons of lights were garlanded from tree to tree, and the whole of the vast façade of the palace was illuminated by lamps, every window wreathed with burning torches. People may fancy that gas is indispensable to a grand illumination, but that such is not the case the brilliant aspect of Lucca “the industrious” on that very night will prove. The streets were actually refulgent with light, and when we had reached the neighbouring Piazza of San Michele, on which stands that exceedingly quaint old church with its tiers of small arches piled one above the other over the portal, surmounted with a gilt statue of the archangel, one might distinguish every line, and trace every carving on the illuminated front, bristling with lights, rows of lamps being suspended along each arched story. Every single house in this piazza, as also the houses in all the principal streets, was provided with iron branches bearing three large lamps, besides the thousand lights that illuminated every window, and large torches fixed along the fronts of the buildings. No one house was left in utter dark-

ness, contrasting with some bright neighbour, as in London. The illumination was universal; every window glistened; the *ensemble* completing and filling the eye with the uniform and appropriate arrangement, specially effective in the façade of some immense palace, such as appeared here and there along the outstretching lines. The crowd was dense, and it was with difficulty we could proceed, but every one was quite civil and well behaved; no cries, no oaths, no drunkenness degraded the population, but all innocently enjoyed the novelty of the scene. In our walk we passed by the palaces of the Guinigi, the Gressetti, and the Nobili, with many another historic name, recalling various recollections of the feuds of the middle ages, when Lucca, the beloved and favourite city of the imperial Othos and Henrys, proudly boasted her valuable privileges over the other Tuscan cities. The windows of each house were filled with spectators; the cafés below were thronged with guests, who, lounging on the seats and forms, surveyed the passing crowd. Old Trenta, armed with a large stick, protected me very skilfully from the onslaughts of dirty urchins and rude *contadini*. When any one was particularly boisterous and pushing, he reminded him somewhat sharply of the respect due to his superiors; when his expostulations were unheeded, he grew very savage, and forgetting the weight of his eighty summers, seemed vastly inclined to knock the offenders down. Every now and then we paused to contemplate some particularly striking *coup d'œil*, where three or four converging streets displayed long lines of quivering brilliancy. But such spirits as our young and old escort were not long in harmony as to the course we were to pursue, and as the procession was momentarily expected to arrive, they fell out as to where we should best see it pass. Stopping full in the midst of the dense crowd, they began a loud dispute, Baldassare declaring that Trenta did not know what he was about, to which the cavaliere replied that, on the contrary, Baldassare, as usual, was on the point of committing one of his usual imbecilities. The dispute waxed high; I vainly endeavoured to appease them by declaring that all was equally new and agreeable to us; but such pacific assurances went quite unheeded; their Italian blood was up, their nimble tongues set going, and to stop them seemed impossible. At length the old cavaliere, who was obviously in the right, and gave very excellent reasons for wishing to return to our apartments, whose windows commanded the front of the Duomo, called Baldassare "un impertinente," and told him to hold his tongue—"perchè parlava inutilmente." This enraged that gentleman in the highest degree. He actually grew red in the face, and sternly begged the cavaliere to remember he might bear a *joke*, but we to any man who should offer him an *insult*—a *boutade* that only made Trenta laugh with a kind of quiet contempt at the rage of the doctor's son and heir. He continued quietly to pursue his path until all further progress was stopped by the pressure of the dense crowd accompanying the approaching procession passing from the Duomo to the church of San Frediano, where, according to ancient custom, it is met by the archbishop. A long train of monks emerged from the dense crowd, with clasped hands, muttering prayers, but staring about them, nevertheless, without the least reserve. Here were Augustans, Dominicans, Capuchins, Franciscans, and regulars, dressed in every variety of costume, some with brown robes, fastened round the waist with cords; some—

the Dominicans—in white draperies with black hoods and capes ; while others were attired in the usual clerical close-fitting costume of black, with small, short cloaks fastened to their white collars; crucifixes, crosses, and banners dividing the separate fraternities, were borne by small acolytes. Every one, as these symbols passed, bowed and took off his hat ; many, indeed, remaining uncovered the whole time. Among the latter was the old chamberlain, who, scrupulously devoted to etiquette and precisely devout, always knew exactly the proper thing to do on every occasion. A more unpleasant, ill-favoured set of men than the priests, with tonsured heads and close-cut hair, I never looked upon. Fat, greasy, their appearance gave rise to the most unpleasant ideas of dirt and filth, making one carefully avoid their very contact. On they filed in long lines, “black spirits and white, red spirits and grey.” Last of all came the canons, wearing white mitres, and closing the first part of the procession, which was soon to receive great additions from numbers waiting to join the archbishop at San Frediano. The cavaliere now hastened towards the hotel, determined to place us there, in order to be near the ceremonies that were to conclude the evening. Baldassare, who had exhausted himself in the late encounter, followed, silent and submissive. He had made himself ridiculous, and shown in how little esteem he was held by the cavaliere. Perhaps, too, he remembered that anger was exceedingly unbecoming, and that his classical face never looked so well as when in a state of statue-like repose.

By degrees our party had swollen into quite a little reunion, and we sat round, talking and awaiting the arrival of the procession. On it came, a grand and solemn throng, escorted by the military, and accompanied by hundreds of acolytes and priests bearing large lighted torches. The bells rang, cannons fired, and military music from time to time burst forth in a martial strain. The darkness of the night increased the effect of the illuminations, which were peculiarly brilliant in the vicinity of the Duomo. Every house blazed with lamps and torches, fastened to doors and windows, and the candles carried in the procession itself looked like fireworks as they glanced among the dense masses of the assembled crowd. The various fraternities we had before encountered passed first, in long lines, their dingy draperies looking still darker from the light thrown by the torches. Next followed the Gonfaloniere—that ancient name still remaining to recal the days of republican independence—attended by the prefect and the officers of the municipality, dressed in flowing robes and mantles of black silk, carrying in their hands grotesquely-shaped, round, black velvet hats, bound with gold lace. The judges followed—in number twelve—grave and reverend signiors, dressed somewhat like the former group. After these personages had filed by, came the canons richly attired in crimson damask, still wearing white mitres, a dress they did not appear to alter through the entire fêtes. Then, last of all, walked the archbishop, a moving mass of crimson and gold, the rich folds of his vestments blazing in the torchlight and sweeping the stones as he passed. He appeared to be rapt in deep devotion, his hands were clasped in prayer, and his lips moved incessantly.

We now descended to the street, intending to enter the Duomo with the procession, in order to hear the music. The cavaliere took possession of me, and pressed on immediately in the rear of the archbishop, spite of

the opposition of the sentinels, whose remonstrances he put down in a tone of authority that quite imposed on them. Seeing only an old man, whose silver hair and venerable aspect commanded respect, accompanied by a young woman, we found favour in their sight, and they actually allowed us to join in the procession. Perhaps they set me down for some distinguished visitor, escorted by the grand duke's chamberlain—a foreign princess at least—and so allowed us to pass. Why we were permitted such signal honours, granted *only* to sovereignty, I cannot say, but they *were* granted to us; and while the rest of the party were groping about in the dense crowd, we were proudly stepping along through opening lines of thousands of spectators, and attracting no small portion of the general attention. I had come to Lucca to see the procession, and lo! I was actually myself forming one of it. The cavaliere looked delighted, his bland and courtier-like countenance beaming with gratified pride. I bore my honours as if they were my rightful due, and strode along with a dignity and composure worthy of Antonina, Grand Duchess of Tuscany. The immense crowd through which we passed increased in number. Large bodies of troops were standing in the piazza under arms, and the band thundered forth full and joyous strains of inspiring music, an appropriate expression of the delight and exultation beaming in the happy faces around, lit up by thousands of torches and flambeaux that danced and glared in all directions. The three vast portals of the Duomo, raised on flights of broad steps, displayed the whole of the vast interior, glistening as if on fire. Masses of light hung from every pillar, and descended from the roof in innumerable candelabra, shining like so many constellations of bright stars. A passage was with difficulty formed by the soldiers down the centre of the aisle; but, at last, a wide opening space admitted the procession, which passed with slow and measured steps towards the choir. As I stood for a moment on the steps of the entrance, I lost all sense of individuality, and seemed actually moving in a dream; the scene around was so grand and overwhelming, so pompously magnificent, and, above all, so novel, that I fairly felt transported out of myself into an ideal world, glorious and triumphant, formed of all the parts of this wondrous whole, the deception being powerfully increased by the deep gloom of the surrounding night, lending to outward objects an unreal and fantastic aspect. Never shall I forget that moment; it was enchantment—I neither remembered who I was nor where I stood.

As we entered the church, peals of the most heavenly music burst, echoing from either side, in strains of rich and delicious harmony. The organs, the crashing instruments, the mass of voices, all joined in one loud hosanna of rejoicing and praise, grand as it was glorious. My trance was ended—the overwhelming effect of the music had aroused me—tears rushed to my eyes, and I was my own humble self again, escorted by the old chamberlain, and excessively stared at by the thousands through whose dividing ranks we slowly passed. How I enjoyed that night I cannot hope to describe, and how proud and delighted the cavaliere was to escort a lady, evidently esteemed as a royal personage, was sufficiently expressed in his countenance.

A group of distinguished officers in rich uniforms were standing round the entrance of the choir, now divided from the nave by a temporary railing. They, far from disencouraging our pretensions, received us with

the politest bows and smiles, and made way for us to take our places on the seats immediately in the rear of the ecclesiastics. All this was very flattering and delightful, as may be conceived. I held up my head, and thought more of myself than I had ever done before. The glorious music swept through the aisles for a brief space, but the service was not long; we soon rose; and before the procession had left the church, passed down the open alley guarded by soldiers, through the nave to the entrance, with the same honours and conscious of exciting the same attention as when we entered. Once in the piazza and among the crowds, Trenta's delight and glorification burst forth.

"Now, signora mia, am I not the person to cicerone you? Baga-tella! why you were treated like a princess; the Gran Duchessa herself could have fared no better. There is that *imbecile* Baldassare, who has taken charge of your sister and the rest, where has he been? Poor fool! does he fancy that he is able to do what Cesare Trenta can?"

"Certainly not," replied I, "unless he is a greater fool than I take him for; but tell me, caro cavaliere, how came we to be treated in such a distinguished manner?"

"Can you ask?" replied he. "I am chamberlain to his highness the duke, and seeing a lady like you, you were of course taken for some stranger of high rank, escorted officially by me. Ecco come è stato. Come with me, and you will always be sure to be well off. As it happened, it was just as it should be," continued Trenta; "if there had been more we should not have been treated with so much distinction. Come always with me, cara signora, e lei godrà di tutto—there is none in Lucca who could have done so much."

With many boastings and rejoicings, his kind old face beaming with satisfaction, the cavaliere and I treaded our way to the hotel, where the remainder of the party soon joined us. They had witnessed with astonishment our appearance in the rear of the procession as it passed down the aisle, and were amused beyond measure at the cavaliere's account of how I had been mistaken for a foreign princess, and allowed royal honours. A terrific bantering now commenced between Baldassare and the old gentleman, the latter affirming the good luck was all owing to his generalship, and the former declaring that it arose from accident. The disputes and various boastings of these eternal belligerents were growing warm, when I begged them to remember, that if we were to dress for the theatre, they must depart. So at once the old gentleman, forgetting all former quarrels, claimed the support of Baldassare's arm, and they *accours* most amicably.

After seeing the last of the procession we went to the theatre, which was elegantly decorated, and of good proportions. I was not much pleased with the play—a translation from the French of Scribe—containing the history, loves, and adventures of a certain very uninteresting mulatto gentleman. A poor réchauffé, indeed, of that extraordinary drama in eight acts and as many tableaux "*Le Docteur Noir*," in which Frédérick Lemaître used to electrify the London audiences by his passionate bursts of genius.

The Italian stage of the present day is devoid of all originality. Alfieri and Goldoni are forsaken for Scribe and Dumas. Such a thing as an original tragedy is never seen.

Our box was crowded with visitors, much to my satisfaction, as I determined not to listen to one syllable of the sorrows of the "Sonatrice dell' Arpa" and her mulatto lover. The cavaliere, who would consider himself wanting in proper etiquette if he did not listen to every word of a play, however uninteresting, sat opposite, casting on me most troubled and indignant glances expressive of his feelings at our determined *chuchoteries*. Occasionally he ventured on a long "Hush!" but finding no one listened to or regarded him, the poor old chamberlain could only assume a dolorous and melancholy expression of reproachful indignation and hold his peace.

The box reserved for the court was untenanted, the grand duke and duchess being at Florence, and etiquette here not permitting any occupants of inferior rank. The farce which followed the play was very laughable, the plot consisting in the accidents which befal an unfortunate traveller arriving at a miserable inn promising every accommodation and affording none. He gets no dinner but bread and salad, he finds no better bed than the table, the waiter assuring him all the time that, beyond comparison, he is in the most magnificent *albergo* in all Italy, but that in consequence of the rooms being filled, the cook in bed, and the larder locked up, he must have patience. On his asking for a *valet de place*, a wretched individual appears, so excessively deaf as to be unable to understand a word the traveller utters. The waiter slaps the deaf man on the shoulder, declaring him a paragon, and leaves the unhappy traveller to his care, who wishing, in the absence of all provisions, to proceed to an eating-house to dine, desires him to call a coach. The *valet de place* rushes off head foremost, and returns with a most valuable specimen of the medical profession, having understood "*medico*" for "*legno*," the Italian word for coach. This self-important personage, like all of his tribe, overwhelmed by business, advances towards the traveller watch in hand, desiring to be acquainted with his ailments in the shortest possible time. The unhappy gentleman, utterly at a loss to account either for his appearance or his question, becomes very wroth, and declares he was never better in his life. The doctor, in a fury, vows he has been insulted, and threatens he will thrash the traveller with his stick, which he brandishes aloft, retiring after a long and violent harangue compounded of a volley of abuse spoken at railroad speed. The *valet de place*—after contriving, on the retirement of the doctor, almost to poison the victimised gentleman with Epsom salts (or *sali Inglesi*, as they call them), which he purchases in a mistake, and serves up at his dinner (a mistake which gives occasion for some rather coarse jocularities)—is finally kicked out, and the traveller, sorrowfully accommodating himself on a table for the night, the piece concludes.



## KING SWORD AND KING PEN.\*

As the Memoirs of the Duke of Ragusa, which have afforded so curious an insight into the condition of France, military and political, during the last fifty years, are drawing to their close, they are arousing a vast amount of acrimony and ill-will in Paris. This was naturally to be expected, for the last portion of the Memoirs refers to statesmen and warriors some of whom are still left on the scene, or whose death has been so recent that they still live in the memory of their contemporaries. Hence, too, considerable hesitation has been evinced by the editor: originally he designed that the Memoirs should terminate with the overthrow of Charles X.; but fortunately he has altered his mind, and brought them down to the year 1841. The history of two such reigns requires hardly any commentary: it has been already verified by succeeding events, and the Bourbons, true to their character of learning nothing and forgetting nothing, paved the way for that happier state of things which can alone secure the prosperity and welfare of France.

In truth, the French were magnanimous in the extreme: they allowed Charles X. the greatest latitude; and even when the pressure grew intolerable, they urged him to concessions which might have secured the throne for his family; and when at length they rose in self-defence, their treatment of the bigoted king was marked with a degree of moderation, which may probably be ascribed to the contempt they felt. The reign of Charles X. commenced under the most flattering auspices, and his abolition of the censorship put the crown on his popularity. But a false step soon changed the current of public opinion. The king had said to the general officers who followed Louis XVIII. on foot to the tomb, "You accompanied my brother's remains on foot; henceforth you will be near my person on horseback." A few days later they were dismissed on half-pay. It is supposed that this ungracious step was insisted upon by M. de Villèle, who was jealous of the popularity the king had acquired with the army, and wished to show that the power was in himself alone. The clergy, too, soon did their share in estranging the public mind:

I must confess that the intriguing movements of the French clergy were perceptible everywhere. Now, if the French nation is religious and disposed to render to the priests all that is their due in the interests of morality and religion, the priests become an object of antipathy to them as soon as they interfere in secular matters: and yet, among us, it is a mania of theirs to do so. They were found in the provinces to be intriguants, and insubordinate towards their superiors, and, at court, seizing every opportunity to interfere in the highest political questions. Whatever lengths they might go to, they were always sure of impunity. A mandate of the Cardinal de Croi, chaplain-general of the army, and Archbishop of Rouen, an honest man, but passive instrument of the intriguers by whom he was surrounded, caused intense excitement. In this extravagant publication he seized the civil authority, and upset all the laws which governed the kingdom. This, however, produced no unpleasant results as far as he was concerned. Prince Metternich, who was then at Paris, said to

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\* *Mémoires du Maréchal Marmont.* Vols. VIII. and IX. Paris: Perrotin.

me, "At Vienna a priest, for such conduct, would have been stripped of his office and sent to a seminary." But Cardinal de Croi did not even receive a reprimand from royalty. This mode of action, so terrible in its effects, was felt everywhere, even in the army. The chaplains of divisions had too great authority conceded them, which humiliated the officers. They made regular reports to the chaplain-general. They sent notes about the conduct of the officers, and the minister of war frequently gave appointments in accordance with them. More than once the chaplain-general overthrew the labours of the inspectors. In what country could such a system possibly succeed?

The death of the Emperor Alexander secured Marmont the embassy to Russia, to which country he proceeded, with a magnificent retinue, in February, 1826. On the road, he stopped at Berlin, to pay a visit to the king. He speaks in high terms of all the military arrangements of the Prussians, and the simplicity which characterised the court. Among other sights he visited the arsenal, which was decorated with an immense number of captured French flags. He consoled himself, however, on closer examination, by finding that these flags had belonged to the French regiments before the eagles were given in exchange. They had been found in a store during the occupation of Paris. There was also a large quantity of flags belonging to the Garde Nationale, and, as Marmont justly says, all these flags, collected with such care and displayed with such pride to the ignorant, only attested the entrance of foreign armies into France and Paris, of which the whole world was aware. But as regards the praises he bestows on Russia, we are bound to be silent; for the French ambassador evidently succumbed to that rare fascination which is the speciality of the Russian reigning house. We may make room, however, for one anecdote referring to the present emperor:

I witnessed with admiration the education given by Nicholas to his son, a charming prince of rare beauty, and in whom time will doubtless develop great qualities. I asked the emperor to allow me to be presented to him, and he replied, "You want to turn his head. It would be a fine motive of pride for the little fellow, if he were to receive the homage of a general who has commanded armies. I am much affected by your wish to see him, and you can satisfy it when you go to Zarskō Zelo. You will have an opportunity to meet my children. You will examine them, and talk with them; but a formal introduction would be unsuitable. I wish to make a man of my son before I make a prince of him." The entire staff of this heir to a great empire consisted of a lieutenant-colonel, his governor, and the masters engaged in his education. More than once the emperor, on hearing the details of the education of the Duke of Bordeaux, lamented with me the ridiculous pomp which surrounded that prince from his birth.

The coronation at Moscow was accompanied by an event of great importance—the unexpected arrival of Constantine, who had long declined being present. Even for that sanguinary tyrant Marmont can find words of apology—almost of praise. The only thing that can be justly said in his favour is, that he was sensible of his own defects, and therefore resigned the throne; but beyond that our sympathies with the butcher of Warsaw cannot go. For the Emperor Nicholas, the effects of his visit were incalculable; for the Russians are great sticklers for the hereditary right of kings, and they could not quite comprehend the *escamotage* which had taken place. Constantine's presence at the coronation showed the legitimacy of the succession, and every murmur was hushed. After the

coronation festivities were over, Marmont had the distinguished honour of dining *en famille* with the emperor, who added to the honour of the invitation by the remark: "I have asked you to a dinner without ceremony: you will dine with Madame de Nicholas." With the dessert entered the heir apparent, who went through his exercise as a private in the presence of the guests. Who can doubt but that Nicholas had thenceforward one staunch partisan the more at the court of France. It is, in truth, surprising at what a cheap rate monarchs can purchase friendship. After leaving Moscow, Marmont spent some days with Constantine at Warsaw. The grand duke, he tells us, was not a great general, for he was deficient in one of the most indispensable qualities. He also takes occasion of this visit to give us his views of the Russian army. The only noteworthy paragraph, as applying to recent events, is the following:

To prove the indispensable slowness of recruiting in the Russian army, I will mention a recent fact. At the period when I quitted Russia, the army was at such a strength that, after deducting the troops in Asia, Finland, and the home garrisons, there were 300,000 men in readiness to be concentrated on any point, in addition to the army of Poland and the Cossacks. The two Turkish campaigns carried off by illness, plague, &c., and the enemy's fire, 200,000 men. This estimate may appear exaggerated, but it was made by Prince Woronzoff, one of the most celebrated Russian generals, whose assertion is an authority for me. The state of Europe not being alarming, the authorities did not hasten to fill up their places. When the Polish insurrection broke out, in 1830, scarce 120,000 men could be collected. During that war, which lasted nine months, the utmost strength concentrated did not exceed 150,000 men, which prolonged the contest. The great strength of the Russian army, in 1826, resulted from the levies extraordinary of 1812 and 1813, which were only disposable in 1815, and were kept up by peace having endured since that period.

The embassy to Russia, although flattering to Marmont's pride, was his ruin in a financial point of view. During his absence his affairs fell into such a state of confusion, that he was forced to sell up everything to satisfy his creditors, and only reserved to his own use five hundred a year. The king lent him 20,000*l.* in his hour of need, but the revolution of July finally stripped him of all the hopes he had entertained of being able to rescue his paternal property. A prospect was held out to him of the supreme command of the expedition to Algiers, but this he was eventually juggled out of by the minister of war. But these personal matters need not detain us: events were daily occurring in Paris which presaged the impending storm, the most important of which was the dissolution of the National Guard. On Louis XVIII.'s return to France, he had decided that the National Guard should perform the service at the palace on the 3rd of May, being the anniversary of his entrance into Paris. This was kept up by Charles X., who, however, altered the day to the 12th of April, the anniversary of his entry in 1814. It was also the custom to have a grand review of the National Guard on this occasion. Things went on quietly till 1827, when the populace began to grow dissatisfied, and the king was inclined to defer the review *sine die*, but was over-persuaded by the Duke of Reggio, commandant of the force. The absolutist party did all in their power to exacerbate the people, and spread rumours that the king's life would be endangered at this review. The troops were consigned to their

barracks, and cartridges issued to them. On the appointed day, 50,000 men of the Garde Nationale assembled on the Champ de Mars. Things went on very quietly, the only exception being that in three of the legions the cry of "Vive le Roi!" was accompanied by others of "Down with the Ministers!" "Down with Villèle!" and isolated shouts of "Down with the Jesuits!" After the troops had marched past, the Duke of Reggio went up to the king to receive his orders. Charles X. replied to him, in our author's hearing: "M. le Maréchal, you will issue a general order, in which you will inform the National Guard of my satisfaction with the number and excellent appearance of those present at the review, as well as the sentiments expressed on my behalf, while adding my regret that a few cries which it pained me to hear were mixed with them."

The king set out for the Tuileries. On arriving there and dismounting, he took leave of us at the foot of the staircase. He came up to me, and said, with that air of *bombast* peculiar to him, "Come, there were more good than bad." I immediately replied, "Why, more than seven-eighths were good." Such was the king's temper when he returned home; but the legion of the Chaussée d'Antin, the same which had uttered hostile cries, while passing under the windows of the minister of finance set up one hoarse shout of "Down with Villèle!" The minister was dining with M. Appony, the Austrian ambassador, and was immediately informed of the insult. In his fury he quitted the table and went to the Tuileries, where he induced the king to order the dissolution of the National Guard. The men on duty were dismissed hurriedly and disgracefully in the middle of the night, without having even been relieved from their posts.

This extraordinary event had an immense influence on the destiny of France. After insulting and offending a vain body of men, they were sent home without being disarmed, and were converted into the most bitter enemies of the king. To add to the general dissatisfaction, the censorship was restored, and Charles X. plainly evinced the sentiments by which he was led by visiting the camp at St. Omer. He was so well received that he gave way to some slight feelings of absolutism, and even said to the Duke of Mortemart, after a review: "With those brave fellows a king might make himself obeyed, and the progress of government be greatly facilitated." To this the duke drily responded that "the king would be unable to dismount, and he was already fatigued." But, while paving the way in this royal fashion for despotism, the king yielded to public opinion by dismissing Villèle, and choosing a ministry from among the liberal elements. This step restored the affections of the people for a while, but it was soon seen that his confidence was given to the exponents of diametrically opposite principles. The ministry was placed in an equivocal position, for it had to combat the royal influence, which was exerted to thwart their progress. After various changes from bad to worse, Polignac was placed at the head of affairs, and the overthrow of the monarchy was consummated.

On Sunday, the 25th of July, the fatal ordinances were issued, although Polignac had given his word on the night of Saturday to Pozzo di Borgo, the Russian ambassador, that no *coup d'état* would be accomplished. Owing to the agitation prevailing in Paris, Charles ordered Marmont to

assume the command, and thus his downfall was rendered a certainty. The old saying about *Quos Deus* must be true, or else the king would have remembered how Marmont behaved on a prior occasion, when entrusted with the command at Paris. After the Duke of Ragusa, the dauphin most precipitated matters :

The spectacle presented by the royal family on my arrival at St. Cloud was not very reassuring. Every one is acquainted with the range of the dauphin's mind. It has not the capacity to combine two ideas ; but, on the other hand, his resolution is unchangeable, though the absurdity is, that this absolute decision, which no reasoning can change, is, in nine cases out of ten, the result of accident. Thus it is impossible to arrange anything satisfactorily with him. His share in the power was, therefore, fatal. He prevented any effective remedy being applied to the immense difficulties of the moment. King Charles X. was distinguished for gentleness and kindness. He knew that nature, in gifting him with those qualities which made him loved, had not endowed him with the eminent capacity to master and subjugate the situation. His heart was easily moved, and his mind could be worked upon, at least momentarily. The action might be fugitive, but it could be renewed. In addition, he remained under the influence of the opinions of his youth. I could recount a thousand instances which would recal the Prince of Coblenz in all his purity ; still there was considerable straightforwardness about him. All these qualities, had they been opportunely employed, might have saved both himself and us, but their effect was destroyed by the harshness and savage pride of his son.

Until the 28th, matters remained tolerably quiet in Paris, but then the people began to rise. Collisions took place between them and the troops, and Marmont's best resource was to send off messengers to the king, informing him of the state of things. By three in the afternoon it became evident that the whole population was up in arms against the Bourbons, and Marmont proposed concessions. A deputation of five notables waited upon him. After a consultation he decided on sending a statement of their grievances to the king. This was of no effect, for Polignac still kept Charles in the dark as to the true state of things, and entertained the opinion that the revolution must be put down by force. Marmont, who must have borne in mind the 13th Vendémiaire, had not, however, the courage to endorse such views, and allow the popular party to strengthen their hands by his temporising policy. As for any attempted reconciliation with the Parisians when their blood is once roused, the events of 1848 have amply demonstrated the fallacy of such measures. The king, who in this matter was far-sighted, consequently replied to Marmont's appeal by ordering him to keep his troops together, and operate in masses. Instead of this, he allowed them to be cut off in detachments, and when he saw the absolute necessity of concentration, the consequence of his delay cost a heavy loss of life. At the same time, defection became visible among the troops, and M. Casimir Périer carried over the 5th and 58th Regiments stationed on the Place Vendôme. This was the turning point, and henceforward the people had everything in their own hands. One fault followed the other in rapid succession, and Marmont was saved the commission of further mistakes by a royal order to fall back with all his troops on St. Cloud. This was effected with such indecent haste, that the marshal was unable even to call in the de-

tached posts he had stationed to defend the entrances of the narrower streets. What can we think of a general, grown grey in warfare, who calmly allowed a detachment of the 6th Regiment to cut their way through to the Champs Elysées, with a loss of twenty-eight out of the fifty men which it originally counted. But it was Marmont's unhappy destiny to be continually exposed to circumstances which were altogether superior to him, and hence he committed one great succession of errors, each more inexcusable than the other. The only thing that can be urged in his defence was, that the garrison of Paris was numerically too weak. It only consisted of ten thousand men and twelve guns, and of this small number twelve hundred were disarmed and cut off when the insurrection broke out, as they were scattered over the city on detached duty. But we cannot for a moment allow his plea that the events justified his attempting to negotiate with the insurgents. His duty was simply to repress the revolution as quickly as possible, for in no other case is it so true that the person who hesitates is lost.

On Marmont's retreat from Paris, he met the dauphin between St. Cloud and Boulogne, who received him with great coldness. The king, however, listened to his representation of the state of affairs in Paris, and sent off the Duke of Mortemart with full powers to negotiate. The next day Marmont spent in inducing the king to retire from the vicinity of the capital, and in the evening, fearing an attack on St. Cloud, of which he had been advised, he issued a general order to the troops without consulting with the dauphin, who was commander-in-chief, on the subject. This led to a very pretty scene.

The dauphin entered the royal apartment at the moment I quitted it, but by another door. I, consequently, did not meet him, but I had not long to wait for him. Two minutes had scarce elapsed when he came to me in a furious manner. He ordered me to follow him, and I hardly entered the room when he seized me by the throat, exclaiming,

"Traitor, miserable traitor! you dare to issue a general order without my permission!"

On this sudden attack, I seized him by the shoulders, and thrust him far from me—he, redoubling his cries and recommencing his insults:

"Give me your sword!"

"It may be torn from me, but I will never give it up."

He bounded on me, drew my sword, and I fancied he would strike me with it. He then shouted,

"Gardes du Corps, help! Seize the traitor! carry him away!" . . .

Half an hour elapsed, when M. de Luxembourg, captain of the Guards, brought me back my sword, and informed me that the king wished to see me. I went immediately. The king said to me,

"You have done wrong to publish a general order without submitting it to my son; but I allow he has been too quick. Go to him. Confess your fault: he will allow his."

"Too quick, sire! is it thus that a man of honour is treated? See M. le Dauphin? Never! A wall of bronze henceforward is raised between him and me. Such is the reward of so many sacrifices, the recognition of such devotion! Sire, my sentiments towards yourself are not equivocal; but your son causes feelings of horror to me."

"Come, my dear marshal, calm yourself: do not add to all our misfortunes by separating from us!" the king said, mildly. Then, taking both my hands, and throwing his arms round me, he led me to the door of his cabinet, which was

purposely left ajar that all the officers on duty might be witnesses of the reparation.

The quarrel was patched up, however, in spite of the wall of bronze. The marshal said, in a solemn tone, "Monseigneur, I have come by the king's express orders to acknowledge that I was wrong in publishing an order without your consent." The dauphin replied, "As you allow your fault, I confess I was a little too quick." He then added, "Besides, I have been punished for it, for I cut myself with your sword." Here was a fine opportunity, which Marmont, as a Frenchman, could not neglect; so he added, "It was never intended to shed your blood, but to defend it." The dauphin then said, "Come, don't think any more about it—*embrassons-nous*." Marmont had his revenge, for he would not stoop to be embraced, and when the dauphin shook his hand, he would not press his in return. But, with all his faults, the dauphin displayed considerable generosity of feeling; for after he had abdicated the throne in favour of the Duke of Bordeaux, he asked Marmont to forgive him as a Christian and a man. It is a pity that Marmont did not imitate his generosity by erasing this circumstance from his Memoirs.

Every one is acquainted with the stratagem by which Charles X. was driven from St. Cloud, and the details of his progress to the sea-coast do not possess such interest as to cause us to dwell at any length upon them. Three commissioners were appointed to attend Charles X., and he summarised their character very simply: "Au fait et au prendre, ce sont deux coquins et un renégat." At Cherbourg two American packet-boats were placed at the royal disposal, one of them being the *Charles Carroll*, which, strangely enough, belonged to Joseph Bonaparte! On arriving at Portsmouth, Marmont received a certificate from the king of his good behaviour, and the world was all before him where to choose a new master. He acted wisely in quitting the king, for the sight of the man to whom the final catastrophe was in great measure owing, must have been anything rather than agreeable.

From England, Marmont proceeded to Vienna to ensure the safety of his Dalmatian property, and received a hearty welcome from the emperor. The late events in Paris formed the principal topic of his conversation with Prince Metternich, and the complicity of the Duke of Orleans was discussed. Marmont held him guiltless of such perfidy. He had not conspired directly, as was proved by the slight powers he was invested with at starting; but it was probable he had foreseen the revolution, and prepared betimes to profit by it. For this purpose, he neglected nothing which could increase his popularity and flatter the chiefs of the people. He had greatly injured the royal cause by blaming too openly the method of government; but he was innocent of any immediate attack on the rights of the king. Metternich was of the same opinion, and confirmed it by the following anecdotes:

In 1815, and after the return from Ghent, the Duke of Orleans paid a visit to Metternich. He said that he must be aware of the unpopularity of the elder branch of the Bourbons, and how destitute they were of ability; that a novel overthrow was evidently preparing for them; and he asked Metternich if the foreign powers would give him the advantage of their sanction, in case he might be summoned to take their place on the throne. The prince gave him a formal and negative reply.

At a later period, the Duke of Orleans made the following overture to Prince Eugene. He informed him that it was superfluous to prove that the Bourbons were unfit to govern; he and Prince Eugene had each their partisans, and he proposed to him to unite them, in the event of a revolution occurring, and give the throne to the candidate who received the most suffrages. Eugene replied, that if France were ever again in a state of revolution, his influence would be exerted in behalf of the son of his benefactor. Eugene informed the Emperor of Austria of this proposal and his reply.

We think it may be safely assumed that the Duke of Orleans exerted his utmost strength to overthrow the state edifice, in the hope that he might find good entertainment for himself amidst the ruins. At the period of the catastrophe, Charles X. and his family first designed to retire to Austria, when the emperor told Marmont, with a laugh, "he would clear out the palace of Brunn for them," where the Duke of Reichstadt was then residing. The events of 1830, according to Marmont, had a pernicious effect on the son of Napoleon, by arousing his vanity, and suggesting too flattering dreams of power. The young duke had been educated to entertain some degree of reverence for legitimacy, and as long as the elder branch retained the throne, he remained quiet; but when they were expelled in favour of the Orleans branch, he considered that he possessed a right to the throne, for he, too, was legitimate in his way. The portion of Marmont's Memoirs referring to the young Napoleon will, probably, be read with great avidity; and the interest they possess will serve as our excuse for dwelling a little fully on this subject. His first introduction took place at a ball given by Lord Cowley, where all the imperial family was present. Marmont found that the young duke bore considerable resemblance to his father: his eyes, deep set in their orbit, and smaller than Napoleon's, had the same expression, fire, and energy. His brow was like his father's. The lower part of the face and the chin were Napoleon's. His complexion, too, bore the same pallid hue; but the remainder of his face was Austrian. He was, also, five inches taller than his father. During a lengthened conversation, the young man spoke ardently of his profession, and the desire he felt to be engaged in the field. He hoped that France and Austria would one day be closely allied, and their armies fight side by side. "For," he said, "I cannot and dare not make war against France. My father's commands forbade me, and I will never infringe them. My heart also, as well as a wise and good policy, forbids me." Soon after this interview, Marmont received permission from the Austrian government to spend a large portion of his time with the young duke, and we fancy must have bored him sufficiently with the accounts of the French campaigns and his views of Napoleon's policy, such as have been described more than enough in these pages. The only passage worth quoting is the following, in which the duke seems to display a judgment beyond his years. In allusion to the last campaign, he remarked, "My father and mother ought never to have quitted Paris, the one for war, the other for peace." This is the pen-and-ink portrait Marmont draws of the young duke:

The Duke of Reichstadt is one of the most remarkable examples of the caprices of fortune. Born on the step of the highest and most powerful throne, destined, apparently, to rule over a multitude of peoples, his star, so brilliant at its dawn,



gradually paled. Each day during his life obscured his future, and finally all was over with him at the age of twenty-one, after having passed his brief life in a false situation, crowded with opposition, contradictions, and anguish. His body was naturally fragile. He was greatly weakened by the rapidity of his growth. Several of the most important organs were not sufficiently developed, while others seemed to absorb all the powers of his life. His stomach was extremely small, and his brain enormous. A bad system of living, at first resulting from a want of appetite, and then from an error of judgment, doubtless contributed to augment this state of suffering. His education was directed by an honourable man, Count Maurice von Dietrichstein. It might have been more extensive, and borne better fruit. He was well acquainted with modern languages; but he possessed slight aptitude for the exact sciences. A good memory had favoured the study of history, which he was well versed in. Military studies possessed the chief attraction for him. He found but slight pleasure in the fashionable world, where, however, he was welcomed. At a later date, when his development had been completed, he would undoubtedly have been different, but a pretension to stoicism and high reason would have kept him for a length of time on guard against the ascendancy of woman. He was a good and graceful horseman, and remarkably active. His face had something gentle, serious, and melancholy about it, though sometimes a piercing and harsh look, which reminded you of his father when enraged, flushed his face. His education, and the strange position he occupied, had forced him to employ dissimulation at an early age. Thus this was a marked feature of his character. He has been accused of being false and deceitful. This accusation does not appear to me to have been justified; but his extreme reserve, and a degree of prudence beyond his years, prevented him from ever being carried further than he wished. In conclusion, his manners, sometimes caressing, and the seduction he exercised, when he chose to take the trouble, authorised, to a certain extent, this unjust accusation on the part of his enemies.

His mind was lucid and clear. His comprehension was facile, his conceptions prompt, his applications correct. His chief defect was aiming at effect, and this was most perceptible in public. . . . This young man, despite his qualities and his seductiveness, was not perfect, and I know not if nature had endowed him with qualities to play a part of the first rank in the complications of the period, but he had precious elements in him, and, above all, character, graciousness, and finesse, qualities highly necessary in the difficult position in which he found himself. He was fond of his grandfather, and managed to say all he pleased to him without causing offence. The emperor, and, indeed, all the royal family, loved him tenderly. . . . His death was a great political event. The military party in France, known as the Bonapartists, had no bond of existence after his decease. It was only held together by the son of that man who had been the amazement of the world, in such manner that, for the past, it appealed to the imagination, and for the present, it was presumed to have the support of a powerful monarch. Without Austria, the Bonapartist party was a cipher. Being reduced to the other members of the imperial family, it has no longer even a nominal existence. It has passed away, and its reminiscences alone survive.\*

The death of the Duke of Reichstadt was superinduced by the exertions made to bring his regiment into a proper state of efficiency. He was obliged to lay up from an indisposition, but some evil-disposed persons, among others a man of the name of Kutschera, aide-de-camp-general to the emperor, asserted that the young duke was effeminate and wanted energy, as he allowed himself to be defeated so easily. These

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\* It must be borne in mind that this was written in 1832.

remarks were repeated to him, and wounded his feelings deeply. From that moment he voluntarily committed acts of imprudence to prove his courage. He was very fond of shooting, and indulged in this sport during the most trying weather. The result was speedy and terrible, and soon there was no hope left of saving his life. He died on the anniversary of the battle of Salamanca. Marmont received from him, shortly prior to his death, his portrait, with the bust of his father opposite, under which he wrote the following lines :

Arrivé près de moi, par un zèle sincère,  
Tu me contais alors l'histoire de mon père ;  
Tu sais combien mon âme, attentive à ta voix,  
S'échauffait au récit des ses nobles exploits.

Marmont was received in the most affectionate manner at Vienna, and even Germans put themselves out of their way to pay him compliments. Thus, on being presented to the Archduchess Thérèse, the present Queen of Naples, then about fourteen years of age, her father said to her, "If you are well acquainted with history, you will already know the marshal." He speaks well of Viennese society, and has the justice to tell the truth about the paternal government. The following remark deserves quotation in the present ultra-liberal days :

An opinion, very generally spread, has established the fact that Austrian Italy is weighed down by the taxes, whose produce is sent to Vienna. According to an official report which I saw, and whose truth is incontestable, it is proved that, under the French administration, the amount of taxation was half as much again as at present, and at the same time a much smaller sum was devoted to the public works in the country.

After a lengthened residence in Vienna, Marmont proceeded on his travels, of which he has already published an ample account in an immense number of octavo volumes. They need not, therefore, detain us ; but we will select one anecdote, for the express benefit of those travellers who pin their faith on the statements of their *ciceroni*.

On my arrival at Milan, the triumphal arch, begun by Napoleon and finished by Francis I., was receiving the last touches. This monument instances a fact honourable to the monarch who completed it. Instead of emulating Napoleon, who obliterated from all monuments on which he put his hand the marks of his predecessors, and substituted his own, to create in posterity the illusion that he created them, the Emperor Francis desired that this arch should preserve the character and reminiscence of the times in which it was erected. History is imperishable. In lieu of changing facts, it should make them known in their proper succession. This principle was followed here. The arch represents in its lower part Napoleon's entry into Vienna ; the upper portion depicts Francis entering Paris. It is a *résumé* of our history of that day ! Still, while rendering justice to the intentions of the Emperor Francis, the spirit has been disguised in the execution. The bas-reliefs executed by Napoleon's orders have remained in their place, but the book which explains the monument applies to the Emperor Francis what refers to the Emperor Napoleon. The entry of the latter into Vienna has been transformed into a representation of the Emperor of Austria's entry into Milan. This manner of interpreting the bas-reliefs is the only one known at the present day, and will remain so in the future.

During the course of Marmont's travels he appears to have spent some

considerable time in Egypt, where he was intimately *lié* with Mehemet Ali. In the last volume of his *Memoirs* he supplements the details already published in his *Travels*. It is evident that the Pacha had long meditated a rupture with Turkey, and he told Marmont that, being well aware of the hostile intentions of the Sultan, he did not feel disposed to strengthen his hands by paying the annual tribute. Marmont was cognizant of the truth of his suspicions, for, on passing through Constantinople, he had learned from the French and Austrian ambassadors that their influence to prevent hostilities had proved ineffectual. Still he thought it his duty to advise the following mode of proceeding :

In spite of the justice of your views, you cannot follow without danger the course you propose. You would lose in the eyes of Europe the rights you have acquired, and which have been recognised. The *de facto* power, however great it may be, and particularly in Turkey, where it frequently overthrows the *de jure* authority, cannot cause the latter to be totally forgotten. Do not try to lose a useful ally. Your rights date from the treaty of Kutayah, when all Europe intervened, and thus you have a place in the European family. But you received the investiture of the provinces you govern as a vassal, subjected to tribute and various conditions. As long as you fulfil these you have the opinion of the world on your side. If you try to liberate yourself from them, you tear with your own hands the title-deeds of your authority, and Europe will become your enemy, as the Ottoman Empire must not be weakened. . . . . As regards the tribute, you can delay the payment by various pretexts, or only pay it in part, but you must not state that you refuse to pay it longer. Do not sacrifice by one imprudent step certainty for uncertainty, or take the shadow for the substance.

Mehemet Ali, as may be supposed, was not particularly pleased at this advice, but ended by following it. He acknowledged the wisdom of such procedure, and never changed in it : he never gave any ground for the charges brought so gratuitously against him, and did not once think of marching to Stamboul or overthrowing the Sultan's throne. Marmont then informed Metternich of the advice he had offered Mehemet Ali, who conceived the idea of inducing the great Powers to interfere. France and England answered evasively, while Russia accepted the proposition, when suddenly the war broke out, owing to "the intrigues of the English ambassador, a species of madman, who served blindly and even with exaggeration the wild fury of Lord Palmerston against us (the French), for it has been clearly proved that the hatred of England for Mehemet Ali was based on the friendship the latter felt for France, and the ascendancy we exercised over him." But Mehemet Ali spoiled his own game by a desire to satisfy his personal feelings. He had such an intense hatred for Khosrev Pacha that he insisted on his dismissal from Stamboul, and at the same time Austria provoked an intervention which delayed the natural course of events. Prince Metternich entertained such a terror of the victorious march of Mehemet Ali, that he, in imagination, saw him already in Stamboul ; he therefore ordered the Austrian *intendant* to hand a note to the Porte engaging it not to yield to the demands of Mehemet Ali, but claim the assistance of the envoys of the great Powers in settling the matter amicably. Singularly enough, the Russian ambassador did all in his power to forward this intervention, while his court had strongly refused to have any act or part in it. But

Prince Metternich was never inclined to allow his plans to be thwarted by any considerations of political honesty. The rage which this step of the Austrian produced in the Emperor Nicholas was fearful. "Jupiter did not make Olympus tremble more violently; Neptune did not lash the waves more furiously than did the Emperor of Russia break out upon the Austrian ambassador. He declared that he saw in this conduct of Prince Metternich a horrible act of treason, and he was almost on the point of sending an army into Galicia!" This access of rage had such a powerful effect on Metternich that he took to his bed immediately on hearing about it, and kept it for three weeks, during which he was in extreme danger. The result was, that finding himself compromised with Russia, he conceived his policy drew him to an intimate connexion with England. "In addition," Marmont adds, "England is the natural friend of Austria, for there are no opposite interests between these two powers, nor any point of contact which can cause them to originate." We fancy, had Marmont been writing just at present, this passage would have been erased. The Danube will prove a most unpleasant point of contact, from which various divergences of opinion will emanate. However, we will throw in the following as a crumb for the Cobdenites: "From this period Metternich was the very humble servant of Palmerston!" This extract from Marmont's *Memoirs* will prove at any rate that our foreign policy is no creation of yesterday, and that Lord Palmerston's name possessed as great a prestige on the Continent seventeen years ago as it does now after the conclusion of a great war.

At the ensuing conference of London on Turkish matters, Nicholas went over to the side of England, although then governed by the Whigs—not through any predilection for us, but through his intense hatred to Louis Philippe. "He regarded it as a great victory to break an alliance of which he felt an intense hatred, and he found an indescribable enjoyment in separating two allies, whom opposing interests divided, and old animosities separated through so many centuries, but whom passing circumstances had brought together." It strikes us that this policy on the part of Russia is hereditary. However, the success of Nicholas's manœuvres was shown in the sudden separation which produced the treaty of the 15th of July, 1839. The following passage, which terminates a fierce diatribe on the part of Marmont, deserves quotation:

The affection Austria entertains for England can be understood, nor must it be blamed. The two states have not a single interest opposed. Each of them has a peculiar part to play, which proves the complement of the other. Austria is powerful through her numerous army and large population. Her navy is unimportant. England is powerful through her navy, and her army is secondary. The one is rich through her extended commerce, her colonies, and her industry; the other, by her agriculture and her trade, which has nothing to fear from the rivalry of England. Hence there are natural relations between these two countries, and it is but a step from them to friendship and alliance. Ages have set the seal on these relations. They were only interrupted during ten years. Prince Metternich decided on re-establishing them. There is also another point of view which deserves notice: it is, that Russia is the natural enemy of Austria as of England, and in this matter the interests of England and Austria are mixed up, while France, necessarily the rival and enemy of England, may have a variable policy which accidentally draws us near to Russia.

Of course, Marmont speaks with great indignation of the conduct of Guizot, whom he calls the dupe of England, and bitterly laments that France did not take the initiative by seizing on St. Jean d'Acre. She would have had at that period a superiority of twenty vessels of the line, assuring her the Mediterranean as a French lake "for an indefinite period : " Europe would have been at the feet of France, who, not pushing her advantages beyond the limits of reason, would have dictated laws without firing a single shot. Lord Palmerston's ministry would have been overthrown as a necessary consequence of such procedure, and then, who would have been left to check the ambitious designs of France? It is lamentable to reflect that the absence of Marmont from his country alone prevented such a consummation. Instead of this, M. Thiers aroused revolutionary passions, and the *Marseillaise* re-echoed in every street, as if the events it recalled were a guarantee of victory. And then, not satisfied with menacing the public repose, a still greater fault was committed by threatening Europe, without having the power to carry such measures into effect, and thus increasing the number of the enemies of France. But let Marmont speak for himself :

And then, why bring up that eternal question of the banks of the Rhine? I certainly lamented as much as anybody the loss of our provinces on the left bank and of Belgium; perhaps it was bad policy, at the Congress of Vienna, to deprive us of the old conquests, which only served to give France what she required to maintain her equilibrium with those states which had been aggrandised during the last fifty years. Recapture those provinces when the occasion is favourable; but do not speak about it when the thing is impossible, and do not regard as a magnanimous resolution what is only an empty boast. This headstrong and senseless policy developed the slumbering feeling of patriotism in Germany. No preparations had been made for the last twenty-five years for their defence—nothing had been organised; but these peoples, so suddenly, so brutally menaced in their repose, the enjoyment of their property and their honour, placed themselves in a posture of defence. Thus the confidence was destroyed which had been founded by habit and the interests of peace. But, in thus throwing down the gauntlet to Europe, the result was, that nothing was dared, no help was given to Mehemet Ali, and the squadrons, so superior to those of England, hastened to regain a sheltering port. There was a display of *fanfaronnerie* in words, of modesty and fear in action. Nations are like individuals; wisdom ordains apprehension of distant events; talent discovers them betimes, and prepares the means to conquer them, and when they have arrived, courage despises and surmounts them. But to do exactly the opposite, covers a sovereign and a nation with ridicule and contempt. Louis Philippe, in adopting the system suggested to him, lost the opinion for wisdom which he enjoyed, at a cheap rate, perhaps, and which he owed to the longanimity of his character, to the species of talent which nature had endowed him with, and which does not go beyond the means of conducting an intrigue which saves him from a momentary embarrassment, but never rises to the conception or the execution of a great system.

At any rate—however much Marmont may despise the preparations made for the Egyptian campaign, of which, he says, there was not a single man in Europe, excepting perhaps Lord Palmerston, who believed in their success—events proved the wisdom of our ministry. The affairs of Egypt were placed on a satisfactory basis, and the good effects of our policy were shown in the last war, when the Egyptian contingent be-

haved admirably, and did no light part in checking the Russians in the Principalities.

Marmont's Memoirs may be said to terminate with the Egyptian war. He appears, in his despair with France, to have determined on writing no more. He was evidently no prophet in his own country, and in other lands his views, though treated with respect, were not followed. Hence he occupies his diary with *cancans* picked up in Viennese circles, or in descriptions of the countries he visited. Among the former he has several referring to the Princess Metternich, who was a violent enemy of the new dynasty in France. Thus, on her being complimented by the French ambassador, M. de St. Aulaire, on some magnificent diamonds she wore, she replied, brutally, "At any rate they were not stolen," in reference to Louis Philippe's usurpation. But the French minister would not put up with such rebuffs; he threatened the lady, in her husband's presence, that he would report home faithfully every remark she made insulting to majesty; and the princess, probably fearing an embargo being laid on her millinery, thenceforward maintained a discreet silence. Another anecdote refers to England:

I must give here an account of a capital lesson Mr. Lamb, the English ambassador, gave the princess. The union between France and England had inspired her with extreme hatred against both countries. As she was a violent partisan of Charles V., the raising of the siege of Bilbao had caused her extreme rage. She spoke before twenty persons, myself among others, in the most unguarded terms. Among other remarks, she said, "I should like to see Lamb hung, and would go and pull his legs." This remark could not remain a secret, and Lamb was informed of it. Some time after, the princess made her usual request to him for his portrait, to be added to her collection, and the ambassador promised it to her. But, instead of sending it in the proper form for insertion in an album, he sent her a large crayon portrait, in a frame, and informed her that he had chosen this size to afford her the pleasure of hanging him.

. From the remainder of the last volume, which consists of various *mélanges*, principally essays of Marmont, we need only select one as possessing the requisite importance for quotation. It is in the shape of a memoir on the commerce of Russia, written by Count Fiquelmont, former minister of Austria, and bearing date February 14, 1851. The remarks on Russian railways we especially recommend to the notice of our speculative readers:

In the letter you did me the honour of writing me, you expressed a wish to have in writing the principal heads of a conversation we had on the commercial resources of Southern, as compared with Northern, Russia. I was, and am still, of opinion that the commerce of the Russian empire is far more developed in the north than in the south. The following is the ground of my argument:

There are three lines of river navigation between the Caspian and the Baltic. These lines converge in Lake Ladoga, and are in communication with the Volkhov and the Neva, by the Ladoga Canal. This fluvial system, which traverses and unites almost the whole of the central empire, is the object of continued care on the part of the Russian government. Peter the Great created it; but the modern improvements in engineering have greatly increased the ramifications of this system, to which all the watercourses in the interior have been attached. The nature of the country renders the portages short, and they can be traversed at a slight expense.

A plan of a canal still exists, which was intended to join the Dnieper to the

Vistula and thus establish a communication between the Black Sea and the Baltic: it bore the name of the Royal Canal; but, either owing to the difficulties of the ground or its slight utility, it has been neglected, and remained, I believe, a project. The Dwina and its affluents carry to Riga all the produce of this part of Russia. On the other hand, steps have been taken to make the Dnieper navigable since my departure from Russia. If the difficulties presented by this navigation, in the shape of cataracts, were overcome, the produce it would carry to Odessa is nothing in comparison with what now goes to the Baltic. Here is one fact established, which assures the north a superiority of commerce.

The second fact is still more decisive: it is that of the sea navigation. Your residence at Venice enables you to procure there the most exact statements of the commercial operations of the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof. You will learn, in the most positive manner, what time is required in sailing from Odessa to Cadiz; for we must take into account the time spent in waiting a favourable wind to pass the Straits of Gibraltar. This is frequently as long as is required to sail from Petersburg to the United States. The Mediterranean only bears the commerce of its own basin; the North Sea that of the world. Russia would find a greater advantage in a connexion northwards than to the south, even if the system of her river navigation had not imposed this law on her.

Your opinion has much weight in Europe, M. le Maréchal, and I have regretted, consequently, that, in your work, you strengthened the idea that the forces of Southern Russia are susceptible to a great development; I understand by forces, produce, trade, and commerce. The conclusion would be arrived at, that a want of expansion exists, which might, sooner or later, menace Constantinople. As I am of an opposite opinion, I may be allowed to express it here; for the question is a grave one, as it is one of the principal elements of European policy towards Russia. There are in Southern Russia climatic conditions, which produce, at nearly equal intervals, years of complete drought, sometimes destructive to the whole of the sheep and cattle; when, during the month of May, the east winds prevail, there is no rain, and the steppes supply no herbage: this happened twice during the twelve years I spent in Russia. It is calculated that every three or four years the crop of cereals is below the average. Too much dry weather is the cause of this. They are satisfied when the grass is not completely dried up; still years of famine are rare, for the superabundant supply in favourable years renders it possible to lay up the necessary precautionary stock. I knew several Russian proprietors, who, seduced by the appearance of a warmer climate, and having too large a population on their estates, made use of their privilege, and transferred the excess to pasture-lands in the south: they all regretted it. A Count Gourieff, on the other hand, performed the same operation from the centre of Russia to the Volga: he doubled his fortune.

These various facts, which I can authenticate, give me an explanation of an historical phenomenon which I could not understand. I asked myself frequently why that long southern zone, extending from Bessarabia to Asia, had never been peopled or civilised. The Greek colonies never went beyond the Crimean coast; the Romans did not proceed farther than Wallachia. This entire zone was only a highway for the migratory peoples from Asia and the Lower Volga: none of them stopped there. The Tartars, who arrived in the Crimea at the time the Turks took Constantinople, made no establishments there: they could neither advance nor retire; they remained in a nomadic state. The uncertainty of the produce was the reply to the question I asked myself.

The impossibility of increasing the population, owing to the uncertain production, furnishes an invincible obstacle to the establishment of any large factories. There is no capital sunk in the south; for the commercial houses in Odessa are merely agencies of houses at Petersburg, Moscow, and foreigners; but there is nothing which has taken root in the soil. Some persons believe that the con-

struction of railroads would change the face of this country by bringing the places of production and exportation closer. The landed proprietors would assuredly profit; but would the profit be in proportion with the expenses of construction and maintenance? General Destrem, a skilful engineer, better competent than any other person to give an opinion on matters connected with Russia, has proved most indisputably that the maintenance of the permanent way in Russia would be always too expensive. The soil freezes, even in the boasted south, to a depth of four feet, and the thaw would certainly derange the horizontal position of the rails. Immense labour and outlay would be required to repair such long distances of line. I can understand railways being made in countries which afford a sufficient return to private companies: it is a good mode of laying out capital, and this way of travelling may be the cheapest. But are the circumstances similar when a state raises money to construct railways? The interest of the debt would require increased taxation, and hence those who do not travel would have to pay a portion of the expenses of those who benefit by the railways. This would be peculiarly the case in Russia, where the state alone could construct them. The time required in finishing the Petersburg line proves that marshes are as troublesome as mountains to overcome.

The remainder of this letter is occupied with a description of the military colonies, and the injury they inflicted on individuals, but this may be omitted, as not possessing special interest for our readers. We must not forget to mention, also, that some exculpatory documents are added by the editor to the last volume, with reference to the conduct of Prince Eugène in 1814, and which was strongly assailed by Marmont in the preceding volumes.

Our labour is ended: we have now examined, impartially, we trust, the Memoirs of a man who played a far from unimportant part in the events which agitated Europe during the close of the last century and the commencement of the present. Regarding them dispassionately, and with the light thrown upon them by other writers, we have no reason to doubt the authenticity of these Memoirs, and are inclined to give Marmont credit for honesty of purpose and a sincere wish to portray events in the manner from which he regarded them. It is but natural that many may be disposed to call his views in question, and deny the justice of the conclusions to which he has arrived; we have already done so in numerous instances. But we are not disposed to join in that insane cry of mendacity which has been raised; we are inclined to think that much valuable information can be procured from Marmont's revelations, which will be employed by future historians. The history of the Napoleonic age cannot yet be given impartially; too much passion still comes into play, and this is more especially the case in France. That Marmont should be an object of suspicion in his own country, and his Memoirs regarded as apocryphal, does not surprise us; he, the ardent follower of Napoleon, became the too faithful servant of royalty, and paid for his devotion by a lengthened exile. In the calm retreat he selected for himself, he had many opportunities for moralising on the strange scenes he had witnessed, and forming, what appeared to him, a faithful judgment. It is true that, as we have already stated in this magazine, we do not endorse his views about the emperor; we regret that Marmont should have been led away by a feeling of jealousy, which, in calmer moments, he must have deeply lamented; and we are not inclined to take his judg-



ment on the Great Emperor as the one which will be ratified by future history. On the other hand, we have no reason to deny the truth of his facts; and it will be found that all the attacks made on these Memoirs are the result of opinions he has expressed, rather than historical facts he has described. In truth, when we remember that a Frenchman is the author of these Memoirs, we ought to give him all credit for the impartiality he has generally displayed.

In conclusion, we are bound to confess that these Memoirs bear the marks of much excision and interpolation; but for them we must not blame the author. The gentleman entrusted with the editorial duties has surely a right to publish what he thinks proper; but, at the same time, must assume the responsibility of all short-comings. We have more especially to lament the reserve which is evident in the last volume, which would refer almost exclusively to men of the day; but here we find little of importance. Surely, after exposing Marmont's memory to so great obloquy by the publication of his critiques on the emperor, justice would have required an equal *exposé* with reference to his successors; and there is so much connected with the reign of Louis Philippe which has not yet seen light, that even a slight instalment would have been greeted with satisfaction. We cannot but assume that Marmont had written down much about our contemporaries which has not yet been made known, and we hope yet to receive a supplementary volume, serving to throw light on the events of the day, and indubitably possessing as much interest as the nine which have preceded it.

But, even if no further revelations appear, we have much in these Memoirs of very great value, as furnishing further confirmation of the mistaken views hitherto entertained of the character of Napoleon I. We trust, therefore, that when the time comes for an impartial, because truthful, history of that great man to be written, the author will have recourse to the memoirs of his marshals for information, and amongst these he must not forget the *mémoires pour servir* which we owe to the pen of Marmont. Their publication has been accompanied by such a paper warfare, that much additional matter will thus be obtained, and we foresee many revelations which we may hereafter have occasion to make known to our readers.

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# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## CENTRAL AFRICA.\*

THE idea of a negro is so completely associated with that of a slave, that it will probably take some time before the existence of powerful Black States, fertile in resources, with large cities and a people in a transition state of civilisation in the heart of Africa, will be a generally accepted fact; and, thanks to the great rivers which open a highway into these productive realms, they will probably be brought into commercial and friendly relations with this country before the empire of Sokoto, or the great states of Air, Soughay, Gando, Kanem, Bagirmi, or Adamawa, are, as they ought to be, terms familiar to every educated person. Another reason for the absence of general information in regard to Central Africa is the state of the maps which are placed in the hands of most young persons, the sale of which has been outstripped by the progress of geographical discovery, and the proprietors of which are nevertheless most unwilling to send forth a new issue till Africa, with its vast imaginary sandy Sahara and its great central blank, is exhausted.

The little intimacy of the civilised world, more especially of England and France, with the frontier states of the Sahara, once civilised by the Romans, and with the populous and powerful states of Negroland, and their total ignorance of the many powerful and productive regions that may exist between Livingston's northernmost and Barth's southernmost explorations, is something astounding. The latter traveller justly remarks, that so profound is this ignorance of the interior of Africa, that every succeeding traveller has effected his discoveries solely by the openings made by the labours of his predecessor. "Thus," he says, "our expedition would never have been able to achieve what it did, if Oudney, Denham, and Clapperton had not gone before us; nor would these travellers have succeeded so far, had Lyon and Ritchie not opened the road to Fezzan; nor would Lyon have been able to reach Tejérri, if Admiral Smyth had not shown the way to Ghirza." The publication of Dr. Barth's work will constitute a great epoch in the history of African discovery. Much of the matter has appeared in a desultory form, but it now comes before the public as a comprehensive and instructive whole, drawn up with every care and attention to historical antecedents, to the different races of men, and to the geographical and political relations of empires, states, and provinces, confederated or not; of Islamism and Paganism constantly arrayed against each other in open or secret warfare; and of

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man-trapping and slavery in its most extended form. The settlements of the Arab and the Berber, the poor remnants of the vast empires of the middle ages, are shown to be proceeding southwards from the Mediterranean, succeeded by a country dotted with the monumental relics of Roman dominion and civilisation, now only in part tenanted by the wild roving herds of the Tawazek, and these again by the Negro and half-Negro tribes who dwell in fertile lands, irrigated by large navigable rivers and lakes, adorned with the finest timber, and producing various species of grain—rice, sesamum, ground-nuts, sugar-cane, and cotton and indigo, the latter among the most valuable commodities of trade. The whole of Central Africa, from Bagirmi in the east as far as Timbuktu to the west, is now found to abound in these products, the natives not only weaving their own cotton, but dyeing their home-made shirts with their own indigo. Above all, Dr. Barth's work is illustrated; and faithful representations of things, speaking as they do at once to the mind through the eye, often do more to familiarise persons with new ideas than much reading. The forest scenery of this most interesting region is brought home to us by such scenes as the Bir al Etain, or the encampment of January, 1852; and the lake and river scenery, by the beautiful views of the open water and of the shores of Lake Tsad, the shallow water at Demma, the Wulia, the Logon Burmi, and the confluence of the Bénoué and Faro. The rich productiveness of the same regions is made evident to our senses by such scenes as are depicted of the environs of Musgu, the gero, or corn-fields, of Mbutudi, with their slender delébpalms; the rich and thinly-wooded pastures of the Yo and the Komadugu, and the crops of Guinea corn alternating with fields of goma or yams, and adorned with fine spreading trees, amongst which the termu and the kuka, or monkey-bread-tree; and even by the rocky eminences, all overgrown with fresh vegetation, as at Demsa. And lastly, the modes of living of the inhabitants are made familiar by several coloured drawings and woodcuts, while the populousness of the country is as clearly depicted in the scene attendant upon the return of the Sultan of Bagirmi to Masena; and some idea can be formed of the extent of its cities by the general view of Kano, the great emporium of Central Africa—the London of Negroland.

Mr. Richardson was still waiting in Paris for despatches when his younger and more zealous colleagues, Drs. Barth and Overweg, reached Tunis by way of Philippeville and Bona, on the 15th of December, 1849. From thence they proceeded to Tripoli by land, and when joined there by the head of the expedition, finding that the preparations for the final departure for the interior would occupy at least a month, they wisely resolved to pass the time in an excursion through the mountainous region that encompasses Tripoli in a radius of from sixty to eighty miles. Crossing the district of Zenzur—one of the finest in Tripoli for richness of soil and good water—they next traversed that of Zawiya, "the corner," which, although it consists for the main part of sand-hills, contains an aggregate population of 20,000 souls. Hence they turned inland over the fine prairies of the Belasa, first reaching the tertiary lixestones and gypsum at the foot of the hills, at the Wady al Ethel, or valley of the Oriental Tamarisk. They now began to meet with those remains of Roman civilisation which are to be found throughout the

mountain districts; and passing the first olives entered the Jebel Yefren, which attain at Kaer Jebel an elevation of 2150 feet, and at Enshad e Safet, 2800 feet. This mountain district, which comprises many fertile valleys, is said to contain about 60,000 inhabitants. Thence they passed into the Ghurian, a rocky plateau succeeded by a fertile region of rich red loam, with luxuriant plantations of olive-trees, saffron, corn, &c. An extinct volcano, called Mount Tekat, stands in advance of this region to the northward, and attains an elevation of 2800 feet. The district of Tarhona, averaging a height of 1000 feet, rich in corn, full of Roman ruins, and inhabited by a wandering people that live in tents, finally led the way to Mesellata, a district of the same physical character, only inhabited by people with fixed habitations, and thence they returned back by the coast districts to Tripoli.

At length the entire expedition left this latter city in detachments at the end of Mareh, and having united by the 1st of April, they were fairly on their way for the interior by the 2nd of the same month. On the 4th they passed Mount Ghurian, which had been before explored, and advanced thence into the barren regions of Ghadama. These dreary and desolate stony regions alternated with valleys containing pools of water and batum-trees, and with some corn-fields, while Roman milestones attested that they were following the high road of olden times to the fortified station of Gharra el Gharbia. Some very fine sepulchral monuments were also met with in this part of their journey. The remarkable station above mentioned was situated on the northern slope of the rocky region called the Hammada. Green depressions existed, however, in this arid region, and in some of these the poisonous lizard, called the bu-kashash, was met with in great numbers. These wadys, or oases, also abounded in truffles. But after a time the Hammada was succeeded by El Homrah, a more sterile and barren, though less stony, region than the Hammada, almost entirely without plants, or animals, or human beings. Heaps of stones were met with every quarter of an hour, indicating the way.

On the 24th of April the expedition reached the southern extremity of this arid district, where it terminated in perpendicular cliffs over a barren valley. The black population and dominions of Fezzan commence at this point, which is marked by the Wady Haeran, a plain of drifting sand strewed with great masses of dark sandstone, followed by dreary regions of the same material, interspersed with drifting yellow sand-hills and valleys with batum-trees, and which extended as far as to Wady e Shati, where it was succeeded by a region of sands with palms and herbage.

In the midst of this latter region were the great wadys Gharbi and E Sherki, with numerous permanent villages and natron lakes in the country beyond, as also remains of Christian chapels. A plain pretty well wooded with sidr-trees ascends gently from these valleys to the table-land of Murzuk, which is for the most part a stony level plain without vegetation, intersected by narrow valleys, with talha-trees, and with some herbage and even corn-fields, which are again succeeded by date-groves as the capital of Fezzan is approached.

Murzuk, which is rather the thoroughfare than the seat of a considerable commerce, has been before described, and need not detain us here. The expedition left that city on the 13th of June, taking a disco-

tion a little to the north of west, and passing a village with walls and towers, whence they followed, for a distance of upwards of fifty miles, the wady, or valley, of Berjush, refreshed by talha-trees and herbage, with a vast naked plain to the north, and a high range of sand-hills to the south.

After some little delay at Elawen, owing to the refractoriness of the escort and camel-drivers, the expedition continued its route, passing some remarkable sculptures in Wady Telisaghe which Barth attributes to the olden inhabitants who had relations with the Carthaginians; and on the 8th of July, the Pass of Ralle, where the western table-land of Murzuk broke up into perpendicular cliffs of fantastic shape several hundred feet high. From this their road to Ghat took a very circuitous direction, owing to the mountainous character of the country, passing first the arid and stony plain of Taita; then the valley of Tanessuf, with Mount Idinen, or Kasr Jenin, "the palace of the demons," 2400 feet in elevation to the right; and the great Akakus range to the left, which flanks with its castle-like and battlemented crags both the valley of Tanessuf and that of Ighelfannis, in which is situated the chief city of the Azkar, a military confederacy of the Tawarek.

It was at the so-called palace of demons that an incident, before described from the pages of Mr. Richardson's Journal, occurred, to Dr. Barth, and which had nigh put a stop to all further peregrinations on his part. Soon after leaving Ghat, the expedition entered upon the Highlands of the Azkar Tawarek, an elevated wilderness of rocks of fantastic shapes, with vegetation and permanent pools of water in the ravines, and they descended thence by what Barth designates as the "terrific ravine" of Egeri, and of which he gives a good drawing, where the granitic rocks succeeded to the broken-up, outlying, sedimentary formations. This mountain region was succeeded by extensive, inhospitable, waterless plains, with granite peaks rising up, and scarcely any herbage; next, by the mountain region of Anahef, abounding in wild oxen and gazelles; then by more dismal and dreary gravelly plains, and barren, open deserts, all, however, intersected with occasional wadys, with talhas, and herbage, a few ethels and other plants, till, at Jinninau, a beautiful valley, with a forest of fine trees and pastures of tropical appearance, led the way to the mountain region of Fadeagh, inhabited by the warlike border tribes of the Efade and Kelfade, who divide the country of the Kelowi Tawarek from that of the Air, or Asben.

Passing the northern limit of the dum-palm, in latitude 19 deg., and leaving the mountain group of Timge (5000 feet) to the left, the expedition arrived at Tintellust on the 3rd of September, not without being pillaged and nearly losing their lives among the freebooters of the borders. The chief of Tintellust having refused to assist the expedition in its further progress, except at a very considerable outlay, Dr. Barth started on a mission to Agades, the residence of the sultan of the country. His route thither lay through a country diversified by mountains and hilly ranges, with ravines and valleys, rendered pleasant by a various tropical vegetation. Agades itself, Dr. Barth tells us, is a considerable town, once as large as Tunis, but it derives its chief interest from being situated in the midst of lawless tribes, on the border of the desert, and of the fertile tracts of an almost unknown continent, esta-

blished there from ancient times, and protected as a place of rendezvous and commerce between nations of the most different character, and having the most various wants. It is, he says, by mere accident that this town has not attracted as much interest in Europe as her sister town Timbuktu.

Dr. Barth's mission to the Sultan of Agades was so successful, that on his joining his companions at Tin-Teggana, which was in advance of Tin-Tellust, where he had left them, on the way to Kano, he says they were actually jealous of him! Their means of progress were not, however, in any way forwarded by this great success, for the old chief Annur would not move, and they had to remain in the valley of Tin-Teggana for upwards of a month, waiting for the great salt caravans, before proceeding to the southward. At length a start was effected on the 12th of December, 1850, through at first a rocky country, abounding in gazelles, hares, and partridges. There were also many maneless lions in this region, which is the northern limit of the indigo plant. A table-land, clothed with high grass, and abounding in gazelles and hares, led thence to the long valleys of Unan and Bargout, which were well wooded, dum-palms and talhas being very numerous, and the latter covered with parasitical plants.

At the extremity of these valleys the granite was once more succeeded by sedimentary rocks. This was at the southern limit of the maneless lion of Air, and the northern of the giraffe. The way now lay across uninhabited and waterless regions. The dum-palm and all other large trees had disappeared. The *Antelope leucoryx* became more numerous. This was succeeded by what Dr. Barth terms a perfect desert plain, with an average elevation of about 2000 feet, whole tracts being covered with karengia (*Penisetum distichum*), others with brushwood. This region was the home of the giraffe, the wild ox, the ostrich, and the leucoryx. At length, after several days' long journeys, the pasture-grounds of the nomadic tribe of the Tagama, a region rich in cattle, but abounding also in the poisonous euphorbia, or spurge, "kum kumia" was reached, and a pleasant hilly country led the way to the first corn-fields of Damerghu, and thence to Tagalel they had nothing but an undulating rich country, the granary of the province or state of Air, or Asben.

At Tagalel, Drs. Barth and Overweg separated from Mr. Richardson, the next place of meeting being fixed in Kuka, or Kukawa, for the 1st of April, but which city, on the Tsad, Mr. Richardson was never destined to reach. He was tolerably well at the time, although he had shown evident symptoms of being greatly affected by the change from the fine fresh air of the mountainous district of Air to the sultry climate of the fertile lands of Negroland; and he was quite incapable of bearing the heat of the sun, for which reason he always carried an umbrella, instead of accustoming himself to it by degrees. Barth and Overweg started together, passing amid the corn-stacks of Olalowa, the first regular ant-hill. Travel was now very pleasant, cultivated land alternating with prairies of "gamba," a tall sort of grass, and woods enlivened by guinea fowl and wild pigeons. They found the earth, however, to abound in a peculiar kind of small worms, (?) which greatly annoyed those who had no bedsteads. On the 11th of January, according to Overweg, and the 12th,

according to Barth, they saw the first talip-tree, just open in all the natural finery of its colours, while not a single leaf adorned the tree. At the same time, they met with the first cotton-fields, which alternated with the corn-fields most agreeably. On the 13th, Overweg, who had determined to go directly to Tasawa, in order to carry out an adventurous journey to Gober and Maradi, parted from Barth. The latter proceeded a little south to Gosenako before he turned off for Tasawa, where, however, he had another interview with his fellow-traveller before they finally separated. Travelling appears to have been anything but disagreeable in the country they were then in. A new and important vegetation was hourly disclosing itself, the whole land had a most interesting and cheerful appearance, villages and corn-fields succeeding each other, with only short intervals of thick underwood, which contributed to give richer variety to the landscape; numerous herds of fine cattle, and long troops of men carrying on their heads large baskets filled with the fruit of the goreba (*Cucifera*, or *Hypphaene Thebaica*), commonly called the gingerbread-tree, also gave animation to the scenery. Nor was the reception met with in the villages less inviting.

Scarcely had our people made themselves comfortable, when their appetite was excited by a various assortment of the delicacies of the country, clamorously offered for sale by crowds of women from the village. The whole evening a discordant chime was rung upon the words "nono" (sour milk), "may" (butter), "dodowa" (the vegetable paste above mentioned); "kaka" (the young leaves of the *Adansonia*, which are used for making an infusion with which meat or the "tuo" is eaten), and "yaru da daria." The last of these names, indeed, is one which characterises and illustrates the cheerful disposition of the Hausa people; for the literal meaning of it is, "the laughing boy," or "the boy to laugh," while it signifies the sweet ground-nut, which if roasted is indeed one of the greatest delicacies of the country.

The little territory of Tasawa might indeed constitute a very happy state, if the inhabitants were left in quiet, but unluckily they are, like the rest of Sudan, or Negroland, continually harassed by predatory expeditions.

Tasawa (Barth says) was the first large place of Negroland Proper which I had seen, and it made the most cheerful impression upon me, as manifesting everywhere the unmistakable marks of the comfortable, pleasant sort of life led by the natives:—the courtyard fenced with a "dérne" of tall reeds, excluding to a certain degree the eyes of the passer-by, without securing to the interior absolute secrecy; then near the entrance the cool shady place of the "ramis" for ordinary business and for the reception of strangers, and the "gida," partly consisting entirely of reed ("daki-n-kara") of the best wickerwork, partly built of clay in its lower parts ("bongo"), while the roof consists of reeds only ("shibki")—but of whatever material it may consist, it is warm and well adapted for domestic privacy—the whole dwelling shaded with spreading trees, and enlivened with groups of children, goats, fowls, pigeons, and, where a little wealth had been accumulated, a horse or a peck-ox.

With this character of the dwellings, that of the inhabitants themselves is in entire harmony, its most constant element being a cheerful temperament, bent upon enjoying life, rather given to women, dance, and song, but without any disgusting excess. Everybody here finds his greatest happiness in a comely lass; and as soon as he makes a little profit, he adds a young wife to his elder companion in life: yet a man has rarely more than two wives at a time. Drinking fermented liquor cannot be strictly reckoned a sin in a place where a great

many of the inhabitants are pagans; but a drunken person, nevertheless, is scarcely ever seen; those who are not Mohammedans only indulge in their "giya," made of sorghum, just enough to make them merry and enjoy life with more light-heartedness.

Woods of dum-palms, tamarinds, and the splendid bore-tree adorned the landscape between Tasawa and Gazawa, which latter town is itself situated in a thick forest. The reception here was of the usual kindly character; the little camp of the travellers was a regular market, but the restless struggle ever going on in these regions was too plainly illustrated by a troop of well-mounted horsemen going by, followed by a body of tall, slender archers, quite naked but for their leathern aprons.

A disputed territory, for the most part covered with forests, separates Gazawa from Katzena, which, like Tasawa, is the capital of a province, or state. These forests constituted the northern limit of the elephant. The whole region was once a bustling scene of life, with numbers of towns and villages, till at the very commencement of this century the Jihadi, or "Reformer," rose among the Fulbe of Gober, and, inflaming them with fanatic zeal, urged them on to merciless warfare against pagans as well as Muhammadans. A solitary colossal baobab, almost solely found near some dwelling-place of man, shot out from the prickly underwood, which thickly overgrew the once busy market-place of Dankama, now a deserted town.

Katzena was formerly a great city, ruled by sultans, who, although always in some degree dependent on the sultans of Bornu, were still among the most wealthy and conspicuous rulers of Negroland. Its circuit is between thirteen and fourteen English miles, and if only half its immense area were ever tolerably well inhabited, must have had a population of at least 100,000 souls; but at present, when the inhabited quarter is reduced to the north-western part, there are scarcely seven or eight thousand people living in it. The chief cause of this decline was the rise of Kano, and the emigration of the merchants and traders to the latter city. Yet the town is well situated, and the province is described as being one of the finest parts of Negroland, being situated just at the water-parting between the basin of the Tsad and that of the Kwara, or Quorra. Thus, at a general elevation of from 1200 to 1500 feet, it enjoys the advantage of being at once well watered and well drained, the chain of hills which diversify its surface sending down numerous rapid streams, so that it is less insalubrious than other regions of this continent. Its productions are also varied and rich. The rapacity of the sultan unfortunately detained Barth for some time at this fallen city, and placed him in a position of great embarrassment. His resources were, at the best, trifling—indeed, almost nominal—added to which the whole party had been plundered in Asben, and it was long before he could satisfy the cupidity of the needy ruler.

A various but fertile and beautiful country of forests, pastures, gardens, cotton plantations, fields of nome, date and palm-groves, brushwood, with fine monkey-bread-trees, numerous villages and some towns, as Kusada, Kaderda, and Bechi, lay between Katzena and Kano, the actual metropolis of Negroland.

Kano (says Barth) is a name which excites enthusiasm in every traveller in these regions, from whatever quarter he may come, but principally if he arrives



from the north. We thus started in the twilight, passing in the bush some herds of cattle remaining out in the pasture-grounds, and meeting several troops of travellers, which made us fancy the capital to be nearer than it really was. We listened to the tales of our comely and cheerful companion, the "baba-n-bawa" of Tagelel, who detailed to us the wonders of this African London, Birmingham, and Manchester—the vastness of the town, the palace and retinue of the governor, the immense multitudes assembled every day in its market-place, the splendour and richness of the merchandise exposed there for sale, the various delicacies of the table, the beauty and gracefulness of its ladies. At times my fiery Tunisian mulatto shouted out from mere anticipation of the pleasures which awaited him.

Barth's first acquaintance with the capital of Negroland was by no means agreeable. He was lodged in dark, uncomfortable quarters, was forbidden to leave till the sultan had seen him, was destitute of a single cowrie in cash, was pestered by numerous creditors, and was laughed at on account of his poverty by an insolent servant.

The population of Kano is estimated at 30,000. The principal commerce consists in native produce—namely, cotton cloth, woven and dyed in various colours.

The great advantage of Kano is, that commerce and manufactures go hand in hand, and that almost every family has its share in them. There is really something grand in this kind of industry, which spreads to the north as far as Murzuk, Ghat, and even Tripoli: to the west, not only to Timbuktu, but in some degree even as far as the shores of the Atlantic, the very inhabitants of Arguin dressing in the cloth woven and dyed in Kano; to the east, all over Bornu, although there it comes into contact with the native industry of the country; and to the south it maintains a rivalry with the native industry of the Igbara and Igbo, while towards the south-east it invades the whole of Adamawa, and is only limited by the nakedness of the pagan *sans-culottes*, who do not wear clothing.

The chief articles of native industry, besides cloth, are sandals and other leathern work. There is also a large trade in African produce, more particularly in the *guro*, or kola-nut—as necessary to the negro as tea or coffee to us—in natron, salt, and ivory. Unfortunately, a very important branch of the native commerce is the slave trade, which, it appears from Barth's statements, is actively upheld by the Americans.

I must here speak (he says) about a point of very great importance for the English, both as regards their honour and their commercial activity. The final opening of the lower course of the Kwara has been one of the most glorious achievements of English discovery, bought with the lives of so many enterprising men. But it seems that the English are more apt to perform a great deed than to follow up its consequences. After they have opened this noble river to the knowledge of Europe, frightened by the sacrifice of a few lives, instead of using it themselves for the benefit of the nations of the interior, they have allowed it to fall into the hands of the American slave-dealers, who have opened a regular annual slave-trade with those very regions, while the English seem not to have even the slightest idea of such a traffic going on. Thus American produce, brought in large quantities to the market of Nupe, has begun to inundate Central Africa, to the great damage of the commerce and the most unqualified scandal of the Arabs, who think that the English, if they would, could easily prevent it. For this is not a legitimate commerce; it is nothing but slave-traffic on a large scale, the Americans taking nothing in return for their merchandise and their dollars but slaves, besides a small quantity of natron.

The province of Kano, which comprises a very fertile district of considerable extent, contains, according to Barth's computation, more than two hundred thousand free people, besides at least an equal number of slaves; so that the whole population of the province amounts to more than half a million, though it may greatly exceed this number. The sultan is able to raise an army of seven thousand horse, and more than twenty thousand men on foot. The tribute which he levies is very large, considering the state of the country, amounting altogether to about one hundred millions of kurdi, besides the presents he receives from merchants. His authority is not, however, absolute, as he is but a vassal to the Sultan of Sokoto, and is also himself under a kind of ministerial council.

Although with little but difficulties in prospect, it was, Barth says, with the same delight with which a bird springs forth from its cage that he hastened to escape from out of the narrow, dirty mud-walls into the open country, on his way to Kukawa, or Kuka. And it is a truly remarkable thing that, between the two cities of Kano and Kuka, a distance of upwards of 300 miles, through the provinces of Gummel Khadeja, Mashena, Bundi Nguru, Zurrikalo, Donari, Borzari, Manga Proper, Keleti Jetko, and Koyam, there is one continuous succession of towns and villages, with native orchards, gardens, groves, pastures, and cultivated land, with occasional forests or brushwood, and some rocky, barren, and desert tracts.

The chief incidents that occurred on this long but interesting journey were the reception of two Spanish dollars, the balance of an account with Mr. Gagliuffi of Murzuk, and which our traveller declares to have been certainly more valuable to him than so many hundreds of pounds would have been at other times; and the meeting, on the 24th of March, a richly-dressed and well armed, but strange-looking person, accompanied by three men on horseback, likewise armed with muskets and pistols, and who informed him of the death of Mr. Richardson. Some days subsequently Barth paid a visit to the grave of the unfortunate traveller, and he found it well protected with thorn-bushes, and regarded by the people of the neighbouring town of Ngurutuwa—"the place full of hippopotami"—with reverence. This place derives its name from being near the great river, with its lakes and swamps, called Yeou by Denham and Clapperton, but Komadugu Waube by Barth, and which are the home of hippopotami, elephants, lions, monkeys, antelopes, and various other wild animals.

Barth's position at Kuka was even more unenviable than at Kano. The visit to that city was the great object of the mission, yet he appeared in it without a single companion, a dollar of money, or the means of making a present. No sooner installed at the vizier's, to whom he was at first conducted, than he was surrounded by claimants on the expedition, more especially the servants of the late Mr. Richardson. Luckily, the sultan, or sheikh, was a kind, benevolent man, and, after some detention at a city, which is already known by the long detention there of a former expedition, and sundry excursions to the shores of the neighbouring lake Tsad, our traveller set off for Adamawa and the eastern branch of the Niger.

The country to the south of Kuka presented the same great peculiarity which gives to Central Negroland its fertility; a low country, in which occur numerous flat depressions, with black soil, called, in Arabic, *ghadir*,

in Kanuri, *feti*, and which are at certain seasons of the year so many lagoons. These plains were sometimes barren, and for the most part clothed with the *acalepiades*, the common and characteristic weeds of the country, but at times they were interspersed with pasture-grounds, with cotton plantations, fields of corn, ngibbi (*Penisetum distichum*) and onions, and diversified by groves of dum-palm and tamarind-trees.

At Mangal, some twenty-four miles from Kuka, brushwood began, but at Minter, in the same parallel, there were cattle, sheep, and goats. The fertile districts of Ude and Yelé, which succeeded, were followed by a swampy region, with thick forests abounding in wild fowl, after which rich corn-fields and pastures continued to alternate with swamps, which were frequented by wild boar all through the province of Ghamerghu; the district of Uje, in the same province, being on the river Alaw, a tributary to the Tsad, is described as being one of the most fertile, densely inhabited, and best cultivated in Negrolaud.

This fine country, which extends some eighty miles southwards of Kuka, is succeeded, in the district of Shamo, inhabited by the Marghi, a pagan tribe, by a vast forest, nearly sixty miles in extent. The principal trees were in the north; cornus-trees, *Bassia Parkii*, gawo, and kandil, or talha; in the central portions the karagu became prevalent, and in the southern, toso, or kaderia, gonda, korawa, kabuwi, sindi, and paya-paya, a species of acacia. The basis of the forest appears to have been granitic, and its vast extent was diversified by pastures and cultivated lands, with hamlets and villages, and fine lakes abounding in fish. This forest, which was full of elephants, constituted a disputed frontier region between Bornu and Adamawa, and it is backed to the east by a mountain range, which attains an average elevation of 2500 feet, but having peaks of 6000 feet.

A narrow rocky pass led the way out of this forest to Uba, the northernmost Pallo place of Adamawa; and beyond was the district of Mubi, a pleasant territory of pasture-grounds, with patches of forest and corn-fields near the villages, interspersed with mountains. Crossing the Holma range, about 2000 feet elevation, our traveller reached the district of Fali, somewhat similar to that of Mubi, and well watered by tributaries to the river of Demsa, or Mayo Tiyel (described as abounding in crocodiles)—altogether a fine and picturesque country, which is succeeded by the fertile plains of the Benuwé, and which river Barth crossed at the point of its junction with the Faro, and at a distance of upwards of 200 miles from Kuka. From this point he prolonged his journey to Yola, a farther distance of twenty-five miles.

Notwithstanding the strangeness and novelty of the country traversed, this long journey was not marked by many incidents. On one occasion some naked pagans were discovered in the bushes on the banks of a river near Kofa, and the people who accompanied Barth wished to rush upon and capture them as slaves, but were prevented doing so by a Mussulman chief of Adamawa. Adamawa, it is to be observed, is a Muhammadan kingdom, engrafted upon a mixed stock of pagan tribes—the conquest of the valorous and fanatic Pullo chieftain, Adama, over the great pagan kingdom of Fumbina; and in passing through the Mussulman village of Bagma, cheerfully enlivened by cattle, and where the size and shape of

the beds testified to a climate quite different from that of Sudan, Barth relates :

The news of a marvellous novelty soon stirred up the whole village, and young and old, male and female, all gathered round our motley troop, and thronged about us in innocent mirth, and as we proceeded the people came running from the distant fields to see the wonder; but the wonder was not myself, but the camel, an animal which many of them had never seen, fifteen years having elapsed since one had passed along this road. The ohorns of shrill voices, "geloba, geloba," was led by two young wanton Pullo girls, slender as antelopes, and wearing nothing but a light apron of striped cotton round their loins, who, jumping about and laughing at the stupidity of these enormous animals, accompanied us for about two miles along the fertile plain.

The simplicity of manners of the mountaineers of Muhi seems to have been remarkable. At Mbutudi, a village situated round a granite mount, and where violets, signs of a cooler climate, peeped from herbage that grew at the foot of the deléb-palm, a deputation of the inhabitants waited on our traveller, and they would almost perforce have had him settle among them.

I determined to ascend the rock which commands and characterises the village, although, being fully aware of the debilitated state of my health, I was somewhat afraid of any great bodily exertion. It was certainly not an easy task, as the crags were extremely steep, but it was well worth the trouble, although the view over an immense expanse of country was greatly interrupted by the many small trees and bushes which are shooting out between the granite blocks.

After I had finished taking angles I sat down on this magnificent rocky throne, and several of the natives having followed me, I wrote from their dictation a short vocabulary of their language, which they call "Zani," and which I soon found was intimately related to that of the Marghi. These poor creatures, seeing, probably for the first time, that a stranger took real interest in them, were extremely delighted in hearing their words pronounced by one whom they thought almost as much above them as their god "fête," and frequently corrected each other when there was a doubt about the meaning of the word. The rock became continually more and more animated, and it was not long before two young Fulbe girls also, who from the first had cast a kindly eye upon me, came jumping up to me, accompanied by an elder married sister. One of these girls was about fifteen, the other about eight or nine years of age. They were decently dressed as Mohammedans, in shirts covering the bosom, while the pagans, although they had dressed for the occasion, wore nothing but a narrow strip of leather passed between the legs, and fastened round the loins, with a large leaf attached to it from behind; the women were, besides, ornamented with the "kadama," which is the same as the segheum of the Marghi, and worn in the same way, stuck through the under-lip, but a little larger. Their prevailing complexion was a yellowish red, like that of the Marghi, with whom, a few centuries ago, they evidently formed one nation. Their worship, also, is nearly the same.

At length I left my elevated situation, and with a good deal of trouble succeeded in getting down again; but the tranquillity which I had before enjoyed was now gone, and not a moment was I left alone. All these poor creatures wanted to have my blessing; and there was particularly an old blacksmith, who, although he had become a proselyte to Islam, pestered me extremely with his entreaties to benefit him by word and prayer. They went so far as to do me the honour, which I of course declined, of identifying me with their god "fête," who, they thought, might have come to spend a day with them, to make them

forget their oppression and misfortunes. The pagans, however, at length left me when night came on, but the Fulbe girls would not go, or if they left me for a moment, immediately returned, and so stayed till midnight. The eldest of the unmarried girls made me a direct proposal of marriage, and I consoled her by stating, that I should have been happy to accept her offer if it were my intention to reside in the country. The manners of people who live in these retired spots, shut out from the rest of the world, are necessarily very simple and unaffected; and this poor girl had certainly reason to look out for a husband, as at fifteen she was as far beyond her first bloom as a lady of twenty-five in Europe.

Our traveller's feelings of rectitude would not allow him to write charms, as his less punctilious companions would have had him do, or, he says, that instead of suffering as they did from poverty, they might all have lived in the greatest luxury and abundance. It certainly was a sore trial to a man's conscientiousness.

At length, on the 18th of June, Barth reached the scene of his great discovery—the Bénéwé, or Eastern Niger.

At an early hour (he relates) we left the inhospitable place of Sulléri. It was a beautiful fresh morning, all nature being revived and enlivened by the last night's storm. My companions, sullen and irritated, quarrelled among themselves on account of the selfish behaviour of Ibrahima. As for me, I was cheerful in the extreme, and borne away by an enthusiastic and triumphant feeling; for to-day I was to see the river.

The neighbourhood of the water was first indicated by numbers of high ant-hills, which, as I shall have occasion to observe more fully in the course of my narrative, abound chiefly in the neighbourhood of rivers: they were here ranged in almost parallel lines, and afforded a very curious spectacle. We had just passed a small village, or rumde, where not a living soul was to be seen, the people having all gone forth to the labours of the field, when the lively Mohammedu came running up to me, and exclaimed, "Gashi, gashi, dutsi-n-Alantika ké nan" ("Look! look! that is Mount Alantika"). I strained my eyes and saw, at a great distance to the S.W., a large but insulated mountain mass, rising abruptly on the east side, and forming a more gradual slope towards the west, while it exhibited a rather smooth and broad top, which certainly must be spacious, as it contains the estates of seven independent pagan chiefs. Judging from the distance, which was pretty well known to me, I estimated the height of the mountain at about eight thousand feet above the plain, or about ~~near~~ thousand feet of absolute elevation; but it may be somewhat less.

Here there was still cultivated ground, exhibiting at present the finest crop of masr, called "butali" by the Fulbe of Adamawa; but a little further on we entered upon a swampy plain (the savannas of Adamawa), overgrown with tall, rank grass, and broken by many large hollows full of water, so that we were obliged to proceed with great caution. This whole plain is annually (two months later) entirely under water. However, in the middle of it, on a little rising ground which looks as if it were an artificial mound, lies a small village, the abode of the ferrymen of the Bénéwé, from whence the boys came running after us—slender, well-built lads, accustomed to fatigue and strengthened by daily bathing; the younger ones quite naked, the elder having a leathern apron girt round their loins. A quarter of an hour afterwards we stood on the bank of the Bénéwé.

It happens but rarely that a traveller does not feel disappointed when he first actually beholds the principal features of a new country, of which his imagination has composed a picture from the description of the natives; but although I must admit that the shape and size of the Alantika, as it rose in rounded lines from the flat level, did not exactly correspond with the idea which I had formed of it, the appearance of the river far exceeded my most lively expectations.

None of my informants had promised me that I should just come upon it at that most interesting locality—the Tépe—where the mightier river is joined by another of very considerable size, and that in this place I was to cross it. My arrival at this point, as I have stated before, was a most fortunate circumstance. As I looked from the bank over the scene before me, I was quite enchanted, although the whole country bore the character of a desolate wilderness; but there could scarcely be any great traces of human industry near the river, as, during its floods, it inundates the whole country on both sides. This is the general character of all the great rivers in these regions, except where they are encompassed by very steep banks.

When we consider that, in 1824, a writer in the *Quarterly Review* argued that there could be little doubt that the Niger flowed into the Lake of Bornu, and finally terminated in the Abiad, or White Nile, and that this argument was upheld in the same authoritative review after the journey of Denham and Clapperton (see *Quarterly Review* for March, 1826), and that in our own times both Lander and Allen conceived the Chadda or Bénuwé to be an outlet of Lake Tsad—the geographical importance of Barth's discovery will be at once felt; but its importance to commerce and civilisation is still further shown by the navigation of the Bénuwé by the *Pleiad*, accomplished to establish the identity of that river and the so-called Tshadda, or Chadda, and which (so prolonged have Barth's travels been), although based on that gentleman's discovery of the Bénuwé and Faro, we have been able to give an account of the navigation of the river before placing on record its first discovery.

Yola, the capital of Adamawa, is described as being a large, open place, consisting, with a few exceptions, of conical huts, surrounded by spacious court-yards, and even by corn-fields, the houses of the sultan and those of his brothers being alone built entirely of clay. It is quite a new settlement, being called Yola after the princely quarter of the town of Kano, and is situated in a swampy plain, extending some three miles from east to west. Of the country of Fumbina, Barth says:

The country is certainly one of the finest of Central Africa, irrigated as it is by numerous rivers, among which the Bénuwé and the Faro are the most important, and being diversified with hill and dale. In general, however, it is flat, rising gradually towards the south, from an elevation of about eight hundred feet, along the middle course of the Bénuwé, to fifteen hundred feet or more, and broken by separate hills or more extensive groups of mountains; but, as far as I know, there is not here a single example of large mountain masses. Mount Alantika, of which I had a fine view from several points, though at a considerable distance, is considered as the most massive and elevated mountain in the whole country; and this is an entirely detached mountain, at the utmost fifty miles in circumference, and elevated certainly not more than eight thousand five hundred or nine thousand feet above the plain from which it rises. No doubt the Bénuwé may be presumed to have its sources in a mountainous tract of country; but of the uppermost course of this river I was not able to obtain the least information, while I have been able to lay down its lower course with great approximative certainty. Yet, although the elevation of the country is in general the same, the nature of the different districts varies greatly: thus in Chamba, apparently on account of the neighbourhood of Mount Alantika, which attracts the clouds, the rainy season is said to set in as early as January, so that by the end of April or beginning of May the first crop is ripe, while in Yola, and in the country in general, the rains rarely begin before March.

The grain most commonly grown in the country is *Holcus sorghum*; but in this respect also there is a great difference between the districts. Thus, the

country of the Mbam round Ngaandere scarcely produces anything but roge, or yams, which form the daily, and almost sole food of the inhabitants. Meat is so dear there that a goat will often fetch the price of a female slave. Ground-nuts (*Arachis hypogaea*) are plentiful both in the eastern and the western districts. A tolerable quantity of cotton, called "pottolo" in Adamawa, is cultivated; but indigo or "chachari" is very rare, and is hardly cultivated anywhere but in Sarawu and Maruwa; and this is very natural, as the Fulbe do not value coloured shirts.

With regard to exuberance of vegetation, Tibati seems to be one of the richest places; there both kinds of the banana, or ayabaje, the gonda, or papaya, "dakuje," several species of the guro tree, the *Pandanus*, the *Kajilia*, the monkey-bread-tree, or *Adansonia*, the "rimi," or *Bombax*, and numerous other kinds are found. Of the palm tribe, the deleb-palm, or gigifia, and the *Elais Guineensis*, are frequent, but strictly limited to certain localities, while the date-tree (called by the Fulbe of Adamawa by the beautiful name "tannedaraje") is very rare, and, except a few specimens in Yola and Bundang, scarcely to be met with. Among the bushes, the *Palma Christi*, or *Ricinus*, is extremely common. Altogether, the predominant tree in the southern provinces of Adamawa seems to be the banana. There are hot springs in the country of the Bakr Yemayem, about three days south from Koncha, which are said to issue from the west foot of a mountain stretching from east to west, and to have a very high temperature; the water is reported to be palatable.

Of animals, the elephant is exceedingly frequent, not only the black or grey, but also a yellow species. The rhinoceros is often met with, but only in the eastern part of the country. East from the Bénarwé the wild bull is very common. The most singular animal seems to be the ayu, which lives in the river, and in some respects resembles the seal; it comes out of the river in the night, and feeds on the fresh grass growing on its banks.

With regard to domestic animals, cattle were evidently introduced by the Fulbe some two or three hundred years ago. There is an indigenous variety of ox, but quite a distinct species, not three feet high, and of dark-grey colour; this is called mataru. The native horse is small and feeble; the best horses are brought from the northern districts, chiefly from Uba.

It was Barth's intention to have explored this interesting region, to have investigated the basin of his newly discovered river, and to have penetrated into the fertile regions which extend to the southward, but, most unfortunately for the cause of knowledge, the sultan took offence at his presence, or was jealous of his proceedings, and ordered him back, when laid low with sickness, after only a few days' rest in this inhospitable city. Although extremely weak, our resolute explorer effected his journey back to Kuka in safety, and being most kindly and hospitably received by the ruling powers, he was enabled to pass the rainy season of 1851 in comparative comfort, although not in the best situation for a European constitution.

## A STOLEN MARCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

## I.

IN the first floor of a house at Brompton, one winter evening, there stood a lady at the fire, holding to it first one foot, then the other. Her shoes were damp and dirty, and, as her bonnet was on, it seemed probable that she had only just come in from the wet streets. A young servant-girl, in a pinafore, came in with the candles and tea-tray.

"If you please, ma'am, here's a gentleman come, and he says if you are Miss May, he wants to see you. He's a waiting in the passage."

"A gentleman! To see me! Who can it be?" she muttered. "*He* would not come here: he takes too good care to keep away." She threw off her bonnet and cloak in a scuffle, settled her collar, pinned on a bow of blue ribbons which lay on the table, and turned to the glass over the mantelpiece to smooth the braids of her hair. She was fair and good-looking, but pale and thin.

The visitor entered. A young, well-dressed gentleman, though somewhat given to display in the matter of ornaments. He was of light complexion, with a good-natured but not over-wise cast of countenance, and a very light, scant moustache. He approached, and held out his hand. "Sophia, have you forgotten me?"

For a few moments she stared as if she had. "It is not Frederick Lyvett!" she exclaimed at length.

"I knew you would remember me. I was in the cigar-shop, lower down, and saw you cross the street and come in here. I thought I could not be mistaken, so I came and asked for you."

"At the first instant of my recognising you," she said, sitting down, and motioning him to an opposite chair, "the emotion that arose to my mind was one of pleasure: but that is now giving place to pain. For the cruelty of your conduct is rising up fast before me."

"What cruelty?" he returned.

"Mr. Lyvett, if you have only come to insult me, I would ask why you have come at all. I should have thought a gentleman would not be guilty of doing so."

"What have I done?" he exclaimed, in amazement. "I never was cruel to any one, least of all to you. I think it was you who were cruel, not to leave your address when you quitted the old place. I have been home nearly twelve months, and have never been able to hear of you. If you forgot me, I never forgot you, and I should only be too glad to renew our former friendship."

The young lady was keen-witted, both by nature and experience. These words of Mr. Lyvett's caused a doubt to arise in her mind whether some deceit had not been formerly practised on her. "When you went away, now between two and three years ago, you pretended to me that you were sent to Valparaiso on pressing business," she said.

"So I was."

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"But as soon as you had sailed we were informed that you went of your own accord, and that it was a planned thing: planned that you might break with me."

"Who said that?"

"The firm. And they turned my father and mother out of the house the same day."

He sat looking at her for some minutes in evident bewilderment, and she at him. Light seemed to dawn upon him.

"Then, by Jove! you may depend that it *was* a planned thing: planned by them against us both, Sophia; to separate us. If I had but suspected this at the time! I remember it did seem to me strange that I, inexperienced, and only just taken into the business, should be started out on an important mission."

"You did not willingly separate from me, then?"

"No, on my sacred word of honour. I would not act so treacherously. It must have been my father's doings—and James's. I owe them one for this."

"Were you away long?"

"Eighteen months. What with their keeping me there on (I see now) frivolous pretences, and my knocking up, which I did, and a cruise I took in the South Seas, I was longer than I need have been. But won't you tell me all about yourself, Sophia? What did you do after my departure?"

"I tell you we were turned out of the house, without notice."

"Upon what grounds?"

"Only that you had visited us."

"Shameful of my father! I don't know a more arbitrary man than he can be when he chooses, kind as he generally is. Where did you go to?"

"My father and mother obtained another situation after a little while; and I went into a nobleman's family, as governess."

"That was pleasant. Did you stay in it?"

"Not a twelvemonth," evasively answered Miss May. "My health grew delicate—governesses are so overworked, as perhaps you know—and my friends sent me into the country to recruit my strength. Now I live here and teach privately. Some pupils I go to, and some come to me. I was coming in from giving a music lesson when you saw me just now."

"Do you live here all alone?"

"All alone. This sitting-room and a bedroom I have. I never see a soul but my pupils. When the girl said a gentleman wanted me, I thought she must be mistaken. Will you take some tea with me?"

"I can't stop now. We have some people to dinner this evening, and I must make a rush in the fleetest Hansom I can catch, to get home and dress for it. I will call again to-morrow. I must tell you one thing, Sophia, before I go."

"Yes?" she said, rising.

"That you are very much altered."

They were standing face to face when he spoke, and he had taken her hand to say adieu. So that it may have been the earnest and close gaze he cast upon her, but she blushed crimson; a deep, hot, glowing crimson.

"Not less beautiful," he added, as the colour lighted her features; "do not think I mean that: but, still, greatly changed. There is a look of worry on your countenance."

"How can it be otherwise?" was her remark. "Living, as I do, apart from all sympathy, possessing no congenial friends, and with an uncertain future before me?"

"True, true, that's worry enough. But brighter days may be in store for you," he added, with a meaning smile. "Think so, Sophia."

He quitted the room, and Sophia snatched one of the candles and went to the glass to survey herself. A dissatisfied expression stole to her countenance, but as she pushed and pulled at the braids of her hair, and stroked them in places with her finger, it changed to one of complacent vanity. "This is better luck than I dreamt of," she said, as if talking to her image in the glass, "and if I play my cards well—who knows?"

She hastily took her tea, and sent the things away, but before she had time to settle to any employment, a knock was heard at the sitting-room door.

"It's that's horrid woman!" she exclaimed to herself. "I wish the floor would open and swallow her up. Come in."

The landlady entered. She had come to demand the rent owing to her. She spoke civilly, for she was a respectable woman, and once of a superior class of life, but her tone was cold. She disapproved of some of her lodger's ways. She believed that Miss May, who had a fair amount of teaching, could have paid regularly, if she had not been so extravagant in dress. Besides the rent, she had many debts in the neighbourhood.

"Teaching is always flat in winter," observed Miss May. "Families are out of town."

The landlady thought that the class of families Miss May taught in were not out of town, but she passed over the remark.

"I have come up-stairs to give you warning," she said, "for I cannot afford to go on in this way. It will be better for me to have the rooms empty with the bill up and a chance of letting them, than to go on increasing the debt. To-morrow week I shall be obliged to you to vacate them: and I will not stop your clothes, Miss May, which I might do, but trust to your sense of justice to pay me off by degrees, as you can."

The speaker left the room, and Sophia May placed her elbows on the table, and leaned her head upon her hands. She was in a dilemma. If she had to leave now, it might spoil the new prospect just flashing on her vista: let Frederick Lyvett know she was in debt, and he might be scared away for ever. If she changed her abode, the shopkeepers might take alarm, and be down upon her: and the neighbourhood she could not leave, because her teaching lay in it.

"He must help me," she suddenly exclaimed. "He must. I shall write and demand it."

She set her writing materials before her, and wrote and sealed a letter. Then she drew up a short notice, as if to send to a newspaper. Perhaps it was a notification of her merits as a teacher, seeking for more employment.

## II.

IN a fashionable house of a fashionable winter watering-place, where the communication with London is speedy and oft, sat, one morning about this time, a lady and gentleman at breakfast. The lady was very plain, and an expression of subdued sorrow was on her countenance: he was plain too, with his disagreeable black eyes, and his dark, dissipated face. He looked on the wrong side of forty, but he had led an irregular life, and he may not have been quite so old. He was dressed in a flowered, crimson-silk dressing-gown, and looked rather loose about the neck; and he lay back in an easy-chair, yawning and twirling his great black whiskers. Something had delayed the post that morning. Suddenly he took up his cup, drank what was in it, and pushed it from him with a jerk. His wife drew it towards her.

"You need not give me any more of that trash. I have had enough for one morning."

"If you would come in earlier and go to bed, you would feel more inclined for breakfast," she observed, in a quiet tone, one that struggled not to show its long-subdued resentment. "It was four o'clock this morning."

He did not condescend to reply, but leaned forward and pulled the bell. The servant answered it in hot haste: he knew his master.

"Bring my meerschaum."

"Oh, pray do not smoke in this room!" pleaded his wife, in alarm. "It makes me feel so sick."

"If you don't like it you can go out of it," was the civil reply. "My meerschaum, do you hear! What do you stand staring there for?"

The servant did hear, and flew away. But a longer interval elapsed than his master thought necessary, and he had rung another violent peal when the man appeared.

"Is this how you obey orders?"

"The postman came, sir, and I waited to take the letters from him," answered the man, as he laid down the meerschaum, the *Times*, and some letters before his master, who, glancing at the addresses of the latter, flung two of them, with a most ungracious movement, towards his wife, opened the third, read it, and put it in the fire. Then he unfolded the *Times*, and his wife took up the supplement. Her eye glanced, as the eyes of many ladies will glance, to the top of its second column. There was only one mysterious advertisement in, to-day, and that she proceeded to read aloud, in what she meant for a merry tone. Poor thing! she strove to keep up at least a semblance of good feeling between herself and her husband, but hers was a hard lot. A less enduring temper would not have borne it.

"The Corsair. A letter awaits him at the old address. Something has occurred. Send for it without delay. *Toujours triste, et la sonnette.*"

"What nonsense they do put in!" she exclaimed. "I wonder whether the persons these notices are meant for ever see them or understand them?"

She looked at her husband as she spoke, and was astonished at the expression of his eyes. They were strained on her with a half incredulous, half savage glare.



"What is the matter?" she timidly asked.

"Matter! Nothing. What should there be?"

"You were looking at me so fiercely."

"Well I might be, to hear you read aloud that foolery." But he introduced an adjective before the last word.

Her eyelids drooped, drooped to conceal the indignant tears, but she was patient still, and did not retort. He seized his pipe with the fine name, crammed it full of tobacco, lighted it, and puffed out as much smoke as he could puff, probably with the hope of driving her away. It had the effect, and she left the room. The instant she had departed he clenched the supplement, and devoured the very lines she had read aloud.

"Cursed bother!" he muttered. "I must send for that, now! I thought all annoyance from that quarter was over and done with. What 'something' has occurred? Unless—I hope it has!"

He was still gazing at the lines, as if the gazing at them would solve the enigma, when a servant maid came into the room.

"Lady Harriet has sent me to ask if you will please to step into the nursery, sir?"

"What for?"

"The little girl is ill."

"What good can I do if she is?"

"Her ladyship thought——"

"I can't come, I am busy," he sharply interrupted. "Leave the room."

Yet it was his own child!

That the advertisement was addressed to him, "The Corsair," he well knew, and he took steps to obey its behest, and have the letter from the old address, which was one in town, conveyed to him. It reached him safely. And if the reader is curious to see its contents, he may.

"You *must* help me. A gentleman who was attached to me before I knew you, has returned from abroad and is inclined to make me his wife. He used to think me an angel, and does so still; and, if not rudely undeceived, it will be *une affaire finie*. But I have several pressing liabilities upon me; rent, bills, and something else that you know of. I am to be turned out of these rooms in a week, because I cannot pay. If this is not stopped, and the debts come to his knowledge, it will set him thinking, and startle him away. Surely you will aid me: and it is to your interest to do so. About 70*l.* or 80*l.* will suffice, but it must come to me without the delay of an unnecessary hour. If I can only accomplish this, the ambition of my early life will be gratified, for I shall be raised to a high position in society. Mind that you fail me not.

"S. M."

With a darkened brow he scowled over the letter, pulling at his black whiskers, an inveterate habit of his, especially when put out. "*She* raised to a high position in society!" he scornfully muttered. He sat down to write a refusal, opened his desk, placed the paper before him, and dipped his pen in the ink. But irresolution came over him. He laid it down again, rose, and paced the room.

"She's such a tigress," he said, as he finally sat down, "there's no knowing what she may do if I refuse. But it is for the last time."

He wrote rapidly enough now.

"When we squared up our scores, I handed you the balance in a lump, as you desired. If you have chosen to squander it, that is no concern of mine. The prospect you allude to is a lucky one if it can be accomplished, but it is impossible for me to help you to the extent required. I am as poor for my station as you are for yours; and you know that all I have is my wife's, not mine. I send you 50*l.*; it is the utmost I can do, and you'll never get another shilling from me.

"T. H. D."

### III.

MISS SOPHIA MAY paid her landlady, to the latter's extreme surprise, paid some other claims, and went on swimmingly. Mr. Frederick Lyvett became a constant evening guest: she received him with pleasure, and played off her various fascinations upon him, as she had done in days gone by. He had not outlived his partiality for music, and was never tired of standing over her while she played and sang. And although Sophia May lived alone, and no third person was present to break their interviews, not a look or word escaped either that the most fastidious censor could have found fault with. Once he wished to take her to one of the theatres: she laughingly declined, and told him he knew nothing about propriety. He urged that he had formerly taken her, and where was the harm? Oh, no harm, she answered, but she was only an inexperienced girl then, little acquainted with the usages of society. All this *told* upon Frederick Lyvett: her perfectly correct manners, her apparently high principles, her struggles to maintain herself creditably, and her success (for he saw nothing to the contrary), the shameful way in which she and her friends had been treated for his sake, all this, with her sweet singing and her rare beauty, combined to render her in his eyes very like what Miss May had said—an angel. She pleased equally his judgment, his taste, and his inclination, and he soon began to debate why he should not take her for good and all. The answer suggested itself, that she was far beneath him in birth. True; but her education, mind, and manners, would, so he reasoned, adorn any rank, so why should he not raise her to his?

Frederick Lyvett was a son of the great legal firm, Lyvett, Castle-rosse, and Lyvett; that is, a son of the last Lyvett named in it, and Miss May was only the daughter of the porter to the firm. Unhappily, she had received an education ridiculously above her station, and was as full of pretence and ambition as she was high. Frederick Lyvett's former attachment to her became known to his friends, who dexterously conveyed him beyond reach of her charms, and turned the porter and his family off the premises in disgrace. Not a dishonourable thought had ever crossed his mind towards her, beneath him as she was; he had loved her too well. Now, as the reader sees, he had met with her again; and, as the months went on, Miss May saw her hopes and dreams drawing nearer and nearer towards realisation—saw it with glowing satisfaction that few could tell of.

One evening Mr. Lyvett sat at home in his handsome residence at the West-end. His wife and daughters were out, and he, having nobody to talk to, dozed off in his chair. The entrance of one of his sons aroused him.

"I say, Fred—— Oh, it is you, James."

James Lyvett, the elder son, was married now, and had a home of his own. He drew a chair near to his father.

"I am paying you a late visit," he began, "but I have just heard something about Fred. It's not very pleasant. I thought I would come at once and ease myself of it."

"Nothing has happened to him—no accident with that young horse he drives?" exclaimed Mr. Lyvett, who was still but half awake. "He was to have gone out with your mother and the girls to-night, but did not come in."

"No, no, nothing has happened. Do you remember that foolish business of Fred's getting himself entangled with old May's girl, when you shipped him off to Valparaiso?"

"Yes. Well?" returned Mr. Lyvett, now very wide awake.

"He is in with her again."

"No!"

"He is. Jones came up to dine with me this evening, and he told me of it after dinner, when we were alone. He heard it somehow."

"Where is she? How did Fred find her?"

"She lives somewhere in Brompton. I can't say how Fred found her out. Jones did not know."

"Well, if Fred chooses to play the fool, he must, that's all," testily retorted Mr. Lyvett.

"Yes, but he has no right to play it and disgrace the family."

"What do you mean?"

"Jones says he'll marry her."

"Psha, James! Nonsense! Fred's not such a jackass as all that."

"I won't answer for it. The girl must have obtained pretty deep hold upon his mind, for him to take up with her again, after the lapse of two or three years."

"What's she doing in Brompton?"

"Fred knows, I suppose. I don't. Stay! I think Jones mentioned teaching, or something of that sort."

"I'll tell you what, James—— Who is that coming up-stairs?"

"Fred himself, I think. It is like his step."

"Then I'll have the matter out at once," angrily exclaimed Mr. Lyvett.

Fred himself it was. He came into the room, whistling, an evening newspaper in his hand.

"Frederick," began Mr. Lyvett, in a temperate voice, "how is it you were not in, to go with your mother and sisters to-night?"

"I did not intend to go. I told Fanny so."

"Where have you been?"

"Been!" echoed Mr. Fred, astonished at the question. "To lots of places. A fine night, James, is it not?"

"Perhaps you have been to Brompton?"

"To Brompton, sir!" he repeated, in a dubious accent.

"Here, come and sit down. I don't go to bed this night till you and I have had an understanding. A pretty thing James has heard: that you are playing the fool again with that Sophia May."

"Pray who told you?" demanded Frederick, fiercely turning to his brother.

"That is of no consequence," was the reply of Mr. James Lyvett. "The question is, is it so?"

"Have you renewed your intimacy with her or not?" sharply interrupted Mr. Lyvett.

"Yes, I have," replied the younger son. "I am not going to deny it. I have a very great friendship for her, and I am proud of it."

"Well, she's a pretty lot to acknowledge a friendship for," sarcastically cried Mr. Lyvett. "You might have the decency, Master Fred, to be a little shamefaced on such a subject, before your father."

"Why, what do you take her for, sir?" was the indignant question.

"For old May's daughter originally : for an adventurer lately, and a pretty clever one. What do *you* take her for?" added Mr. Lyvett, looking keenly at his son.

"For one of the best creatures that ever struggled with an unfortunate lot," returned Fred, with emotion. "Her beauty and virtues would adorn a throne. She was unfortunately born in an obscure sphere, but her qualities fit her for a high one. I only wish you knew her, sir."

"It is quite enough for one of the family to boast of that honour," was the stinging rejoinder of Mr. Lyvett. "I should like to ask you one thing—what good do you expect to come out of this? Do you think it is creditable for my son to go visiting this sort of people on the sly?"

"I have not gone on the sly; I have gone openly. Except that I have said nothing about it at home. I was thinking of doing that, however."

"Oh, indeed!"

"And you could not expect me to be very open on the point, after what you and James did formerly. Banishing me off to Valparaiso, on purpose to separate us, and then turning her and her parents out of doors."

"I had nothing to do with the Valparaiso business," said James Lyvett.

"Some of you had, at any rate."

"We may as well cut short the discussion, or it will last till your mother comes home, and it is of no use worrying her with such a subject," said Mr. Lyvett. "Frederick, you must give this nonsense up. I must have your word of honour."

"I am not prepared to do that," was Fred's reply.

"Why?"

He was silent.

"Why? I ask you," irritably repeated Mr. Lyvett.

"My friendship with Miss May is more serious than you imagine, sir. I wish to make her my wife."

An ominous pause. Then Mr. Lyvett broke it with a mocking laugh.

"James, go out and get a cap and bells. We will fit him out for Astley's. He shall play the fool's part in the next new pantomime. Oh, Fred! you had better go to school again and learn wisdom."

"A pretty pantomime it is, that he is enacting now," said James, with a contemptuous look at his brother. "I am ashamed of you, Frederick."

"It is a man's privilege that he may marry whom he pleases," said Frederick.

"No, sir, he has not a right to marry whom he pleases, when the step would disgrace himself and his family," retorted Mr. Lyvett.

"My family are prejudiced, or they would not deem this a disgrace. I will acknowledge that her birth is not equal to mine, but many better men than I have got over that obstacle, and found themselves none the worse for it."

"We will put her birth out of the discussion if you will," said Mr. Lyvett: "there is a more serious obstacle. Pray are you aware that she went out as governess?"

"Yes. To Lady Tennygal's."

"And did you hear how she got in, there?"

"Got in?" echoed Frederick. "I don't understand."

"She got in by means of giving false characters of herself. Now you are a lawyer, Fred, and know how that can be punished."

"Nonsense, sir! You must be under a mistake."

"I am under no mistake," returned Mr. Lyvett. "One of the letters of recommendation purported to come from us, Lyvett, Castlerosse, and Lyvett. Her father was palmed off as a dead man, but once an eminent solicitor and friend of ours. Other recommendations were equally false; and, on these, she was admitted to the family. Lord Tennygal applied to us afterwards, and thus the plot was laid bare. Miss May's services were dispensed with the same day."

"But she could have known nothing of these false recommendations!" exclaimed Fred Lyvett.

"Of course not," minicked his father. "They dropped into Lady Tennygal's hands from the clouds, just in the nick of need. What a greenhorn you are, Fred!"

"If you knew her, you would not suspect her of such conduct," retorted Frederick. "She is honour itself. Perhaps her parents, over anxious, may have been tempted—— But I have no right to say this. However it may have been, I will stake my name that she was innocent."

"You'd lose the stake. There was no doubt whatever that, she herself was the party who furnished them. I forget the details now, but they were plain at the time. An old dowager from the West-end came down to me at the offices, Lady Somebody, and we went into the matter. A fine rage she was in; threatened to prosecute Miss May. Steer clear of her, Fred, my boy, she's too clever for you."

"I will ask her about this, but I am perfectly sure she will come out of it as bright as crystal, and it will make no difference in my intentions."

"Then understand me, Frederick; you must choose between this girl and your family. If you degrade yourself by marrying her, you are no longer one of us, and you must leave the business."

"That's all bosh," thought Fred. "Said to intimidate me."

"Either he or I should go out of it," added Mr. James, in a determined, haughty manner, as he rose and said good night to his father.

Away dashed Frederick, the next evening, to Brompton. "Is it true that you knew of these false recommendations?" he spluttered, after a hasty and confused account of what he had heard.

"Oh dear, no," answered Sophia, heaving up her hands in horror, "how could you for a moment give ear to such a thing? A friend of mine, Mrs. Penryn, who interested herself greatly for me, wrote to Lady Langton in my favour. What she really said, I know no more than you, for I never saw the letter, but it would appear that it was not too clearly worded. She said, I believe, that my father had been attached



to the house of Lyvett, Castlerosse, and Lyvett, and Lady Langton took that to imply that he had been a partner, and wrote to that effect to Lady Tennygal. Nothing underhanded, much less wrong, was intended, and Mrs. Penryn would tell you so, if she were not dead."

"But the letter of recommendation purporting to come from Lyvett, Castlerosse, and Lyvett?" asked Frederick.

"I never comprehended that," replied Sophia, all fair-spoken candour. "It was always a puzzle to me. My own opinion was, that no such letter was ever written: or else that it was the work of some enemy who wished me ill. I did not seek much to fathom it, the matter altogether was too painful to me; and where was the use when my situation was gone? I'm sure I thought I should have fainted with grief the day they turned me away: one thing alone bore me up—the consciousness of my innocence."

"If ever I desert her, may I be—smothered!" ejaculated Fred to himself, in an ecstasy of admiration. "I knew it would prove to be no fault of hers. My father is so prejudiced that he would impute anything to her. And Jem's worse, for he is as exclusive as the day. I'll marry her in private at once; and, if they find it out, they must storm, that's all. Sophy," said he, aloud, "the folks at home are regularly set against us, and there's no more use asking their consent to our union, than there would be in asking the Lord Chancellor's. I see nothing for us but a private marriage. You are wearing yourself out with this lesson-giving, but, as my wife, you will at least have leisure and comfort. I don't go in, yet, for an equal share with James, but I get a good round sum, and I think it is the best thing we can do."

Sophia thought so too. She sighed down her triumphant satisfaction, and timidly whispered that she would "resign her will to his."

Then he began discussing plans. He thought she had better give up her teaching instant, and go down to a quiet place he knew of in the country, where there was a rural church. He would come and see her on the Sundays, and when things were in readiness, say in a month or so, they would be married. Before it was finally decided, the clock struck ten, and he had to leave, for she never allowed him to stay later.

The following morning, when his cab was at the door waiting for him, Mrs. Lyvett called Frederick to her side.

"What is it, mother? I am in a hurry. The governor's already gone, and I shall get in for it again for being late."

"Only one little minute," she said. "What is this whisper that I have heard?"

Fred's cheek flushed. He dearly loved his mother. He had sat down on the sofa, and Mrs. Lyvett rose and placed her hands on his shoulders, looking into his face with her loving eyes.

"Your father has been much put out this day or two. I have gathered enough to know that it is about you: that you are acquainted with some one not at all proper—some one that you say you will marry."

"That's my father's version. She——"

"Hush, Frederick, I would rather not enter into it. I only want to say a word. You are aware that you were ever my favourite child. I have loved you dearly, better than all the others."

He laid hold of his mother's hands and kept them, and she leaned forward till her cheek touched his.

"It is but a little word that I wanted to whisper," she continued to repeat. "Dearest Frederick, remember that no good comes of disobedience; *never be betrayed into it*. If your father is averse to your wishes, and thinks them unsuitable, wait with patience; remember your duty to him, and perhaps time will soften obstacles and bring your hopes to pass. Be not tempted to act in rebellion against your parents, for no good would attend it. It is your mother, my darling boy, who tells you this."

She kissed his cheek with affectionate earnestness, and hurried from the room, wishing to avoid further mention of the topic, then and always. Frederick Lyvett descended to his cab, and drove down to the office in so sober a style that his groom wondered. He was in a serious mood all that day: should it be disobedience, or should it not? He was well-principled, and had hitherto been sufficiently dutiful. If that unhappy girl had not taken such deep hold on the article he called his heart!

## IV.

It is truly strange how things come about in this world of ours! A few weeks subsequent to the above events, Mr. Castlerosse, a partner in the house of Lyvett, was seeking for a clergyman with whom to place his son to read for honours. One Saturday, a client, who was at the offices on business, strongly recommended to him a Mr. Balfour, the incumbent of a retired parish in Surrey. So Mr. Castlerosse, being an impulsive man, took an early dinner and went down without delay. Luck did not favour Mr. Castlerosse: Mr. Balfour was gone to town, and would not be home till late at night. So Mr. Castlerosse, unwilling to have had his journey for nothing, and finding there was a comfortable inn, telegraphed to his family that he should not be home till Monday morning.

On the Sunday he saw the clergyman, and was invited to spend an hour or two with him after evening service, which he did. Upon rising to leave, he inquired, pursuing the thread of their conversation, whether Mr. Balfour would not go to town with him by the early train.

"No," answered Mr. Balfour. "I have a marriage to perform."

"You do not get many of them, I expect, in this little place," cried Mr. Castlerosse.

"Very few indeed. These parties are from London. The lady has been down here three or four weeks, lodging at a farm-house."

"A nice, lady-like young woman, she seems," interposed Mrs. Balfour, "a Miss May. The gentleman is a Mr. Lyvett."

"May! Lyvett!" echoed Mr. Castlerosse, recalling the old affair and the shipping-off of Fred. "What's his Christian name? What sort of a looking man is he?"

"A fair young man, with a light moustache and an eye-glass. And," added the clergyman, referring to a paper, "his name is Frederick. Frederick Lyvett and Sophia May."

The effect this information had on Mr. Castlerosse, who was a most excitable man, was such as to startle Mr. and Mrs. Balfour. He soon explained himself, and demanded that the ceremony should be stopped.

"I have no power to refuse to marry them," observed the clergyman. "They are of age."

"Of age!" repeated the heated Mr. Castlerosse. "Heaven and earth, sir! Don't I tell you it is a horrible runaway marriage, that will ruin Fred for life, and drive Mr. Lyvett mad?"

But still the clergyman shook his head, and urged that without just grounds he could not stop it.

Away tore Mr. Castlerosse to the station of the electric telegraph. Nobody was there who could send a message. A porter ran hither and thither, and at last a clerk was found. The words flew on the wires, and Mr. Castlerosse returned to the inn to sleep.

Frederick Lyvett was also sleeping there. For as Mr. Castlerosse ascended the stairs to his bedroom he saw a door opened in the corridor, and a pair of boots thrust out by an arm in a shirt-sleeve. Whether the half-dressed gentleman saw him, he did not know, but he recognised Frederick Lyvett. "Ah ha, Master Fred, my boy!" he thought, "you'll get a pill, perhaps, instead of a wife."

At six o'clock the following morning, Mr. Castlerosse was up, and away to the railway station, where he had the pleasure of sitting on the bench outside for nearly an hour before it was opened. With the first appearance of a porter, he rushed up and seized hold of him. The porter recognised him as the gentleman who had played some antics in the telegraph-office the night before, wanting to telegraph up to the chief office that no—clerk was in attendance.

"What time does the first train get in here from London?" demanded Mr. Castlerosse.

"The first train don't stop here."

"Then the first that does stop?"

"Well, it don't get in much afore eight, forty-five. It's due at eight, forty; but the steam ain't never up with a will the forepart of a journey. It a'n't had time to get itself up."

"Eight, forty-five! That's a quarter to nine," groaned Mr. Castlerosse, "and they to be married at eight! I hope and trust he will be able to get a special. Are there any frys or coaches to be had here?" he inquired aloud.

"There's a man as keeps one fly. He don't get much to do. He's a blacksmith by trade, and he ain't often called out of it."

"Where can I find him?"

"He lives a rood or two t'other side the Wheatsheaf Inn."

Away walked Mr. Castlerosse. The blacksmith's shop was easily found, and the blacksmith was in it, shoeing a horse. A tall, intelligent-looking man.

"I am told that you have a fly for hire," began Mr. Castlerosse.

"A one-horse fly, sir."

"I want you to be with it at the station this morning, to wait for a gentleman whom I expect——"

"By train up or down, sir?" interrupted the man.

"Down. And when he comes, drive him with all speed to the church. Be in waiting there directly, at half-past seven, in case he should come by a special train."

The blacksmith looked up from his employment. "I can't take the job, sir, if you want me to be there before the regular down train. I have got a wedding this morning at eight o'clock."

"You must go the station," peremptorily spoke Mr. Castlerosse. "I don't care what I pay you."

"It is not a question of payment, sir," civilly answered the man. "I have engaged myself to this lady and gentleman, and I would not do such a thing as go from my word. I take them to the church, wait for them, and from thence to the station, to catch the quarter to nine down train."

Mr. Castlerosse seemed beaten on all sides. He turned crustily from the unmanageable blacksmith, and, bending his steps towards the churchyard, paced about there amongst the gravestones. In his state of excitement he could not sit still, or remain away from the chief scene of action. A little before eight the doors were opened, and he entered and ensconced himself behind a pillar, where he could see and not be seen. There were no signs yet of Mr. Lyvett, but presently the wedding party came in.

The bride was first, looking lovely; that fact struck even the prejudiced mind of Mr. Castlerosse. Who on earth was conducting her? Mr. Castlerosse stared, rubbed his eyes, and stared again. To his horrible conviction, his unbounded indignation, it was——his own favourite nephew! A medical student, graceless to the rest of the world, painstaking to Mr. Castlerosse, whom *he* had had thoughts of benevolently setting up in practice, the good-looking, careless, random Charley Castlerosse.

Scarcely had the clergyman begun the service when Mr. Castlerosse glided forward. "I forbid the marriage," he said. "I can show cause why it should not take place."

A shudder passed through the frame of Sophia May. She did not know who caused the interruption, or what plea was going to be urged. Her face assumed the paleness of the grave, and she bent it forward, and hid it on the altar rails; the bridegroom, however, turned round and confronted the intruder; whilst Charley Castlerosse never turned at all, for he had recognised the voice, and hoped to escape unseen, only wishing there was an open grave convenient, that he might drop into it.

The scene that ensued was one never yet witnessed in that quiet little church, but Mr. Castlerosse failed to show any legal grounds for delaying the marriage. "His father will be here directly," he screamed; "he'll be here with a strait-waistcoat; he's coming by the first train."

Frederick Lyvett took a high tone. He dared Mr. Castlerosse to show just or legal cause for his interruption, and he dared the clergyman to stop the ceremony. Mr. Balfour, with a sigh, opened his book again, and Mr. Castlerosse looked vainly out for Mr. Lyvett. There was time yet.

How was it that Mr. Lyvett had not come? On the previous evening, the family having retired to rest, for it was Mr. Lyvett's safe and good old custom to be up *last* in the house, as it had been his father's before him, he and his wife were preparing to follow them, when Mrs. Lyvett spoke.

"James, I do believe Frederick has not come in!"

"My dear, I told you that Fred went out yesterday for some days."

"Oh, I understood you till to-night only. Where is he gone?"

"I did not ask him. He has taken his own course lately with little reference to me. Somewhere in the country. I expect Charley Castlerosse is with him, for Rowley saw them in a cab together. They are

gone on a spree, I suppose. I would rather Fred did go out of London for his sprees, just now, than stop in it," said Mr. Lyvett, significantly.

He had put out the lights and taken up the bed-candlestick, when a tremendous peal at the hall-bell echoed through the house.

"What can that be?" exclaimed Mrs. Lyvett.

"Some drunken fellows passing. I wish I was behind them." But there followed a second peal, louder than the first.

"Don't go down," cried Mrs. Lyvett. "Look from the window." Mr. Lyvett opened it and leaned out.

"Who is that?"

"Is this J. Lyvett, Esquire's?"

"Yes."

"Telegraphic despatch, sir."

"Who from?"

"Don't know."

Mr. Lyvett went down, and returned with the despatch in his hand. He read it by the light of the bedroom candle, his wife looking over him. Sure such a message was never sent by telegraph before: but Mr. Castle-rose was not collected when he wrote it.

"Fred's down here: going to be married to-morrow at eight o'clock to that serpent-crocodile. Take a special engine and come and stop it. The old affair revived. May, the porter.

"HENRY CASTLEROSSE."

Mr. Lyvett was in a cab the next morning betimes, and had nearly reached the railway station, prepared to demand a special train, when in putting his hand in his pocket to get the fare ready for the cabman, he discovered, to his consternation, that he had left his money-case at home. This was through being over-cautious. He had put it out on the drawers the previous night, lest he might forget to change it from one suit of clothes to the other in the hurry of dressing, and on the drawers it was still. He had to drive back, and this delayed him considerably above an hour. The clock was striking eight as he finally drove up to the station. He knew that the train must be then about going out.

"A first-class ticket for —," he breathlessly exclaimed, throwing down a sovereign. "How much time have I?" he added, as he took up the change.

"None. It is starting now. You can't go by it. The express leaves at ten."

"I must go by it," he screamed, rushing up to the line of carriages.

"Hi! stop! stop! Porter! stop!"

"Too late, sir," said the porter. "Train's on the move."

"Open a door, man! It's a business of life and death. Open a door, I say. Here! all right; never be known."

Something of a golden colour mysteriously found its way into the porter's hand, and a door, quite as mysteriously, flew open. It belonged to a third-class carriage, the last of the train. Mr. Lyvett scrambled into it.

The train steamed up to its destination; that is, Mr. Lyvett's destination; steamed well. It was only forty-one minutes past eight. He sprang from the carriage.

"This is a first-class ticket," cried the porter, eyeing him suspiciously.

"And if I choose to pay for first-class and ride in third, what's that to you? How far is the church off?"

"Half a mile."

"Which is the way to it?"

"Out at the back, down the steps, and straight along up the road."

"Any carriage to be had?"

"No; Payne's fly was here, bringing folks to the train, but it's gone again."

Mr. Lyvett rushed madly down the steps. The road was before him, and he could see the church spire rising at a distance, but it looked more like a mile away than half a one. What could he do to get there? What a shame that no conveyance was in waiting! The knot might be being tied then, and he arrive just too late. As to running, that was beyond him: it was up-hill, and he was a fat man. He espied a horse fastened to the palings of a small house close to the egress: a butcher's boy and his tray had just jumped off it; he was taking the station-master's wife, who lived there, some steak for their dinner. Without consideration, Mr. Lyvett unhooked the bridle, mounted himself on the horse, and urged him to a gallop. The dismayed boy, when he had recovered his astonishment, started in the wake, hallooing "Stop thief!" with all his stentorian lungs, which only made the horse fly the faster. About half way to the church the rider came upon Mr. Castlerosse, sitting philosophically upon a milestone by the roadside.

"Well?" cried Mr. Lyvett, pulling up, as speedily as the pace he was going would allow.

"Well it is, I think," grunted Mr. Castlerosse. "Why couldn't you come before?"

"Am I in time?"

"No, you are not. They are married and gone. You couldn't expect to be."

"Are they really married?" gasped Mr. Lyvett, his arms dropping powerless with the news.

"They are. I stood in the church and saw it done. I strove to prevent it, but was not allowed. I was not his father."

Mr. Lyvett slowly descended from the horse. To encounter the panting and abusive butcher-boy, who protested the policeman was a coming up with the 'ancuffs. A short explanation and another golden piece settled the lad, and sent him riding off in wild glee.

"You say they are gone. Where?"

"In that train which I suppose you got out of," was poor Mr. Castlerosse's testy reply, as he pointed to the smoking carriages whirling along in the distance. "A more determined, obstinate, pig-headed man than your son has shown himself this day, I never saw. It will come home to him, as sure as his name's Fred Lyvett."

"As he has made his bed, so he must lie on it," returned Mr. Lyvett, striving to make light of his bitter grief.

But not in their worst anticipations could he or Mr. Castlerosse suspect how very hard that bed was to be.

And Fred and his bride steamed gaily off, rejoicing at having won their stolen march.

## LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.\*

On the 8th of September last (1856) a *mandement* was published by Monseigneur the Bishop of Ghent, which occasioned a memorable debate in the Belgian Chambers—one deputy, M. de Decker, significantly remarking, that, “on dirait qu’un souffle d’intolérance est passé sur la Belgique.” The Bishop had attacked, with a degree of energy closely akin to violence, the University, and the Literary Society of Ghent. After citing the doctrines of three of the University professors, “doctrines manifestly false, wicked, blasphemous, and heretical,” the episcopal censor went on to say: “You will not expect us to refute such blasphemies combined with so profound an ignorance. It is enough that we have pointed them out to you;”—and he then charged his clergy to warn their parishioners of the immense danger their children would incur if allowed to attend the University classes while three such professors—of philosophy, of history, and of jurisprudence—continued their lectures. Of the Literary Society, again, he complained, that it had now become notorious for its anti-religious and anti-social spirit; and that not only did it place at the disposal of its members a library full of the most impious and most immoral books, but also gave periodical *séances*, of a pretended literary character, at which infidels boldly expounded the most mischievous doctrines.

M. Jules Simon, in the December following, delivered two lectures on the subject of Liberty of Conscience, before the Literary Society of Ghent; and the welcome accorded to them has led to their publication in the volume now before us—the lectures being here expanded, however, into four, and illustrated by copious documents in the form of an appendix. M. Simon is well known as the author of several popular works on no very popular themes—the History of the Alexandrian School, a treatise on Duty, and another on Natural Religion—the last of which has recently found an English translator. In his introduction to the present volume, the author remarks, that all who have been at the pains to read his books will feel sure of not meeting, in this instance, with any attack upon the Christian religion. “I am filled at once with respect and admiration for Christianity, a doctrine so simple, so profound; which teaches so clearly the unity of God and the immortality of the soul; of which the morality is so pure, so full of charity; while its influence over the loftiest intellects as well as the masses, has been for long ages past so imposing. I find in it, above all, one feature which fascinates me; and that is, its combination of the most learned metaphysics with the most perfect and most effective simplicity. Unquestionably the ‘Timæus’ of Plato and the 12th Book of Aristotle’s Metaphysics are marvels; but not from them can you extract a creed that childhood may be taught to repeat. Hitherto the Christian religion alone it is which comprises in one the *Summa* of Saint Thomas, and a Catechism. Now when the attempt is made, as made it is at this time, to take away from us, in the name of this religion, the liberty of thinking, and to propagate

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\* La Liberté de Conscience, par Jules Simon. Paris: Hachette. 1857.

superstitions that are often immoral and nearly always absurd, cannot we resist these unhappy attempts without making war on the Gospel? Is it not just to distinguish between a religion of which the essence is love, and a party which breathes only hatred? This distinction, at any rate, is what I, for my part, endeavour to make. Those who please may tell me that I have chosen my enemy. I do not hide it. My enemy is, intolerance, and I attack it wherever I come across it; among Christians, if I find it there; and even, on occasion, among free-thinkers, for there are intolerant spirits too of our own party."

In his opening lecture, M. Simon takes a rapid historical review of intolerance in its earliest phases. He shows how Greece was the land of liberty in the ancient world; he traces the decline of Hellenic spirit and of Roman empire; he describes the rise and progress of Christianity—the first efforts of religious intolerance, the beginnings of persecution, the strife between civil and religious powers, each of them intolerant, and their reconciliation on the conversion of Constantine. He then glances at the doings of Julian the Apostate and the later emperors—and treats of the Crusades and wars of religion, the condemnation of Abelard, and the foundation of the Inquisition. He describes the intolerance that was rife subsequent to the middle ages, in spite of the progress of the arts and general enlightenment—the massacres of Merindol, and Amboise, and Vassy—the sufferings of a Louis Berquin, an Anne du Bourg, a Michael Servetus, a Giordano Bruno, and a Vanini. Then comes St. Bartholomew's-day, and the civil war of the League. Followed in due course by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and those troublous times of bondage and bloodshed, those "long years of martyrdom," during which all the poets of France, all her historians, all her preachers, chanted the praises of Louis XIV., and Bossuet exclaimed, from the height of his consecrated pulpit, "Touched with so many wonders, let us pour forth the feelings of our hearts on the piety of Louis. Let us raise our acclamations to the very heavens, and say to this new Theodosius, this new Marcian, this new Constantine, what was said by them of old time, the six hundred and thirty Fathers at the Council of Chalcedon: You have established the true faith, you have exterminated the heretics; this is the great work of your reign, this its proper character. By your means, heresy is come to an end. God alone could have wrought this miracle. King of Heaven, preserve the king of the earth! such is the prayer of the churches, the prayer of the bishops."

Louis XIV. proposed to himself, as the lecturer elsewhere observes, the task of extirpating Protestantism, and spared no means, whether of stratagem or force, to gain his purpose. What there was of Protestantism to survive him in France, lived an abject life under his two successors. The National Assembly legislated in favour of Protestants and Jews, but in what M. Simon accounts an unsatisfactory and ungenerous spirit. He is justly severe on the sham liberalism of the Convention, and the discordance between its theory and practice in respect of *la liberté de conscience*—commenting on the laws (in 1793) against the due exercise of clerical functions, and the prohibition even, *sous les peines les plus terribles*, of all external worship—insomuch that the intervention of ministers of religion in funeral ceremonies was forbidden; one curious decree, signed by Fouché, who *had been* an oratorian and was *going to be* minister of police, regulates the order of funeral processions, and seems to proscribe in the



name of France the dogma of the immortality of the soul. The Jacobins' Club reproached the Convention with their tolerance as a relic of *faiblesse*. They attacked natural religion itself. God was "out of fashion." Priests anathematised all priesthood. Abjurations poured in so fast and furiously, from all sorts and conditions of men, that even Danton was disgusted, and Bourdon cautioned the Assembly against putting confidence in these renegades. Then it was that Paris celebrated the fête of Reason—that is to say, of Atheism. Reason? What had *she* to do, M. Simon would fain be told, in those wild saturnalia? That "feast of Reason" was anything but a "flow of soul," unless the soul's flowing away is meant—fled away, indeed, and left no sign.

When, at a later day, the Assembly proclaimed liberty of worship, what had become of the worshippers and their ministers? "Where, above all, was the Catholic cult, against which so much fury had been launched? Is it not evident that, in the position which France then occupied, the first priest who should avow his relations with Rome would have been given over to the axe? This liberty came too late. In truth, those it called upon to live were already dead." M. Simon is aware of, and does justice to, the allegations that may be proffered in behalf of the intolerant Convention. But he contends that, while the Convention had the right to punish priests who plotted against it, it had no right to proscribe or impose a worship, and falsified itself *ipso facto* in the attempt to do either.

The third lecture reviews the persecutions carried on in Russia and Poland against the Roman Church, and then discusses our treatment, in England and Ireland, of the same communion. The Emancipation Bill of 1829, the Papal Aggression excitement of a few years back, and the fortunes of Mr. Spooner's systematic onsets against Maynooth, are duly considered. And especial prominence is given to that still vexed question, the Jews of Great Britain *versus* the true faith of a Christian. When Baron Rothschild, says our author, "rises in the House of Commons, and, after hearing the words of the oath read, declares that his conscience will not allow him to take it, he acts as becomes a man and a citizen. He performs a great act of religion. He greatly strengthens the cause of freedom. He carries it away with him, so to speak, when he goes out of the House. There is not one of his colleagues but blushes on his seat, not one but feels that justice has just been violated, for a citizen has been excluded, on account of his faith, from the exercise of his right."

The fourth lecture argues that liberty of conscience comprises liberty of thinking, of praying, and of instructing, and the right to use this triple liberty without suffering any diminution in one's dignity as man and as citizen. Its conclusion is, to show from history, by terrible examples, that intolerance is not only impious but dangerous. The duty of the philosopher therefore is, to enlighten the yet extant partisans of intolerance. With which view, M. Jules Simon puts forth his best strength in the present essay; and though we be by no means prepared to endorse all that he says, or agree to all his details, not the less are we sensible to the value of his services, and to the salutary importance of his main argument, the essential principles of which are worthy of all acceptance, and are here enforced in a way to which our own England, the land of the free, might, even at this time of day, do well to take heed.

## SCANDINAVIAN SKETCHES.\*

It must be evident, even to the most superficial observer of the warnings of the times, that some great change is impending over the destinies of those three countries which once formed the Scandinavian Union, and which, by a new junction, would become the surest bulwark against the aggression of Russia in the North. Sweden and Norway are progressing fast on the road of civilisation, aided by English capital and English arms, while Denmark is rapidly going down the hill. The succession to her throne is involved in obscurity and difficulty, and she is threatened, at the same time, with a definitive loss of those German principalities which the tergiversation of Austria and Prussia alone prevented from securing their liberties in the eventful year of 1848. Many speculations have been mooted as to the eventual outlet of these complications, and in 1856, M. Theodore Mügge, a German author, already well known for his philosophical researches in the North, proceeded to the three countries for the purpose of judging for himself and enlightening his countrymen as to the present temper of the Scandinavians. With our readers' permission we propose accompanying him on his journey.

If the English are justified in judging the civilisation of a nation by its soap consumption, the civilisation of a town can be justly gauged by the condition of its pavement. If such be the case, Stockholm would rank very low: dust in summer, mud in winter, are the prevailing characteristics. The city itself is interesting, although there are few remarkable public buildings; but the greatest ornament is the scenery that surrounds it. On all sides rocks are to be seen: the walls are built on a hard bed of rock, the streets run up walls of rock, while the highway is composed of *strata*, up which you must climb laboriously when proceeding to visit a friend. But Stockholm is even more interesting as the representation of that centralisation which is peculiar to the Northerners. In Sweden there are but few large towns besides the capital; but here both trade and commerce have made rapid progress during the last ten years. Prior to that period there was not a decent inn in the town; and when strangers landed, they were beset by an army of lodging-house keepers, who led their unresisting victims into unknown solitudes. At present there are several good but expensive hotels. The following extract will furnish an idea of the external character of Stockholm:

Stockholm is a city of heavy, massive architecture, especially the inner old nucleus. The island, or Holm, on which the oldest part of Stockholm stands, between the two outlets of Lake Mælar, is thickly covered with narrow streets, crossed by others still narrower, running down the rocky ground to the harbour and the arm of the Mælar which separates the Ritterholm from Stockholm. In this labyrinth of little, very dirty and ill-savoured streets, the principal business transactions take place. In the main street are the merchants' offices and storerooms. House-rent is far more expensive than in the broad, clean streets beyond the North Bridge, where the aristocracy have built their palaces. The inner town contains the Bathhouse, and several old churches, which are generally

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\* Nordisches Bildertuch. Reisebilder von Theodor Mügge. Frankfurt am Main. 1857.

hidden from view by old houses. Here too are the principal public buildings, generally dating from the seventeenth or eighteenth century. Like all the surrounding buildings, they are heavy, massive, and strongly built, in the style and taste of their age, but neither handsome nor elegant according to our ideas. The only new building is the penitentiary, completed in 1852, and situate, to the great annoyance of the inhabitants, in the best part of the Mælar, and close to the palace. The latter stands on the highest point of the rocky strata, and is, in fact, the only magnificent building Stockholm possesses.

The palace, however, is in a very pitiable condition, for the Chambers are very chary in voting funds, and it is in sad want of repair. All seems to lead to the notion that it will soon be given up, for the space it occupies is very valuable for commercial purposes, and the king's privacy is much intruded upon by merchant vessels, which anchor before it to load and unload. A long brick bridge leads from the north side of the palace across the Mælar to the handsomest part of the city, the Nordermalm. The bridge is very broad; one side being occupied by shops, the other affording a prospect of the harbour. In this part of the city is the Opera-house, and the handsome Gustav Adolph Square. Here and around, the aristocracy reside when they come into town for the winter; and from here up to the Brunkeberg Square, that historic spot where so many contests and scaffolds have been seen, are the best shops, with handsome plate-glass windows, imported from the Parisian boulevards, though the *trottoirs* were forgotten. In others respects, too, Stockholm is far behind the age: cabs are almost unknown, but their place is occupied fortunately by boats, the paddle-wheels being turned by a race of healthy Dalecarlian women, who are known by the name of "rowing madams." For further distances there are forty steamers plying in this northern Venice, from the nutshell of a boat which acts as a ferry across the mouth of the Mælar to the large screw-steamers which run as far as Gipsholm and Upsala.

Söder-malm is only remarkable for a statue of Charles the Fourteenth, John, erected by the present king; it is the best of the six statues to be found in Stockholm. The rider does not look very royal in his uniform and marshal's hat, and his withered face, with the long projecting nose, gives but slight indications of that cleverness which made the little lawyer's son the founder of a new dynasty. It is true that good fortune was his best friend; still we must not forget he was the only one of all Napoleon's kings and princes who managed to secure his throne and leave it to his descendants, although he never gained the love of the Swedes; and, true Frenchman as he was, never took the trouble to learn their language.

But the most refreshing sight for a visitor to Stockholm is the active industry now visible on all sides, and forming a pleasing contrast to past times. Formerly there were swarms of beggars and drunkards, both male and female; but now brandy has grown dearer, while the price of labour has risen. The populace is able to procure better food, and the spirit demon has been exorcised by severe laws, which put down the small distilleries. The artisans now prefer to pass their Sundays in country excursions, or in the park of Stockholm, a very spacious lung in a city where there is assuredly no want of fresh air. It is curious, however, that no attention is paid horticulturally to the parks and public

places; the grass grows wildly, and flowers are a rarity. This is principally owing to the regulation that the gardens and palaces must be kept in order by the Chambers. So far is this economy carried, that the parks are let out, and the king has to buy his own flowers, fruit, and vegetables out of his own garden. The park, however, is remarkable for one institution—namely, the best restaurant in the country, called the Hasselback. The great day of the year is Midsummer, which is kept with even more ceremony than Christmas. The maypole is erected in all the villages, and the Swedes, for once, give up their quiet, harmless habits, to revel in punch and waltzing.

It is remarkable that there is no such sweet-toothed nation in the world as the Swedes: every dish, every draught, must have a dose of sugar to render it palatable. Even the bread is sweetened. Next to sugar ranks vinegar, and a special dainty consists of raw trout buried for a certain period in the ground, and taken out and eaten just before it becomes bad, with an extraordinary quantity of oil, vinegar, cayenne pepper, and the never-failing sugar. In this country, the old saying that God sends meat and somebody else cooks, appears very applicable.

The Swedish cookery is generally simple; not many dishes are served up, but they must be plentiful, juicy, and good. For this purpose, the sea and numerous lakes offer an abundance of fish and other denizens of the water, from the universally admired anchovy to the monster lobsters and oysters. An Englishman would certainly sigh and shake his head over what is called beef here, for the concentrated toughness of the North is found in the horned inhabitants of Scandinavia, which are used for draught as long as they live in their dreams of youth, and are then sent to the slaughter-house as a reward. On the other hand, the greatest slave to his palate will be satisfied with the tender constitution of the sheep and calves; and any migratory *gourmet* must not fail to pay a visit to Stockholm during the autumn, for that is the season when forests and lakes supply an abundance of feathered spoil. The bustard and capercaillie, the partridge and ptarmigan, snipe, ducks, and water-fowl, are brought to market in great numbers, and sold very reasonably. Shooting is quite free in Sweden, and woodcutting too, strange to say, when not carried to an excess. Hares, too, though not large, are well-tasted; there are no roebuck and deer, but reindeer meat and tongues are brought from Zemmland and West Bothnia, and with them bear hams, paws, and other dainties. For my part, I must confess I prefer ox tongues and bacon hams; but there is no want of these, which are brought in excellent condition from Lübeck. The bear hams are generally too fat, and though good enough when young, like goose fat they soon become repugnant. Salt pork served up with jelly is a Swedish national dish, which appears on the table of rich and poor, and is very good eating. To these I must add every variety of salted and smoked fish, crabs, and lobsters.

Another curious custom among the Swedes is what is termed the "brandy table," or species of whet taken before sitting down to dinner. Bernadotte tried to do away with this custom, but the nobility did not care to dine with him unless they had their nip. The present king abolished it entirely, for he thought the example of dram-drinking had a prejudicial effect on the lower classes. However, it has recently been restored at the palace, either because the royal influence was unavailing, or that the people had been weaned from intoxication by other means. Unlike other civilised nations, the Swedes prefer to take their soup as a dessert, for they say that the stomach must first have a solid foundation. At dinners, each guest has a multitude of coloured glasses before him,

and it is the fashion to ask people to take wine; but this is rather awkward for a stranger, as politeness compels you to empty your glass on each occasion, and to drink the same wine as the gentleman who has pledged you. Thus, you have a pleasing mixture of port, hock, claret, and champagne, which soon puts you on the fair road to intoxication. This is, however, corrected, about the middle of the repast, by a tumbler of porter, which puts you all right, and sets you revolving the strange mysteries of the human stomach.

As regards the amenities of life, Sweden is far behind: art and literature are in a very unhealthy condition, from which there is at present no prospect of their emerging. Until now they have no great tragic writer; and their two most successful romance writers are ladies—Miss Bremer and Madame Carlén. On the other hand, they are passionate admirers of English and French literature, and the latter is universally read; which, we are afraid, does not say much for the healthy state of Swedish morals. But the Swedes enjoy a great blessing in the perfect freedom of their press, and the government carries newspapers at a very cheap rate. In 1856, the Exhibition contained upwards of three hundred pictures and sculptures, the work of Swedish artists. It is remarkable, however, that the principal efforts of the pencil are confined to portraits and landscape; while the history of Sweden is so rich in romantic episodes, that artists there, at any rate, would have no occasion to fall back on the finding of Harold's body. But the most curious fact was, that the Academy contained several pictures by the crown-prince, who is a very fair artist. This goes far to prove in what happy harmony king and people live.

The apparition of the Swedish Nightingale has led to the belief that the Swedes are essentially a musical nation; but this is far from being the case. No composer has become popular out of Sweden, and the traveller will notice a remarkable want of public music, which is certainly a sign that Hullah would not make his fortune there. The principal singer is Madame Westerstrand, who, we believe, has been favourably received in London. As a general rule, the industrial arts in Sweden are much in the same condition as our own country, before the schools of design took the matter in hand. It would be difficult to purchase any native article worthy of carrying away, except, perhaps, porphyry vases and tazzas; but these are excessively dear. Any quantity of iron may be procured in Sweden; but the Swedes purchase all their knives and instruments abroad. There are manufactories for silk, cotton, and wool, but nearly all the consumption is satisfied from foreign countries. But a change will speedily be effected in these as in other matters: companies are springing up in every direction, and the result is most satisfactory. No better proof can be afforded than that Sweden, which formerly imported corn, last year exported large quantities. The two great articles of produce in Sweden are wood and iron, which have been neglected for many years: the forests along the coast have been cut down, as most easy to remove, but no trees have been planted in their stead. The *Crédit Mobilier* have purchased a large tract of iron country in Swedish Lapland, but it is doubtful whether they will be able to profit by it, owing to the difficulty of communication. But the best proof of the progress of commerce is, that the Swedish nobility, notoriously the most aristocratic

in Europe, have recently taken to trade. A railway has also been commenced between Stockholm and Gothenburg, and the question of an extension to Christiania, connecting Norway and Sweden, is regarded as a political necessity. It is felt in Sweden that the time is at hand when Russian aggression will commence, and the patriots desire not to be taken unawares. The liberal party, on the other hand, regard the Russophobia as ridiculous, and believe that the government foster the feeling for the sake of obtaining money from the Chambers. The government desire to increase the army and navy, and it is time for energetic steps to be taken, for Sweden was in the most pitiable condition as to defence at the beginning of the last war; even the Guards were badly armed, and induced Canrobert to remark, on seeing them, that he hoped they were far better than they looked. Some improvements have been made recently by the introduction of the Prussian helmet, which, like the French revolution, seems to be making the tour of the world. The following extract is curious :

On the outbreak of the war, the Swedes were inflamed with a desire to recapture Finland, and the cautious, peace-loving king lost a considerable portion of his popularity, as he could not be induced to take a decided step against Russia. Sweden could not carry on a war, and the Finns would not have received their former masters with open arms. The population of Finland is divided into two nationalities: the old owners of the soil, and the Swedes who immigrated at the close of the thirteenth century. The latter, who settled along the coast, would willingly be free from Russia, but would decline being treated as a conquered province by Sweden. They would prefer becoming a free country like Norway, the grand duke being at the same time King of Sweden. Many secret negotiations went on during the war between Sweden and Finland, but nothing came of them. The Swedes were angry with the Finns for displaying such an independent spirit; and when the right time came to strike a blow, the Swedish government adhered obstinately to its neutrality. When things began to look dangerous in Sweden, the Russians sent a large force into Finland, and summoned the Finns to defend themselves, while the English spoiled everything by their destruction of a large quantity of private property. They were regarded by the Finns as robbers; and it must not be forgotten, at the same time, that the inhabitants of Finland are far better off under the Russians than when they were Swedish. The Russian government acts very cleverly towards the Finns, by sparing their nationality as much as possible. I have heard several Finns talk about the state of their country, and though they displayed no great attachment for Russia, they allowed that the majority of the Finns had become reconciled with her, as they were well treated; but the old attachment to Sweden could only be found in the towns. On the other hand, I was assured, by gentlemen who lived in Helsingfors during the war, that, had the bombardment of Sveaborg lasted two hours longer, the Russians must have fled. Their losses were fearful; and if the flight had taken place, there would, in all probability, have been an insurrection in Helsingfors, and the war have assumed a very different aspect. Had the English government provided better mortars and more ammunition, Finland would be now free, and peace would probably have been signed, not in Paris, but before the walls of Petersburg.

If the projected Scandinavian Union ever becomes a reality, the Baltic would be torn from the Russians. But there is a considerable opposition to building new vessels of war; many persons insist that Sweden only requires for her defence a number of gun-boats and steamers. Besides, the liberals are beginning to look with suspicion on the king, warned by a projected ministerial attack on the freedom of the press, and hence would

sooner see the public money spent in railways than in strengthening the king's hands.

From Stockholm to Gothenburg is a very pleasant trip, through Lake Mælar and the Götha canal. The latter is an extraordinary result of energy; but it has been so often described that it need not detain us. You pass through a succession of lakes till the steamer at last reaches Lakes Wetter and Wener—the latter a very dangerous navigation, where ships are frequently lost. The completion of the railway will be a sad blow to the canal, for at present it hardly pays its expenses, although the rates are extremely high. The town of Gothenburg is thoroughly mercantile, and affords no great interest, except to those who devote themselves to commercial questions. Hence, the majority of travellers only remain there till their respective steamers are in readiness to start. Gothenburg is the most important seaport in the whole of the North, from the fact that the sea never freezes there; the heaviest merchantman can enter at any season of the year, while at Stockholm the sea is frozen for months. So soon as the Danish railway through Jütland is completed, Gothenburg will become the great entrepôt for goods as well as for travellers, and the journey to Sweden become quite a trifling affair.

Christiania has also rapidly improved in proportion with the other towns of the kingdom, and the national pride of the Norwegians has done much for the external embellishment of their capital:

The tall houses in the Carl Johann Strasse would not disgrace the first capital in Europe, and the splendid palace on the hill has an imposing effect through its massiveness. Here, too, are the university, museum, and library, all built in the last ten years. . . . I found here precisely the same relations as in Sweden between labour and capital, income and expenditure. The price of labour has doubled in the last ten years, but that of provisions has also gone up fifty per cent., as well as of all necessities, and according to the complaints I heard, they are even higher than in Stockholm. The town is very extensive, as the houses are generally only two-storied; it possesses the advantage that the streets are quite level, but little is done to improve the harbour, and indeed the trade can never become very large. There are no populous provinces to provide with luxuries, while the Norwegian peasant is saving, weaves his own clothes, and does not consume nearly so much sugar, coffee, &c., as the Swede.

There are no public monuments in Christiania, as may be expected, for Norway was, during four centuries, a Danish province, and the capital an insignificant spot. Since 1814 the people have had other matters to attend to than art. Nor are there any magnificent palaces, for all the buildings were formerly erected of wood; in fact, the old Runic stones are the sole evidence that Norway has possessed a past history. While the Swedes have become Gallicised, the Norwegians adhere closely to the English. In 1814 they wished to have an English viceroy, and since that period the Anglomania has rapidly increased. The principal travellers in the country up to the present time have been English, and a large quantity of English money has flowed into the country for the support of factories. They have also found one million specie thalers for a railway, but as they are guaranteed five per cent. on their capital, the shareholders have not yet enjoyed a dividend. The character of the Norwegians, and the reason of their social progress, will be best understood from the following extract, relating to a visit our author paid to a peasant's house, and the hospitable reception he met with:

We have certainly peasants at home who are far richer than the owner of this farm, who live in fine large houses, sit on sofas, and enjoy all the luxuries of town-folk. It is not this, then, that distinguishes the Norwegian peasant from the German, nor is it because guests are welcomed and regaled with roast beef and punch. A rich German peasant can do the same. We, too, have many a farmer's daughter, who, like Jomfru here, has been brought up at boarding-school, and reads German and English books, wears long dresses like townspeople, and rides a handsome horse. What we have not, and what we find here so frequently, is that the peasant is a man who, looking beyond his farm, interests himself about the affairs of his country, and forms an opinion and judgment upon them. With us the peasant is a man who, certainly with few exceptions, takes hardly any part in parochial business; nor is he expected to do so, for the government interferes, and people are always present to represent the authority, and leave nothing for the limited understanding of the subject to think about. These men govern themselves here, know their rights, which are at the same time their duties, and bear the pride of their freedom in their demeanour. They read their papers, which penetrate into the remotest districts, the constitution of the country is really to be found in every hand, and its history is employed as a lesson-book for the children. The plain good sense of these men understands, too, what advantages this constitution ensures them. Every peasant knows what is going on in his country, what the government intend to do, and as the majority of their sons are sent to Christiania to study, there is a number of clever heads to prevent any infringement of their rights.

Norway should be the happiest country in the world: the people need not trouble themselves about reform bills, for they have no taxes to pay, and are ignorant of game-laws. They need keep up no army, for they can make no conquests, and, if attacked, every man is ready to defend his own. In the towns, it is true, the poor-rate is heavy, but then it is a species of property-tax, and falls principally on the richer classes. The peasants have to pay a small contribution for parochial and church matters, while the heaviest outlay they have to make is for keeping up the high road. They are bound to supply horses for travellers at a cheap rate, but they are willing to do it in the consciousness of their liberty.

Stockholm, the city of rocks, holms, and lakes, produces a fine effect through its romantic situation. Christiania is a country town, with all the monotony of country still life; still you notice there the anxiety for progress, and the certainty that a future is in store for it. This is even more the case in Sweden, where the new era is very perceptible. Manufactories grow up, trade and industry acquire expansion, and the population is rapidly increasing. Stockholm itself bears testimony to the general progress, and both countries possess natural resources through the abundance of iron and wood, while Norway has additional elements of prosperity in its inexhaustible fisheries. The Danes, on the other hand, are far behind their brethren, and their capital, though the most densely populated, looks like a parasitical plant, which cannot support itself, and yet has lost the fertile foreign soil formerly at its command. As soon as the traveller begins to wander through Copenhagen, a feeling of its present decay strikes him. Less than fifty years back, this city was brilliant and splendid, but now the glory has departed from it. Once the Danish kings held sway from this spot far beyond the Sound and Cattegat, over the whole of Southern Sweden and Norway; now, all that is left them is the unprofitable Iceland, a few unhappy colonies in India, the peninsula



of Jütland, and a tract of German territory as far as the Elbe, the richest of all, which they hold on to with all their might, but will have to give up soon, just as Norway and Sweden in their day escaped their tyranny. Denmark Proper contains only 800,000 inhabitants, and hence the Danish is the weakest of the three Scandinavian races. Of these, 150,000 reside in Copenhagen, as a proof of the centralising mania of the Danish government. The productions of Denmark are insignificant; they consist of corn and cattle, which the English buy and pay for in manufactures. The splendid harbour of Copenhagen is now remarkably empty, and forms a striking and disagreeable contrast to Gothenburg, with only 30,000 inhabitants. The defences of the harbour, which have withstood so many obstinate attacks, have now been condemned, and as Copenhagen is the only bulwark of the country, and with its fall Denmark must fall too, it is proposed to build external fortifications at such distance from the city that they cannot be reached by the enemy's broadsides, as was the case in 1807. The Danes flatter themselves that they will be able to carry this out by means of the capitalisation of the Sound dues.

But though the Danes are so vain, and are greedy of praise, they have done very little to improve their capital. The little town of Christiania has better pavements, waterworks, and gaslighting, than are found at Copenhagen, with four times the population. It must be admitted that a city which is still lighted with oil-lamps cannot boast much of its civilisation and progress. Everything bears the aspect of gradual decay; the very ships of war laid up in ordinary, and left to rot, present a perfect picture of the Danish State. A nation which seeks to maintain a naval reputation at the present day must expend vast sums in introducing all the improvements of modern science. But this is impossible in Denmark; and though the Danes may be proud of their old renown, it must not be forgotten that, with the loss of Norway, the nursery for seamen went too. The downfall of Denmark, however, must not be ascribed solely to the unfavourable turn of war, for her kings have done much to reduce her by their extravagance and intrigues. Since Christian IV., the Danish rulers have trusted to coalitions, and carried on wars as allies of Russians, Poles, Germans, and French, while perfectly regardless of the true interests of their country. The present king, too, is no warrior, although governed by very impetuous feelings, which have given a strange colouring to his private life. His marriage with the Countess Danner disgusted the nobility, and the introduction of a democratic constitution caused them to retire to their estates. They have banded round the heir-apparent, the old Prince Ferdinand, and Prince Christian, and it is believed that the officers are by no means satisfied with the present state of things. The higher classes follow the same course, while the whole of the democratic party, the students, and the leaders of the peasants, are attached the more closely to the king, who approves of every measure proposed by his democratic ministry. It is doubtful, however, whether the Countess Danner is not the chief cause of his present policy. She is naturally opposed to the aristocracy, for they have given her the cold shoulder, and she seeks allies among the people, for her position would be very hazardous were the king to die before the present confusion in Denmark has been removed.

A friend said to me, "You can see the state of things here, and the great influence the lady possesses, in the fact that the queen dowager receives no visits from her son because she refuses to see the Countess Danner. When the queen lately proceeded to Germany, she was compelled to go as an ordinary passenger, while a government steamer was placed at the disposal of the students when they visited Stockholm."

"You must form the acquaintance of the countess," another advised me; "she is really very amiable, and remarkably well educated. She speaks several languages fluently, and has a considerable degree of good sense. Her influence is thence very beneficial, as every one of right sentiments must allow. We ought to be grateful to her, instead of joining in the aristocratic outcry."

At this moment a carriage drove past, in which a gentleman and a very tall muscular woman were seated. The lady was far from being youthful; she was, probably, about forty, and her plump face could not assuredly be called handsome.

"Come into the house for a moment," my friend said, as he drew me away. "It is the king and queen."

I looked at him in amazement.

"Yes," he continued, with a smile, "you will notice that no one salutes them; they prefer to get out of the way."

"But you said, you know, the Danes ought to be thankful to her."

"Certainly; but then it is unfortunate that our ladies were so well acquainted with the countess when she kept a milliner's shop. Many of them bought bonnets of her, and it is really hard on them that they should be expected to do her reverence."

"I have been told," I said, "that the countess is ambitious to become queen; what will take place then?"

"That will never happen," they all replied energetically to whom I addressed this question; "but she will soon marry one of her daughters to a son of Herr von Scheele. The countess has several daughters, and Herr von Scheele, who possesses the entire confidence of the king and countess, will render his position still stronger. Were it not for the countess, the king would have long ago freed himself from the cares of royalty, for he has often expressed an intention to retire into private life. The democratic party ought to be especially grateful to the clever lady for preventing this; for, in the present condition of things, a change of rulers would only cause greater confusion in Denmark."

The king lives in the country with his wife, at Friedericksborg, or another palace purchased by him. No great monarch has so many palaces as the King of Denmark, for his predecessors, with their magnificent notions, never failed to build a new one for themselves. Friedericksborg, close to Copenhagen, was built by Frederick IV., and the downfall of the dynasty can be studied in this old deserted palace. The long, blind rows of windows—the extensive court, luxuriant with grass and weeds, in which nothing stirs—the tottering old towers and shaking balconies, speak loudly enough of former grandeur and present decay. The present in this country does not at all harmonise with the past; and when you stand on the palace hill, regarding broken marble staircases and baths, and then turn to the city and the blue sea studded with sails, you can justly believe that the Danish kings in their brilliant era were haughty, powerful rulers, who had a right to enjoy their authority and magnificence. But little of this is left at present: the counts and barons, guards and yeomen, who formerly filled these halls, have become dust and ashes with the pomp of their rulers. No court is kept up now, and there are no festivities. There is no queen to collect round her a brilliant band of high-born ladies; no dances and balls, at which the aristocracy

and bureaucracy can amalgamate. The nobles have retired angrily. The king goes out hunting with a few chamberlains, selected from the lower classes; and though the democratic ministers conduct their wives and daughters to the Countess Danner's *soirées*, the patriotism of the Copenhagen people hides itself when the royal carriages rattle through the streets.

That the Danes are essentially fond of amusement is seen in the great number of public gardens in the vicinity of the capital. The chief delight is to take a railway trip, not on a real line, but to seat oneself in a number of little four-wheeled carriages, which run round in a circle, with a wooden or pasteboard engine in front, and turned by a couple of wretched men in the centre, while the band plays the railway *galop*. No landlord can hope for success unless he has at least one of these roundabouts in his garden. But the great delight of the Danes is the six weeks' fair held in the park, to which the peasants and their wives flock in from all the neighbourhood. Generally, Copenhagen is one of the most lively towns in the north; the people are not fond of staying at home, and the streets are crowded with gaily-dressed persons from morning to night. But this is not surprising, when we remember that the Danish kings kept up a brilliant court here for ages, and a city of such a size, with so many *employés*, military and naval officers, universities, &c., must be fond of pleasure. Copenhagen is not so cut off from communication during winter as are Stockholm and Christiania; many strangers visit it, for it can be reached in twelve hours from Germany by rail or steam. But then, on the other hand, there is no other city in Denmark which can in the slightest degree cope with Copenhagen. There are several towns in Sweden, besides Gothenburg, where people of birth and education are contented to reside; while Norway has the rich commercial town of Bergen, and the old royal Drontheim. In Denmark, on the contrary, everything is centralised in Copenhagen, and all the other towns are miserable holes, where no one will live who can possibly avoid it. In fact, Denmark could not exist without Copenhagen, and it is perfectly justified in saying *l'Etat c'est moi!*

There is one thing for which other nations may envy the Danes, and that is the art treasures which Thorwaldsen left his country. Besides specimens of his own sculpture, the great artist collected some 300 pictures of old masters, which he also left to the Danes. For his fatherland he even made the greatest sacrifice possible. In the evening of his life he quitted Rome, where he had resided forty years, to live in the cold and misty north. Denmark has no want of literati, and a great deal has been done for the old northern literature and philology. The university has been remarkable for its professors since the foundation, one of the most celebrated being Oerstedt. Holberg devoted his talents to the stage even before Lessing in Germany, while Oelenschläger, by his poetry, gained the hearts of his countrymen and the admiration of Europe. It must not be forgotten that the government grants very liberal pensions to men of talent, for otherwise they would starve. In this they afford a worthy example to Sweden, where, under the same circumstances, government does nothing for authors and artists. At present, however, literature is not very flourishing in Denmark; no new race has yet sprung up to take the place of the departed heroes. Herz, the author of "King

*Réné's Daughter*," is in years, and so is Hieberg, the author of many celebrated dramatic works. At present the Danes have no novelist to boast of; the only one they possessed, Andersen, forsook his country before he had attained a great reputation, and now resides in Weimar. The Danes cannot forgive him for the craving he has for German orders, and he has no prospect of ever again finding mercy in the eyes of his countrymen. The government fosters native artists, not merely by allowing them pensions, but by purchasing their pictures, of which 150 have been collected into a National Gallery. They are principally works dating from the last twenty years, and among them are some valuable specimens. But the artists are ungrateful, and as soon as they begin to make a name, they desert their country and settle in Germany or France. Our author sums up the character of the Danes thus :

The Danes seem to me like a man who, being naturally short-statured, wears high-heeled boots, and employs all possible schemes to conceal his defects. Hence they exert themselves in every possible way, but cannot quite conceal their deficiencies. It is the same in their government, their metropolis, their acts, and their industry. They cannot keep up with the great European powers in progress, though they believe themselves quite capable of doing so, possess the same self-esteem as the French, and hence look down on other nations, especially the Germans, as if themselves were the chosen people to whom Providence in its wisdom has imparted peculiar qualities. It is true that many of the Danes are enlightened men, but it would be difficult to point out any period when they have made an important discovery, or displayed any remarkable intelligence. In no branch of human activity have they ever taken the lead, either in trade or in manufacturing, in the mechanical sciences, or in the domain of art and poetry. They have certainly done more than the other northern nations, but the Swedes and Norwegians are now progressing rapidly in trade and navigation, and so they will gradually devote themselves to the arts. The prominent advantage the Danes possess is the more general education and the favourable situation of their country, their better acquaintance with the world, and the happy success of their pretensions. They are active and strong; hence their imagination is lively, and consequently they are clever actors and diplomatists, but even these qualities seem to have degenerated with their country.

All that remains to us now to notice is the Scandinavian Union, which received in some measure the royal assent in Sweden by the reception granted publicly to the Danish students last year in Stockholm. The idea is certainly admirable, for union would here be strength, and Russian intrigues in Denmark would receive a death-blow. But the jealousy existing between the three races will probably prevent any such union for the present; for the Danes are in every respect entitled to the supremacy of the northern nations, but Sweden and Norway, in the consciousness of their progress, are very disinclined to allow it. The Swedes insist that, prior to any amalgamation, the Danes must become thoroughly Scandinavian by giving up the duchies; and, when once restricted to their islands, they could assert no pretensions to become the head of the union. The Norwegians are not at all inclined to give up their liberal institutions even for a democratic monarchy such as Denmark would propose, and their history has sufficiently taught them the misery of Danish supremacy. At present, then, it seems as if the conflicting elements allow of no compromise; but the future affords a prospect of union. Whenever the King of Denmark dies, there will be an insurrection, for the Danes detest the successor thrust upon them by the London conferences, and, in the fear

of Denmark being lost to the Western Alliance, the Great Powers may feel disposed to promote the union by all the means at their command. The Swedes entertain a hope that their next king will reign over Scandinavia, and there is no fear that he would feel terrified at the Russian prestige which has so long prevailed in Copenhagen. Sooner or later, the duchies must be given up, and then the Danes will be compelled to seek allies in their Swedish brethren, to protect them from being swallowed up. Nor should the Western Powers feel dissatisfied at such a union as in any way thwarting their intentions, for they would thus obtain the surest bulwark against Russian expansion; and so long as Sweden takes the lead and keeps it, no apprehension need be entertained as to the firmness of the alliance between her and England.

We trust, however, that no undue precipitation will force a crisis; for if any untoward events occur in Denmark, compelling armed intervention, the consequences will be incalculable. The German Powers are threatening Denmark with a new war on behalf of the Principalities, but we need not fancy that such steps will in any way disturb our peace: 1848 has taught us the value of German interference in Schleswig. But the death of the king would lead to an *embroglio*; the pretenders to the throne would collect their partisans, and so surely as an insurrection broke out, so surely would Russia carry out her ambitious designs, and a flame be enkindled which would require immense energy and outlay to extinguish. It is certain that England and France cannot allow Russia to secure her position in the Baltic by an occupation of Denmark, and it seems to us that the simplest way to prevent it would be by promoting the Scandinavian Union, and doing all in our power to secure the throne for the Swedish heir-apparent.

### QUEDAH: A PAGE IN MALAYAN AND SIAMESE HISTORY.\*

QUEDAH is the name of a small province on the western coast of Malaya. It had been always in olden time a Malay state, though possibly tributary alternately to either the Emperor of Siam or the Emperor of Malacca, as the power of either happened to be in the ascendant. After the Portuguese crushed the Malay empire by the capture of Malacca in 1511, it is possible that the Rajah of Quedah presented this "golden flower" to the Emperor of Siam, and in a way swore fealty to that monarch. We, however, seem to have heeded the suzerainty of the Siamese very little, when it served the Honourable Company's interest; for in 1786 we find them inducing the Rajah of Quedah, on his own sole right and responsibility, to sell us the island of Penang for the yearly sum of ten thousand dollars, an annuity upon which the descendants of the rulers of Quedah now exist in Malacca.

\* Quedah; or, Stray Leaves from a Journal in Malayan Waters. By Captain Sherard Osborn, R.N., C.B. London: Longman and Co. 1857.

However, about the time we were engaged in the first Burmese war, and when it became highly desirable to keep the Siamese neutral in the fray, the Emperor of Siam chose to invade Quedah, and after committing unheard-of atrocities upon the Malay inhabitants, he established his rule, and was confirmed in it by a treaty with us. The Malay chieftains, however, considered themselves aggrieved, and in 1838, when the *Hyacinth*, one of her Majesty's 18-gun ship-rigged corvettes, Captain Warren, was at Singapore, they fitted out a fleet of forty war prahus, carrying two thousand fighting men, at a place called Battu-putih, or "White Rocks," on the Sumatran coast, and succeeded with that force in bringing the province under Malay rule.

This fleet of prahus, styled by us a piratical one, sailed under the colours of the ex-Rajah of Quedah; and although many of the leaders were known and avowed pirates, still the strong European party at Penang maintained that at all events, for the time being, they were lawful belligerents, battling to regain their own. The Siamese, however, knew perfectly well how to appeal to a treaty when it involved their own interests, and a deputation from Bangkok soon waited upon the governor of the Straits of Malacca, calling upon the British to aid them in asserting their legal yet unjust rights. British good faith to one party had to be supported at the sacrifice of British justice towards the other; and, as usual, the unfortunate Malays were thrown overboard, their rights ignored, themselves declared pirates, and their leader—one Prince Abdullah, a descendant of the ex-rajah—a rebel escaped from British surveillance.

A plan of operations was accordingly arranged, in conjunction with the Siamese, emissaries from his golden-tufted majesty having been sent there for that purpose. The British were to blockade closely the coast of Quedah directly the north-east monsoon, or fine-weather season, commenced, whilst a Siamese army of 30,000 men marched down to reconquer the province.

The *Hyacinth*, besides her own boats, had lent to her for this service three lugger-rigged and decked gun-boats, named respectively the *Diamond*, *Pearl*, and *Emerald*, or Nos. 1, 2, and 3. They were all manned by Malays, as great, if not greater, pirates and scamps than those whom they went to fight against. Captain Sherard Osborn, of Arctic celebrity, at that time a midshipman of seventeen, was appointed to the *Emerald*, and a trying position he must have been placed in, the only Englishman, and he a mere boy, in command of twenty-five stout swarthy Malays, to a man criminals of the deepest dye. Well might he exclaim, "Pleasant company!" as he scanned the rogues, who, seated along the deck on either side, were throwing themselves back with a shout at every stroke of their "sweeps," and displaying twenty-five as reckless, devil-may-care countenances as any equal number of seamen ever exhibited. One or two characters stood out in relief from this recreant crew. First, there was the serang, or coxswain, Jadee, a tremendous man-eater; then Hajji, or one who had made the pilgrimage to Meccah, and who was, in consequence, not only eminently pious, but was also as eminently skilled in the mystic, physical, and medical sciences. In the first, he was, however, rivalled by a great professor of the Mussulman faith, one Ali, or Alee, as Captain Osborn writes it. There was also Jambeo, the inter-

preter, a half-caste, handsome, but effeminate, weak, and nervous in temperament, and obedient as a child.

The *Emerald* was stationed at first, with the pinnace and the *Pearl*, off the shallow bar which lies across the Quedah river, a feature common to every river on this side of the Malayan peninsula. The fort of Quedah hoisted its colours, and armed men showed themselves along the battlements; but the boats merely placed themselves in line across the entrance of the river, out of gun-shot, and anchored to commence the blockade.

Our gun-boats lay at the distance of about twelve hundred yards from the mouth of the river, across which a stout stockade had been formed, leaving only one narrow outlet, and there the Malays had stationed a look-out man to give an alarm in case of necessity. Within the stockade, upon the north bank of the river, stood the town and fort of Quedah.

The latter was a rectangular work built of stone, and said to have been constructed in the days when the Portuguese were in the zenith of their glory. The parapet was now sadly dilapidated, and armed with a few rusty guns, whilst on a bastion which, at one of the angles, served to flank the sea face of the works, and command the river entrance, several long, formidable looking pieces of cannon were pointed threateningly at us. Beyond the fort, and on the same side of the river, a long continuation of neat-looking thatch-built houses constituted the town, and off it lay numerous trading prahus, and several *topes*, a Malayo-Chinese vessel peculiar to the Straits of Malacca. A dense and waving jungle of trees skirted round the town and fort of Quedah, and spread away on either hand in a monotonous line of green.

The first week or ten days of the blockade was monotonous enough: they had to be guarded in their movements, as the policy intended to be pursued by the enemy had not developed itself, and they were yet ignorant of the force of armed prahus which they might possess up the river. At length, want of wood and fresh water in the little squadron obliged the senior officer to detach the *Emerald* to a group of islands, called the Bounting group, about twenty miles distant, in quest of such necessary articles. Having no small boats, the mode of procuring wood and water was primitive enough: the gun-boat used to be anchored in a convenient position, and then all hands, young Osborn included, jumped overboard, swam ashore with casks and axes, and spent the day filling the former, cutting wood, bathing, and washing their clothing. It was a general holiday; and, like seamen of our own country, the Malays skylarked, joked, and played about, with all the zest of schoolboys. Jadee having communicated one day to Mr. Osborn, that Ali had discovered a splendid wild bees'-nest on Pulo Bedan, he expressed a strong desire to see the process by which the bees were robbed of their store.

We happened to be standing in a wood on a part of that island, and the bees were flying about us, when I expressed this wish in my usual tone of voice. "Hush!" said Jadee, putting his finger to his lips, "hush! speak low, or the bees will hear us!" And then, in a whispering voice, he informed me that the honey would not be fit for capture for some time: and that, at any rate, it was wrong to disturb the bees except at the full of the moon. As he considered it necessary to wait for that auspicious period, I assented, and only took care at the next full moon to be there. Aleo and four other Malay seamen were told off to rob the bees'-nest, and they, as well as myself, were soon stripped and swimming ashore. I observed that each man carried with him a small bundle of the husk of cocoa-nut shells, and directly they landed they proceeded to cut

branches of a species of palm, and in the leaves enveloped the husks they had brought with them, forming the whole into articles resembling torches; a fire was then kindled upon the beach, fragments of the burning embers introduced into the heart of each torch, and then by swinging them round so as to cause a draught, the husk ignited, and, aided by the action of the green leaves, poured out of one end of the torch a solid column of smoke. The faithful Jamboo had been left on board; but I understood, from the little these Malays told me, that the torches were intended for the purpose of driving the bees away from the honey, but I did not understand that they were essential to one's safety, and therefore declined to carry one when it was offered to me.

Holding the torches in their hands and standing up, the Malays next enacted some mummery or incantation, which concluded with the usual repetition of the Mahometan creed—one so beautiful and concise, that it appears a pity we cannot produce anything as graphic in our own faith.

"God he is God! and Mahomet is his Prophet!" exclaimed we all; and the torch-men leading the way, we left the pleasant shade of the jungle, and walked briskly along the shore until abreast of the bees'-nest, which lay some three-quarters of a mile inland. Turning into the jungle, waving their smoke-torches, and keeping a sharp look-out for snakes, which appeared to me all the more dangerous from the novelty of my attire,—for like my men I had only one cloth round my hips and a handkerchief over my head,—we soon sighted, up a small vista in the forest, the aged trunk of a blighted tree, which was alive with bees. Three of the Malays now sat down, waved their torches gently, throwing a halo of smoke round their tawny persons, and commenced to recite, in a slow, solemn manner, some verses from the Koran, whether to keep the bees away, or to ensure there being honey in the nest, I don't know; for just as I, half laughing, was putting the question to them, the fourth Malay, Mr. Alee, walked deliberately up to the nest and applied his torch.

Thunder and lightning! a thousand lancets were suddenly plunged into my body, and a black cloud of bees were around me. I shouted for Alee; "God he is God! and Mahomet is his Prophet!" groaned out the Malays, as they waved their torches, the bees threatening them as well as myself. It was more than I could bear; with a yell of agony, I started off like a deer for the sea: it seemed but a stride to the rocks, and at once I plunged into the water, taking down many a bee which adhered tenaciously to my body and face. Keeping down as long as possible, I rose in the hope of being clear from the little brutes; but, alas! they were not so easily baffled, and a cloud of them was ready to descend upon my devoted head: it might have ended seriously, had not Alee found that there was no honey in the nest, and he and his comrades then ran down to assist me, frightening off the bees with their torches, and accompanying me to the gun-boat, which I reached nearly blind, and rather disgusted with the result of my first Asiatic bee-hunt; the more so that, in addition to the lesson I had learnt upon the advisability of using smoke preservers, we had disproved the truth of the old axiom, that "Where there are bees, there must be honey."

Our unfortunate midshipman was relieved by the hajji, by the application of an alkali, in the shape of burnt lime. No graduate of a European college could have done better.

The tedium of the blockade was also somewhat relieved by frequent attempts made by the Malays to escape the vigilance of the blockaders, by pushing their prahus out at night under the shadow of the jungle. It was with them a matter of necessity to procure arms, powder, and salt, at Penang.

Their lofty mat-sails caught the faintest breath of land-breeze, the beautifully sharp bow of the prahus made hardly a ripple as it cut through the water, and it required the keenest eye to detect them when stealing thus along in silence and shadow. The quick sight and hearing of our Malays was in this respect



invaluable: they had themselves been engaged in similar feats, and knew all the tricks of their compatriots. On more than one occasion did the look-out man call me at night, when, although a clear sky overhead, nothing but the tops of the trees could be seen peering over a white mist which poured like smoke out of the unhealthy mangrove swamps. "A prahu!" the man would say, pointing into the mist, making a sign at the same time to listen. Holding my head low down and horizontally, I could at last distinguish what had caught the Malay's attention—a low creak occasionally, which I most decidedly should have thought to be the swaying of some branch in the forest, had he not assured me that it was the action of a prahu's oar in a rattan grummet. At other times a rippling sound, such as water will make when running past any fixed object, was wafted on the night wind. "It is merely the tide running past the fishing-weirs, Jambo," I might perhaps say. "Oh, no, sir!" he would reply; "the look-out man assures me the sound is altering its position, and that it's the stem of a prahu cutting through the water." Silently and stealthily, but quickly, as men who had been all their lives at such work, the crew would be on their legs. "Baughan! semoa-secalar, hancat sown!" in a low and distinct whisper, would run along the deck; or, in other words, "Arouse! hands, up anchor!" The anchor would be run up gently, and Numero Tega would be after her prey like a night-hawk. We had to deal, however, with keen hands and fast boats; and often have I chased to early dawn before being sure of my prize.

Several accounts are given of chases and captures of their prahus. Then, again, there were incidents connected with the besieged fort. A number of Siamese were employed to throw up works, and one or two occasionally effected their escape. These unfortunates were afterwards all butchered, men, women, and children, during the progress of the siege, and thrown into a tank which they had been compelled to dig for themselves.

Early in the ensuing year, young Osborn was ordered to proceed from Quedah river to the Parlis to reinforce the boats there, as a strong force of war prahus had succeeded in getting into the river under their renowned leader, Dattoo Mahomet Alee. He was delighted with the change and the prospect of seeing more of this interesting country; and although he was treated to a tropical storm on his way, it does not appear to have diminished his admiration for the beautiful groups of islands known as the Lancavas and the Laddas, or of the forest-clad shores of the mainland.

At the Parlis river the war prahus were hunted even into the very jungle. Witness on one occasion, when Messrs. Osborn and Barclay pursued a scout in a long fairy-like canoe, scooped out of the trunk of a tree, with a mixed crew of Malays and Englishmen.

Taking a deliberate aim at the scout canoe he fired, and we with a shout struck across for her, hoping either to lay her alongside or drive her back upon the gun-boats; but we had counted without our host, and the Malays of our party gave a yell of disgust as the enemy disappeared as it were into the jungle. We were soon on her heels, and guided by the sound she made in forcing through the mangrove swamp, held our course: now aground upon the straddling legs of a mangrove tree; then pushing through a thicket, out of which the affrighted birds flew shrieking; then listening to try and distinguish the sound of the flying canoe from all the shrill whistles, chirrups, and drumming noises, which render an Indian jungle far more lively by night than by day. Once or twice we thought we were fast catching her, when suddenly our canoe passed from the mangrove swamp into an open forest of trees, which rose

in all their solemn majesty from the dark waters. We saw our chance of success was now hopeless, for the scout canoe had fifty avenues by which to baffle us, and *terra firma* was, we knew, not far distant. It was a strange and beautiful scene. The water was as smooth as burnished steel, and reflected, wherever the trees left an opening, the thousand stars which strewed the sky; the tall stems of the forest trees rose from this glittering surface, and waved their sable plumes over our heads; whilst the fire-fly, or some equally luminous insect, occasionally lit up first one tree and then another, as if sparks of liquid gold were being emitted from the rustling leaves.

Silently we lay on our oars, or rather paddles; not a sound of the flying canoe could be heard: it was evident that the scout had escaped, and it only remained for us to make the best of our way back again—a task which, in the absence of all excitement, we found an extremely tough one; indeed, we grounded so often on the roots of the mangrove trees, that I proposed to wade through the mud and water, dragging the canoe after us. To this, however, the Malays would in no wise listen, and spoke so earnestly of the danger arising from a particular kind of snake, that we thought it better to listen to them—a piece of wisdom upon our part which gave rise to some congratulations on the morrow, when, in company with our advisers, we visited the mangrove swamp, and found in the fork of many of the trees a perfect nest of snakes. These, the Malays assured us, were very venomous, yet the reptiles were not above a foot or eighteen inches long, and about the girth of a man's little finger; the greatest peculiarity being strong black markings about the body, which gave them an appearance somewhat in keeping with their bad reputation. Having, like most youths, read every book which I could get hold of, descriptive of wild beast, bird, and reptile, I, from my reading, had been led to believe that the whip-snake was everywhere most dangerous; and I must say—when I observed a number of these long green-coloured creatures hanging like tendrils from the trees we had in the darkness of the previous night been pushing our way through—I felt thankful for our escape. Touching one of the Malays who were with me, I pointed at them and said, "They are very bad." He smiled, and assured me they were not by any means so dangerous as those in the forks of the trees in the mangrove swamps.

The jungle of the Parlis river abounded in monkeys, and their gambols and strange manners afforded the author no small amusement. There was also some wild-fowl shooting, and these resources were varied on one occasion by a visit made to a neighbouring island, in company with some Malays, to see their mode of obtaining edible birds'-nests. As the bird (*Hirundo esculenta*) which constructs these nests does so in the dark and shady crevices of cliffs overhanging the sea, or in caves formed by the wash of the waves, the procuring them requires great skill and courage, and is attended with great danger.

After about six weeks' service in the Parlis river, the *Emerald* returned to take up its station off Quedah. The Siamese were at length approaching that fort, and fugitives began to arrive down the river from the interior, anxious to find their way to Penang, or some other spot under the British flag. How pleasant it is to think that we should be more loved than feared among these perhaps the most lawless people on earth, and that even the fierce Malay uniformly in the hour of trouble seeks refuge under the British flag. May it long wave in the Eastern Archipelago for such good purposes, and for such spread its influence, and not for the destruction of innocent people!

The flight of the provincials was soon followed by that of a large proportion of the population of Quedah itself, who came to the English

craving permission to be allowed to go to Penang or Province Wellesley, to save them from the wrath of the Siamese. The blockading force asked how the English could allow the women and offspring of men declared to be pirates to escape and seek an asylum under the very flag they had abused. The reply was characteristic: "Every Malayman knows, Tuhan, that the white men (Orang-putih) can fight; but every Malayman knows that they war with men, and not against women and children!" It was impossible to resist so well-turned a compliment, and all unarmed vessels were allowed to pass out, provided they only carried women and children, with just so many men as were necessary to navigate the craft, and they also were to be unarmed.

As glaring attempts were made to infringe these orders, a scene of great confusion, attended by no small amount of distress, accompanied the exodus of the non-combatants of Quedah.

It was indeed a wild and wretched scene, strange and exciting though it might be to us. The torches carried in some of the canoes threw a vivid light over the black river and jungle, and brought out in strong relief the groups of excited men and women. "Anchor! anchor!" we shouted, "or we must fire." "Mercy! mercy!" shrieked the women and old grey-bearded men. The nicodars yelled out orders, invoking all the saints of Islam. Babies struck in with their shrill piccolos, and the wifeless, womanless garrison left in Quedah seemed determined to show what good heart they were still in, by the wild, yet not unmusical cry of "Jagga, jag-gaa!" or, "Watch there! watch!" We, the blockaders, got under weigh, and slashed to and fro across the entrance of the stream, firing an occasional blank cartridge at some craft that tried to escape being searched, having perhaps on board more than the proper complement of men, or, as in one case, because some notorious pirate who had rendered himself amenable to our laws, was desirous of escaping an interview with a petty jury and a British recorder at Penang.

By four o'clock in the morning the exodus was over, and we lay at anchor with a black mass of native vessels of every size and shape around us: many of the canoes threatening to sink alongside, we were forced to take the unfortunates upon our decks, adding still more to the scene of confusion. My boat's crew, bloodthirsty Malays though they were, employed themselves from midnight to day-dawn boiling and serving out rice to the half-starved women and children.

The sun rose upon the strange scene, just as all were falling to rest from an anxious and sleepless night. On counting the fugitive vessels we found one junk, one tope, five large prahus, and one hundred and fifteen smaller craft, the whole of them containing probably three thousand souls, of which two-thirds were women and the remainder made up of children, old decrepit men, and a few adult Malays, to convoy the whole and navigate the different vessels to a place of safety. Two births took place during this sad night of confusion.

Among the fugitives were the wife and family of the Malay chief, Tonkoo Mahomet Said, and our young midshipman was ordered to escort them to Penang, in the performance of which duty he became positively enamoured of the pirate's beautiful daughter—a lovely girl of about twelve years of age. He had an excuse that will be held valid by all true-hearted men: "Baju Mira," he says, "was lovely enough to have touched a tougher heart than mine." He had a strange set to deal with, and on the way the Nicodar and three natives seduced two of the crew of the *Emerald*, who had been put into a prahu to navigate her, to abscond with its living freight of women and children to the coast of Sumatra,

where they might be sold at highly remunerative prices! Luckily, our gallant young midddy went in pursuit, and succeeded in discovering the truant quietly at anchor in a secluded cove of the Bounting Islands. Sumatra is under the Dutch sovereignty, and it is high time that the ready disposal of captured human beings at that great pepper mart should be put a stop to.

When young Osborn returned to Quedah, he found that the Siamese had closed down upon the unlucky fortress, and a constant fire was being kept up throughout the night between the respective outposts. Fresh parties of fugitives also kept passing at the same time out of the river by night. Some of these unfortunates were actually dying of thirst, and Messrs. Osborn and Barclay very properly administered a little corporeal chastisement to two fat Bengalee merchants, who were found sitting upon jars of water in a prahu, in which several children and two women had died the same night from want of a few mouthfuls! To account for this perpetual flight, it is said that the Siamese inflicted the most dreadful tortures upon those who fell into their hands, without regard to age or sex.

The progress of the siege was, on the other hand, characterised by fearful reprisals on the part of the Malays, who massacred all the Siamese in the fortress in cold blood. At that time barely more than two hundred fighting men remained in the doomed fortress. The fight was carried on, however, with vigour. Salvoes of artillery were interspersed with loud cheers, and volumes of fire and smoke rolled over the unfortunate habitations. At length, one evening at tea time, the crisis came.

We sat over our cup of tea discussing whether we should not, after all, have to take an active part in the fall of Quedah, when the black outline of the fort was illuminated by flashes of artillery; they lasted some few minutes, and were followed by a dead silence. That volley was the knell of Quedah; for, in a short time, we heard cries, as of men drowning, near the stockade, and a number of my Malays, as well as some of Mr. Barclay's seamen, jumped into the water and swam to the rescue. They happily succeeded in saving six out of a dozen or fourteen men who had tried to swim across the river, but had failed. These men that we had saved were all natives of Upper India, and a fine six-foot fellow, directly he was able to speak, said, "We are the last of the garrison!"

Their tale was this:—Two nights ago, under cover of an attempt made by us against the Siamese, Tonkoo Mahomet Said, Prince Abdullah, and Typfetam, with a select body of men, marched along the low-water mark of the sea, as far as the mouth of the Jurlong river, unseen by us or the Siamese; there they were met by Dattoo Mahomet Alee and Haggi Loung, who had marched from Parlis with some elephants to meet them; and the united chiefs had thus escaped, to renew their resistance in another quarter.

In order that the Siamese might still be detained off Quedah, a petty chieftain, whose name did not transpire, promised, with two hundred chosen men, to hold out for forty-eight hours: this he faithfully performed; and he directed the desperate sally in which Inchi Laa had been cut off from re-entering the fort.

Shortly afterwards, that chief, afraid to surrender to us after the treacherous attempt of one Jaffa to sink the gun-boat (an act all had disapproved of), swam across to the south side with the remaining men of his party, leaving fifteen Rajpoots, who were in the fort, to cover his escape by holding out, as they promised, for the space of two hours.

They it was who had fired the last broadsides, and then endeavoured to make good their retreat as the others had done; but not being as amphibious as the

Malays, they had been swept down by the tide upon the stockade, and the majority were drowned or killed by alligators.

We respected these brave fellows; and although there was some suspicion of their being deserters from the Company's army, we gave them the benefit of the doubt; and, having made them swear to escort the women with all speed to Province Wellesley, we put them all under charge of Inchi Laa, and hastened their departure before the Siamese entered Quedah fort and observed their movements.

Barclay and I crawled through the mud, aroused all the fair ladies from their *ad fresco* slumbers, told Inchi Laa he must be off—a piece of advice which needed no repetition,—and in a few minutes we were left alone, the stars and a young moon shining on the grey walls of the deserted stronghold.

The fall of Quedah, an intertropical fort, held by a handful of piratical Malays against a far superior force of that little-known people, the Siamese, certainly constitutes a very curious and interesting little episode in Malayan and Siamese history. The description of the Siamese within the fort is by no means so amusing or picturesque, and they very naturally did not at all understand what Captain Osborn calls “the immense moral aid” which the English had afforded to his golden-tufted majesty of Siam.

We cannot, however, quit this very picturesque region without noticing certain matters that are somewhat peculiar. While stationed in the river Parlis, the crew of the *Emerald* were a good deal employed in killing buffalo and catching fish, in which last service sampans, or native canoes, were chiefly used. Here is what occurred on one occasion :

Towards sunset, the sampan returned down the river with only half a load of shell-fish, Jamboo and his crew having been frightened off the fishing-ground by what Sutoo, the quartermaster, assured me was an Untoo, or evil spirit. He explained to me, that while busy up to their knees in water, an odd noise had been heard under the overhanging trees on the opposite bank: looking in that direction, they saw a man's head come up out of the water; the face was covered with hair, and it eyed them in a fierce, threatening manner; they shouted, jumped into the sampan, and fired at the creature; it dived for a minute, and then appeared again, grinning horribly. Jamboo and his men decided that it was a demon, and thought it better to decamp whilst their skins were whole. I laughed heartily at their fears, and tried to explain to them that it might be a seal. Jamboo, however, stoutly insisted that no seals were ever seen in Malaysia; and as I found myself in the minority, I quietly acquiesced in the supposition that it was an unclean spirit. Jadee said, if not the Old Gentleman, that it must be one of the wild men who could imitate the appearance of monkeys or apes, the cry of birds, or the howlings of wild beasts, so as even to deceive animals.

These wild men are the sad remnants of an aboriginal race of diminutive negroes, who, at one time, were more numerous, but are now only found in small isolated parties, in the most inaccessible fastnesses of Malaysia, living amongst the branches of trees, to avoid the snakes and beasts of prey. They are human beings in their most degraded form—without religion, without any acknowledged form of government, and only gifted with animal instincts and passions. When found or caught by the Malays, they are tied up or caged just as we should treat chimpanzees.

I argued that it was very unlikely such creatures should be down so close to the sea, and, least of all, would they voluntarily show themselves to our men. Jadee, however, suggested that the movements of large bodies of armed men had disturbed them in their haunts; besides, that at one season of the year they were known to wander towards the sea-shore, either for the sake of procuring salt, or because shell-fish was easily procurable. Under these circumstances,

I was not sorry Jamboo had returned; for these wild men use the sunpit, or blow-pipe, with fearful skill, and blow small poisoned arrows, a few inches long, with sufficient force to destroy even birds upon the wing.

Sailors of every part of the world have a strong spice of the romantic and superstitious in their composition, and the Malays are, it appears, no exception to this rule. Indeed, the wild and enterprising life which the majority of them lead, and the many curious phenomena peculiar to the seas and islands of their beautiful archipelago, are always liable to be accounted for by an uneducated, but observant and highly imaginative, race, by supernatural agency.

There were proofs (Captain Osborn remarks) by the thousand amongst these poor fellows of that connexion with the world of spirits which it seems to be the desire of man in every stage of civilisation to assure himself of; and I must say, I half began to believe in their assertions upon that head; their faith was so earnest and child-like, that it worked strongly upon even my own tutored convictions to the contrary. Children never clustered round a winter fire at home with more intense credulity and anxious sympathy, than did my poor Malays to listen to some woful legend, derived from the blood-stained annals of the Portuguese or Dutch rule in Malaya and its islands. As an instance of their child-like belief in spirits, and of the strange way in which such an idea is supported by optical delusions common to these latitudes, I may here recount an event which no more than amused me at the time, although the strange way in which Jamboo and his men swore to having this day seen an "Untoo" brought it back forcibly to my mind.

Just after the blockade commenced, in December of the previous year, my gun-boat was lying one night close to the southern point of Quedah river. The mist fell for a while like small rain upon us, but afterwards, at about ten o'clock, changed into fine weather, with heavy murky clouds overhead, through the intervals of which we had momentary gleams of light from a young moon. The air was cold and damp, and I naturally sought shelter under my tent-shaped mat, although until midnight I considered myself responsible for a vigilant look-out being kept. About eleven o'clock my attention was called to the look-out man, who, seated upon the bow-gun, was spitting violently, and uttering some expressions as if in reproof or defiance, and continued to do so very frequently. Ignorant at that time of the character of my crew, such a peculiar proceeding made me restless. Presently I saw another man go up to him; he pointed in the direction of the jungle, and both repeated the conduct which had attracted my attention: the second man then walked below, as if glad to get off deck. Fairly puzzled, I walked forward. The look-out man had got his back turned to the jungle, but was every now and then casting glances over his shoulder in a very furtive manner, and muttering sentences in which Allah was invoked very earnestly. He seemed glad to see me, and jumped up to salute me.

"Anything new?" I asked. "Prahus?"

"Teda, Tonhan. No sir!" was the answer; and then seeing me looking towards the jungle, he made signs with his head that it was better to look elsewhere.

I immediately called Jamboo, the interpreter, and desired him to ask what the Malay saw in the jungle.

Jamboo, as usual, sat down, black-fellow fashion, on his hams, and, half asleep, drawled out my question, and then coolly said,

"He says he saw a spirit, sir."

"Nonsense!" I replied. "Ask him how? or where? It may be some Malay scouts."

Again Jamboo made an effort, and the oracle informed me, that the man had distinctly seen an Untoo, or spirit, moving about among the trees close to the

water's edge: he assured me he had seen it ever since the mist cleared off, and that he had been praying and expectorating, to prevent it approaching the gun-boat, as it was a very bad sort of spirit, very dangerous, and robed in a long dress.

I expostulated with Jamboo for repeating such a nonsensical tale, and said, "Explain to the man it is impossible; and that, if anything, it must be an animal, or a man."

Jamboo, however, assured me, very earnestly, that Malays often saw "Untoos;" that they were some of them dangerous, some harmless; and that, if I looked, the Malay said, I could see it as well as himself.

I accordingly sat down by the man, and looked intently in the same direction. We were about one hundred and fifty yards off the jungle; the water was just up to its edge; among the roots of trees, and for a few yards in, there were small ridges of white shingle and broken shells, which receded into darkness, or shone out in distinct relief as the moonlight struck upon them.

When these patches of white shone out, I pointed immediately, and asked if that was what he saw.

"No, no!" said the Malay; and Jamboo added, "He says he will tell you when he sees it."

Suddenly he touched me, and pointing earnestly, exclaimed, "Look! look!"

I did so, and an odd tremor, I am not ashamed to say, ran through my frame, as I caught sight of what looked like the figure of a female with drapery thrown around her, as worn by Hindoo women: it moved out from the shade of the forest, and halted at one of the hillocks of white sand, not more than three hundred yards distant. I rubbed my eyes! whilst the interpreter called on a Romish saint, and the Malay spat vigorously, as if an unclean animal had crossed his path. Again I looked, and again I saw the same form: it had passed a dark patch, and was slowly crossing another opening in the forest.

Feeling the folly of yielding to the impression of reality which the illusion was certainly creating on my mind, I walked away, and kept the Malay employed in different ways until midnight: he, however, every now and then spat vehemently, and cursed all evil spirits with true Mahometan fervour.

In the middle-watch the "Untoo" was again seen, but as it did not board us;—as Jadee assured me "Untoos" of a wicked description had been known to do,—I conjectured it was some good fairy, and at any rate we were not again troubled with an Untoo, until it appeared to the fishing party in the Setouè river.

This, it is to be observed, was not solely a Malay vision or "optical deception." Captain Osborn was a participator in the delusion—if it was one—and we feel, from what follows, that he would write differently on the matter, only that he has not the courage to dare the sneers and the ridicule of the scoffer:

Cold philosophy and the sceptic's science may build up walls of impossibilities, and steel our hearts to the belief that those who have laboured for good or evil upon earth shall return no more to encourage or to warn us in our wayfaring here. Who will believe them, but those that are of them? Rather let us rejoice that, even if it be an infirmity of imaginative minds, we are blest in believing that "the beloved and true-hearted come to visit us once more."

"Mortal," they softly say,

"Peace to thy heart!

We, too, yes, Mortal,

Have been as thou art;

Hope-lifted, doubt-depressed

Seeing in part;

Tried, troubled, tempted,

Sustained, as thou art."

## THE AQUEDUCT OF SEGOVIA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ROSALIE KOCH.

SEGOVIA, a rather important town in Spain, is remarkable for an aqueduct, 200 feet high, and 2535 feet long, entirely built of black granite, the blocks of which are firmly bound together, as if for eternity, although without mortar and cement.

The spring which supplies this aqueduct with water takes its source in the mountains of Fuenfria, situated rather more than three hours' drive from the town. From this distance, considerable though it be, the pillars and arches begin, rising higher and higher, until, towering far above the gable-ends of the houses and the hill of Segovia, they at length offer their refreshing gift to the inhabitants of the town upon the great square of St. Sebastian. In the last of these enormous arches there is one single stone wanting, and the legend relates, that the hand of man cannot succeed in filling up this gap. The whole construction of this splendid aqueduct marks so stupendous a conception, that in former times it was looked upon as a work of supernatural power. It has defied for two thousand years the ravages of time, and from generation to generation the following legend of its origin has been handed down :

There lived once at Segovia a pious old clergyman, who had adopted and brought up in his house the daughter of an unfortunate sister of his, who had been long dead. Martha had to attend to the household affairs, the kitchen and the washing, and to do everything herself without the assistance of a maid-servant ; for the good priest shared his slender income so liberally with the poor, that he was obliged to be as economical as possible in his own home.

In those times there was not a single spring in Segovia, and the inhabitants were forced to take a two hours' walk in order to fetch water into town. This was a great task to Martha ; for, notwithstanding the fatigues of a day spent in active employment, she had every evening to wend her weary way to the mountains of Fuenfria, with one pitcher upon her head, and the other under her arm, to bring water for the following day's use. Nevertheless, she liked to have her rooms always clean, and to have the neckhandkerchiefs and collars of the worthy pastor beautifully washed.

One evening, after a warm and fatiguing day, Martha was particularly impatient and dejected at this task. " Ah ! " said she, thoughtlessly, " I would give my very soul if I had not to run so far every day to fill these pitchers afresh with water."

" Done ! Agreed ! " suddenly exclaimed a finely-toned voice behind her. She started, and, on looking round, she beheld an elegantly-dressed gentleman, smiling as he contemplated her. The last rays of the evening sun beamed through the small window in the kitchen, and poor Martha fancied that the velvet mantle of the stranger shone blood-red.



She was at first terrified at the unexpected appearance of a gentleman, not being able to understand how he could have come there; but as her visitor had nothing terrible about him, and wore a hat and sword like a cavalier of rank, she took courage and said, smiling, "Yes, so be it, if these pitchers are filled with spring water, without my having to move them from this spot. I am much too tired to-day!"

"'Tis well, my child!" replied the stranger. "You shall hear from me again." And with these words he bent over the large stone pitchers which stood on the ground, then disappeared as suddenly as he had come.

When Martha was alone she became uneasy, and she reflected seriously upon the words which she had uttered in jest. "It was very wrong of me," said she, ashamed of herself; "one ought not to jest on such subjects. Who could the strange gentleman have been? I wonder if he has called to see my uncle?"

She was about to take up her pitcher and set off along the well-known road, but she started on perceiving that the jugs were already filled to the brim with pure, clear water.

"Lord of Heaven!" cried she, in great anxiety, "if that man really were the prince of hell, and I have promised him my soul merely because I was too lazy to do my duty! What have I done, thoughtless being that I am!" And she hid her face in her hands, and wept bitterly.

In the anguish of her heart she related the matter to her uncle; he was shocked in the extreme. At length, however, he said,

"Take courage, your thoughtlessness shall not draw you into the power of the wicked one! Pray to God for help, and forgiveness of the sin which you have committed, unfortunate girl! Then with a loud voice summon into your presence the Prince of Darkness. I shall remain near you, and support you!"

With fear and trembling Martha did as the old man commanded her, and immediately the stranger appeared in the middle of the room; but this time he was not dressed in silks and velvets, nor had he a sword by his side; he looked rather like a bricklayer, and held a spade in his hand.

"What do you want with me?" asked he, impatiently; "I have fulfilled your wish, and need not serve you further."

The pastor at this moment stepped forward from the shadow of the door, and said, in a solemn tone,

"I have a word to speak to you, for the soul of this child, which you seek to win, is confided to me. Who has given you power over her?"

"Herself!" answered the stranger, severely.

"She is still young, and has no will of her own yet," declared the pastor.

"Not at all," was the sneering reply; "the girl has had teaching and religious instruction enough, and knows right well the meaning of what you term sin."

The good old man shuddered, and made the sign of the cross, but the fiend continued unmoved:

"Come what may, she now belongs to me. She will either keep her word, and then I shall take her soul for the service which I have rendered

her in saving her unpleasant trouble ; or she will break her word, in which case she will as assuredly fall into my power, for she will have told a falsehood, and will therefore be condemned. You who are a priest must certainly know that lying is a great sin."

The pastor became very uneasy at these words, for he could not help thinking that the devil was right. Still he would not let him have the soul of the unhappy girl ; she should not be lost to her rightful Lord and Master, and in his grief he began to pray aloud.

This seemed little to please Satan, for after reflecting a short while, he said :

"You must admit that my right to your niece is well founded, and that I can insist upon the contract without further conditions ; but to show myself amiable towards you, and that you may see that I am not so bad as people say I am, I will render you another service still, and bring the water from the mountain of Fuenfria even to your door."

"And how long shall the water flow?" demanded the man of God, listening eagerly.

"As long as one stone of Segovia stands upon the other. But it is a great and a difficult undertaking, and I require time to accomplish it! Shall the soul of the young damsel belong to me after I have achieved this vast work?"

Martha was frightened to death when she heard these words ; she knew that the pious old man had never yet broken his word. She therefore stole softly up to him and clasped her hands in supplication. He whispered to her to be comforted, and to step into the next chamber, and put back the clock a whole hour.

Martha slipped out quickly, and after obeying the pastor's commands, she fell upon her knees in the little chamber, illumined by the bright moonlight, and prayed God fervently to pardon her criminal folly, and save her from the power of the Evil One.

"Well! the matter is now settled between us," exclaimed the stranger in the inner room. "In three days Segovia shall have water in abundance."

"No, not in three days, but in three hours," answered the clergyman, decidedly. "If the work be not finished before sunrise our bargain is at an end."

"Impossible!" cried Satan. "Are you not aware that it is already late?"

"The clock is just striking midnight," said the man of God, and the large clock in the next room struck twelve full strokes. "I only agree on this condition."

"Midnight already!" muttered Satan. "The sun rises about ten minutes to three! Ah, I have not a moment to lose. I require one hour to detach the granite from the rock, thirty minutes to cut the stone in pieces, and to convey it to the spot ; the rest of the work is to sketch the plan, that will take also an hour, and twenty minutes suffices to execute it. Well, it shall be done; but remember, an honest man is as good as his word!"

"An honest man is as good as his word!" answered the old pastor, calmly, notwithstanding his face was deadly pale, and cold drops of perspiration ran down his temples.

The mysterious guest immediately vanished. Martha knelt in prayer in the small chamber; the aged priest supplicated before the picture of the Saviour of sinful mankind.

When the sun rose on the edge of the horizon, and the inhabitants of Segovia one after another awoke from their slumbers, they beheld, with as much joy as astonishment, a miraculous work. The aqueduct was completed all to one stone, which was wanting in the last arch; for, as the mysterious architect had just taken the last stone in his hand to fill up the gap, the glorious sun made its appearance above the grey edge of the horizon. One moment later, and the victory had been his; but the Almighty had graciously listened to the fervent prayers of the two supplicants. Martha's soul was saved!

## OCCASIONAL NOTES ON LITERATURE IN FRANCE.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

### BARANTE'S HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES.\*

VARIED in interest, calm and accurate in statement, generally impartial in tone, and uniformly marked by good feeling and an elevated morality, these volumes, which are shortly to be followed by two more, of a similar character, may be commended to all who cultivate an acquaintance with the leading names and events in modern French history. They abound with information, conveyed in a style as pleasant as it is unpretending. Only a small portion of the contents, however, are now published for the first time.

The Count de Saint-Priest (Francis Emmanuel) occupies the chief place in the first volume. The narrative of his long life (A.D. 1735-1821) includes the last fifty years of the monarchy, the Revolution, the times of exile of the emigrant nobles, and the commencement of the Restoration. From his early youth he was in a position to take close observation of the court and the province of state affairs. Soon afterwards he filled an important diplomatic situation. Then he became minister of Louis XVI., at the very epoch of the Revolution itself. And finally he enjoyed the confidence of Louis XVIII., by whom, while an emigrant prince, he was employed at various courts of Europe.

His career is here regarded as a curious example of what might be achieved, under the régime of the old monarchy, by a man of personal merit, without exertion or intrigue, almost indeed without ambition, but simply by good conduct and prudence of character,—even when he was

\* *Etudes Historiques et Biographiques.* Par M. le Baron de Barante, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Didier. 1857.

without that starting-point, court favour, guaranteed by hereditary transmission from one generation to another.

Not the least interesting portion of this biography is the account of Saint-Priest's diplomatic doings, at the bidding of the Duc de Choiseul, who sent him to Spain—then to Portugal, where he arrived immediately after the earthquake at Lisbon, during the plenipotent ministry of the Marquis de Pombal (who, on the strength of his years and experience, offered some sage counsel to the young Frenchman)—and afterwards to Constantinople, to replace M. de Vergennes, with whom Choiseul was, for various reasons, less than half pleased. "Do you know," writes Choiseul to St. Priest, "that Gérard proposes to me to send you to Constantinople? We have there M. de Vergennes, whose despatches are so many rhetorical amplifications; what we want is an ambassador with more activity about him; and it is of you we are thinking." For some time past the French minister had been desirous of removing the present ambassador from the Porte. The treaty of Fontainebleau, which concluded the Seven Years' War, had left France badly off. France had shown herself, says Barante, neither great nor strong in this conflict with England. On the Continent, too, she had suffered some sad reverses, and gained but little glory. A first-class power, subjected to misfortunes of this kind, inevitably finds her influence abated and impaired. Spain could afford no material aid at this juncture; while Austria had discovered that the French alliance was unavailing to secure her preponderance in Germany, or to check the progress of Prussia. Russia had no advantage to reckon upon in becoming the ally of Louis; the second-rate powers saw that he was no longer, if indeed *he* ever had been, the Grand Monarque; and England continued hostile. M. de Choiseul fretted inwardly and outwardly at this state of things. One circumstance in particular had impressed on his impatient spirit the unpleasantness of the crisis. The Empress of Russia had laid her hand on Poland; her troops had been sent there; her ambassador had become "master of the situation" there; and she had procured the election to the throne of her "favourite subaltern," Stanislaus Poniatowski. M. de Choiseul had tried to oppose this prelude to conquest and partition, which he saw in its true light; Prussia already connived at Catherine's endeavours; while England appeared perfectly indifferent—being the ally of Frederick, and possibly fearing lest her intervention, supposing she did intervene in concert with France, might have the effect of restoring French influence in Europe to its former extent—possibly, too, foreseeing the perils and embarrassments wherein she was soon to be herself involved by the revolt of her colonies, and therefore unwilling to create a fresh series of difficulties on the Continent.

The plan of the Duc de Choiseul accordingly was, to try to arrest the policy of Russia by means of Turkey and Austria. In each of the two cases, says M. de Barante, he suffered himself to be misled by what were thorough illusions. Austria, even while continuing to give assurances of friendship, and endeavouring to bring about a marriage between the Dauphin and an archduchess, was drawing closer in reality to the King of Prussia and the Empress Catherine—in no way opposing their designs on Poland, being indeed well aware that, in order to accomplish them, she too must be admitted to a share in the spoil. No objection was raised by the Vienna cabinet to the progress of Russian influence over Turkey;

that cabinet refused to see what a change had occurred in the posture of affairs, and that it was Russia now which was beginning to excite alarm in the Ottoman Empire.

As for Turkey itself, Barante goes on to observe, there was no means of giving it entrance and place in the circle of European policy. Turkish indifference and apathy were proof against every suggestion, every warning to this effect. In vain did M. de Vergennes, agreeably to the instructions he was continually receiving from Choiseul, announce to the Sultan and his ministers the danger which menaced the Porte in case of the subjection of Poland to Russia; he utterly failed to convince them that the choice of this or of that claimant to the throne of Poland could affect the glory or safety of the Ottoman power. At any rate, to produce any such conviction, the French ambassador must have been backed by Austrian representations, which was just what he could not ensure. So Poniatowski was elected, and Russia continued to occupy Poland with Muscovite troops. All the more was Choiseul intent on exciting a rupture between Turkey and the Empress Catherine. A kind of aversion seized him, as M. de Barante expresses it, for this "great and clever sovereign:" he fancied it easy to deprive her of the crown, just as she had herself usurped it, by a new revolution within the palace walls; and reckoned on bringing about her fall by encompassing her with a serried array of accumulating dangers and embarrassments. He therefore imposed upon M. de Vergennes the special duty of constraining Turkey into a war with Russia.

But here all M. de Vergennes's efforts were ineffectual. Moslem inertia was too much for his best strokes of diplomatic art. The time was past when an Ottoman army could intimidate European forces. No longer was a Russian general in danger of seeing himself surrounded and compelled to capitulate, like Peter the Great at the Pruth. The progress of civilisation had meanwhile been perfecting the military art in Russia, establishing discipline, and forming a more regular system of government. In no one of these improvements had Turkey been a sharer, while it no longer possessed those advantages which are peculiar to a barbarous race: command had lost its energy, and obedience its fanaticism.

Now M. de Vergennes was, in his capacity as ambassador at the Porte, objectionable to the Duc de Choiseul on more grounds than one. First, he was obnoxious as an unsuccessful agent—as a man who failed to carry his point—what his chef made a point of carrying, by hook or by crook, by persuasion or by menace, by one means or another. But secondly, M. de Vergennes gave offence to the duke, perhaps of a yet graver kind, by explaining to him how badly founded, how impracticable, how practically hopeless, his (the duke's) designs and expectations really were. The ambassador plied the minister with perpetual assurances of the inert indifference of the Porte, the maladministration of Turkish rule, and the weakness of their military resources; he kept reminding him of the backwardness of Austria to second the views of France, and the gratification it would afford England to see all the north of Europe combined against Louis XV. "This it was which so irritated the Duc de Choiseul. Carrying as he did into the sphere of politics his natural vivacity of imagination and presumptuous assurance, he fancied he understood things

better than those whose province it was to observe them. This is an advantage pertaining at times to men of talent, but only when they know how to examine coolly, and with mistrust of their private conceptions. Hence it was, then, that the despatches of M. de Vergennes, though full of deference, submission, and zealous obedience, were regarded by the minister as *amplifications de rhétorique*; hence it was that the minister looked out for another ambassador." The new ambassador elect was the Count de Saint-Priest. The latter started for his post—passed some days at Vienna, where he was presented to Maria Theresa and to the Emperor Joseph II.,—and was "yet a long way off" from his destination when he was mortified by receiving a letter from Vergennes, announcing that war had just been proclaimed against Russia by the Sublime Porte, so that Vergennes and not Saint-Priest had carried the day after all. The two diplomatists were on no very pleasant footing when they met at Constantinople. And when the grand vizier, in the audience accorded to Saint-Priest, expressed his opinion of Vergennes in very flattering terms, Saint-Priest "forgot" to mention it in his despatch—a forgetfulness on his part which was never forgiven on the other.

Saint-Priest, however, saw things at Constantinople in much the same light as his predecessor, and reported accordingly. No administration, no finances; an unruly population; an army without discipline and without government; revolted pachas; entire ignorance as to the strength and the schemes of every single European state; the pride of the barbarian with the carelessness of the savage; sovereigns whose course of education had been confined to seraglio and prison-life; ministers, generals, admirals taken from the coarsest and least intelligent classes—*intrigants*, adventurers, or favourites, borne to power by the chance of some trifling event: such was then the condition of the Turkish Empire. Perhaps even it then presented, M. de Barante continues, the prospect of a more immediate dissolution than it does in our own day;—"it may be that the action continually exercised on Turkey by Europe at large for fifty years past, and the tentatives towards reform which from that period became so evidently indispensable, have imparted something of new life to this failing state—all the better preserved by the vigilant *surveillance* kept by the great powers one upon another. The dismemberment of Turkey began to be then regarded as imminent, and the minds of men were already occupied with the difficulties and risks to the peace of Europe which the crisis threatened. When M. de Saint-Priest saw the Ottoman army repulsed, routed, by some Russian *corps* of one-sixth their number; when the Russian fleet, of whose near arrival in the Mediterranean he had in vain given warning, had burnt the Turkish fleet at Tchesme,—it seemed to him time to take thought as to the future of this empire. A memoir sent home by him at this juncture pointed out the advantages which France would secure by taking possession of Egypt.

"However, the Russians did not follow up their successes; their forces both by sea and land were at that time far from what they have since become. Moreover, they were not yet masters of the secret of the inconceivable weakness of their foe. After Tchesme, they might have passed the Dardanelles unopposed. Later again their army might have crossed the Balkan. This war, like those which have since been waged against

Turkey, was to have no other result than to make manifest her decline, her feebleness, and the premonitory symptoms of her ruin."

The Count de Saint-Priest soon found that there was no part of importance for him to play at Constantinople. He chiefly concerned himself with the commercial interests of his country. Choiseul was chagrined at the turn things had taken, and sought to treat with the Porte on new bases. However, his own term of office was now about to close. It was towards the end of the year 1770 that Louis XV., unable (much to his regret) to prevail on Choiseul to come to a good understanding with Madame du Barry, changed his minister. The Duc d'Aiguillon came in. Saint-Priest remained in Turkey, doing his best to uphold her against Muscovite inroads. In 1774 occurred the death of Louis XV., and great was the surprise of Saint-Priest at learning that the new king had accorded the first place in his confidence to Maurepas, and chosen Vergennes for the Foreign-office. In 1776 the ambassador returned to France—and anon the ill feeling between him and Vergennes became troublesome to both. The subsequent stages of his public career are traced in ample detail by Barante, but it is not our purpose to follow him further; recent events have given an interest to the count's relations with the East, and to his biographer's remarks upon them, which will account for the place here assigned to this phase of his life-history.

The count's amiable and accomplished grandson, M. Alexis de Saint-Priest, was urgent, many years ago, that Barante should become his grandfather's biographer. "And now," sadly remarks the latter, "contrary to the order of nature, it becomes my melancholy duty to pay honour to the memory of a friend who should have survived me by twenty years and upwards. When I was relating the historical vicissitudes in the grandfather's protracted career, I little thought I should be summoned to record the regrets and souvenirs that cleave to the memory of the grandson." But so it is. The Count Alexis died in time to find a place among his elder friend's *Etudes Biographiques*. He is affectionately portrayed there, and full honour is done to his many acquisitions. The criticism of his writings is genial, but discriminating. His History of Royalty belongs to a class which requires much learning and sagacity—in both of which, Barante affirms, the count approved his competency to the task before him. "When history is written on an abstract system, facts being hunted up with a view to confirm a foregone conclusion, the danger is of regarding events from one stand-point alone, of confining the attention to a single set of testimonies, and of turning one's first impression, ingenious maybe and true in a certain sense, into a complete deduction, too general and too absolute by far." Saint-Priest is praised as being singularly free from this tendency—his mind being too independent to move quietly under the yoke even of his own system. He bestowed great pains, again, on his History of the Suppression of the Jesuits, which is also marked by a rare and characteristic impartiality, such as "cost him no effort, so conformable was it to his natural disposition." In the suppression of that Order he recognised the work, not, as is generally assumed, of parliamentary Jansenism, but of purely political influence. He shows how, in course of time, the interests of that Society, the imperious habits of its general (habits inherent in the constitution of the Order), and, above all, the confusion necessarily en-

gendered by the monkish character mingling in public affairs, had set the Jesuits at strife with the governments of several Catholic powers,—Portugal in the first instance, then Spain and France. He shows how the Jesuits, during the long conflict that ensued, proved themselves lacking in tact and in due knowledge of men and things. “On certain points, the resistance they made was honourable and pious; on others, they might and ought to have given way. The proud and celebrated reply, *Sint ut sunt, aut non sint*, was a proof that they had not taken into account the difference of times, or the changes which had been wrought in the government of states and the minds of men since the foundation of the Order. They would not hear of a reform such as would have left to their Order all that was advantageous to religion in their influence and activity. Forty years afterwards they are re-established, when it becomes manifest to them that now *non sunt, ut erant*. The despotic proceedings adopted against them, the persecutions, the menaces, the violence done to the Holy See itself in order to procure a bull of suppression, are in no degree disguised or excused by the historian.

“We follow with extreme interest the progress of this long negotiation; facts are placed beyond dispute with the minutest care; the narrative is inlaid with documentary proofs, drawn from the diplomatic archives of Portugal, Spain, and France. A lively and often dramatic character is imparted to the history by the introduction of colloquies and anecdotes, collected from the despatches of ministers and ambassadors. Persons are delineated with a truthfulness and a nicety of touch which is yet free from a too *recherché* subtilty. The tyranny of Pombal, the trenchant *insouciance* of Choiseul, the apathy and indecision of Louis XV., the scornful and sarcastic spirit of Joseph II., the frivolity of Cardinal de Bernis, the scenes of the conclave, the character of the three Popes Benedict XIV., Clement XIII., and Clement XIV. (Ganganelli), whom travestie has taken off with such facetious effect, are represented with a degree of spirit that reminds us of Cardinal de Retz, though without a single trace of imitation.”

Not long after this History of the Jesuits, Alexis de Saint-Priest published another work, which showed equal care in the execution, the subject of which was again borrowed from the political history of the same reign. The loss of French dominion in India is, says Barante, one of the disgraceful episodes of the government of Louis Quinze. The details connected with it were unknown to the public, who little suspected the amount of weakness, inattention, and carelessness which that loss involved, or with what injustice Dupleix had been treated—for Dupleix was punished for exemplary tact, courage, and devotion to his country. At last he found a countryman to honour his memory, and set him right before the world, in the Count de Saint-Priest.

The same diligent author published in 1847 his most considerable production, the History of the Conquest of Naples by Charles of Anjou—the well-digested and harmoniously arranged narrative of an invasion which produced distant as well as immediate results of the highest moment. This work opened to him, as he hoped it might, the doors of the Academy. He soon afterwards published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a vindication of the conduct of the Duchess of Orleans, during the revolution of '48;



and to this succeeded a fragment on the partition of Poland, valuable for the light it throws on the manners and character of the Polish nobility, and the *tradition anarchique* which so fatally weighed down that unhappy nation. He had also made extensive preparations for a memoir of the ministry of the Duc de Choiseul, and for a philosophical inquiry into the nature and extent of the influence exercised by Voltaire on the politics of his day, at home and abroad. But death overtook Saint-Priest while on a visit to his father in Russia, abruptly closing the earthly existence of one who, as Barante depicts him, might not unmeetly be apostrophised in the laureate's stanzas—

And thou wert worthy ; full of power ;  
As gentle ; liberal-minded, great,  
Consistent ; wearing all that weight  
Of learning lightly like a flower.

And manhood fused with female grace  
In such a sort, the child would twine  
A trustful hand, unasked, in thine,  
And find his comfort in thy face.

The most prominent figure in the second volume of these *Études* is the Count de Saint-Aulaire, sometime ambassador at the Court of St. James. His name is a distinguished one under more than one or two of the dynasties in which France has rejoiced, or otherwise during the present century. At not unwelcome intervals of leisure he betook himself to the amenities and consolations of literature ; he played his part in the Classical and Romantic *mêlée*—aiding the cause of the Romanticists by the translations he published of Müllner's *Die Schuld*, Lessing's *Emilia Galotti*, and Goethe's *Faust* ; and subsequently appeared a History of the Fronde from his easy-flowing pen—a history written (says his biographer) with clearness and vivacity—no one part of the composition being sacrificed to another, but the whole presented with unity and in proportion, and related in what may be called a *spirituel* conversational tone, elegant, facile, and unconstrained.

Of the numerous other sketches comprised in this collection, a noteworthy one is that of Count de Montlosier—a man of energetic character, who, from boyhood to old age, attracted attention by eccentricities of a distinctive and sometimes unsocial kind. He was independent, wayward, passionate ; impatient of the trite common-places of conventionalism, and ill-at-ease in the smooth-worn grooves of “good society.” He loved to range, and roam, and ruminate at will among the mountains of Auvergne—studying mineralogy, geology, and other ologies—not forgetting among the rest patristic theology. He became famous in the debates and tumults of the Constituent Assembly—displaying there an ardour and defiant audacity which his royalist friends, Maury in particular, endeavoured in vain to subdue to a more practical point. He pleased no party, nor sought to do so. When he emigrated, and rejoined the princes at Coblenz, the emigrants were shy of the crotchety new comer. By some he was scouted as a constitutionalist. And as he used pleasantly to say in after life, he had in fact to vindicate his title to be an emigrant by one or two duels. He was for some time in London, where he made acquaintances, among

others, with Chateaubriand and Fontanes. With the English character he had no sympathy, at least as he understood it, though the "chivalric" Windham appears to have won his homage. Here he started a journal, the *Courrier de Londres*, which speedily obtained great success both in England and on the Continent. When Napoleon became First Consul he recalled Montlosier, at Talleyrand's suggestion, and eventually the successful journal was published in the French metropolis, with the addition to the title of *et de Paris*. But the exotic could not thrive on the new soil. The atmosphere was too close for it. Montlosier was not the man to square and dovetail his opinions to fall in with the Emperor's notions; and so, after a few numbers, the journal was suppressed. Montlosier, however, was soon plied with other labours, upon which he entered with zest: he was charged with the publication of a weekly print, the *Bulletin de Paris*, the special purpose of which was to excite public feeling against England. This was just after the rupture of the peace of Amiens, when every means of the kind was resorted to by the government to exasperate small and great against poor *perfidie Albion*. Montlosier put his strongest gall into his ink, and dipped his sharpest-pointed pen into the bottle, in order to write down, down, down, the base shopkeepers and besotted beef-eaters who had so lately given him an asylum. "It was not a task worthy of him," says M. de Barante; "however genuine and sincere his distaste for a nation which had afforded him its hospitality, he ought not to have inveighed against her in terms of popular insult. The articles had not even the merit of serious controversy, and their *plaisanterie* was as unsuitable to the subject as to the writer. These articles have since been collected, anonymously, into a volume entitled 'The English drunk with Pride and Beer.'" But Montlosier, we are told, was no party to this publication, "qui le contraria beaucoup." When Napoleon became emperor, knowing that Montlosier had been much engaged in studying the monarchical constitution of France, he signified his desire of seeing this subject explicitly treated by him; the proposition jumped with Montlosier's humour; and the result was the work called "*La Monarchie Française*"—a work which, among other consequences more or less direct, incited Thierry to his lucubrations in the same department of history. Napoleon fallen, and the Bourbons restored, the count found his situation at Paris the reverse of pleasant—especially after the second return of Louis XVIII. He had the pain of seeing public prosecutions going on against men to whom he was tenderly attached, Lavalette among the rest. His imagination yearned after the days of his youth—the mountains and solitudes of Auvergne—the tranquillity of rural life, and the homely toils of agriculture. He took leave accordingly of Paris and his friends; set up his tabernacle on a desert waste near Clermont; and then undertook, at threescore years and upwards, a journey on foot along the banks of the Rhine and across the mountains of Westphalia, in a fit of geological enterprise; anon became interested anew in politics, writing long letters of grateful approval and encouragement to the leaders who had stemmed the tide of reactionary royalism, such as MM. de Richelieu, Decazes, Lainé, and De Serre; after which he got himself embroiled with the Jesuits and what he used to call the priest-party—a struggle which ended only with his life, his last hours being disturbed by unseemly contentions with the ecclesiastical authorities, who required from him a formal retraction in

writing, in terms which the dying man resolutely declined. Hence he was refused the last aids and prayers of religion, and expired in his eighty-fifth year, unblest and unblest as far as the Church was concerned, not however unlamented in his end, nor unfollowed (for an "immense crowd" from Clermont accompanied the funeral procession) to his grave.

Of other subjects in the present volumes may be mentioned an *éloge* of Talleyrand, pitched in quite another key than we are generally accustomed to, so favourable an interpretation does the admiring eulogist put upon the chequered courses of that veteran state-craftsman; a notice of Marshal Saint-Cyr—upon whom another distinguished French writer pronounced an *éloge* which was turned to vexed-questionable account, when our own Wellington died, by the then leader of her Majesty's Commons; sketches of some of the Vendean heroes—Cathelineau, and the unfortunate but devoted Bonchamp; and Lescure, honoured by his army as "the saint of Poitou;" and D'Elbée, pious, sensitive, ceremonious; and Henri de la Rochejaquelein, whose name is inseparable from that of La Vendée, in all histories, and for all time. Then again we have the execrated Carrier, and the energetic Charette, and General Desaix, and Count Mollien, whose genius for finance was once and again found good at need by a needy Napoleon, and that Count de Pontécoulant whom Charlotte Corday nominated as her defender before the revolutionary tribunal (her letter to him miscarried, however, and she erroneously supposed him to have rejected her appeal); and Count Molé, the last descendant of that upright and unbending magistrate whose *clarum et venerabile nomen* Barante has elsewhere illustrated, Matthieu Molé, "ce beau nom" in the troublous times of the Fronde. The second volume also contains an animated essay on History—the field from which Barante himself has culled his greenest laurels; followed by critical sketches of Gregory of Tours, of Froissart, Comines, scandal-loving Brantôme, and that very learned Etienne Pasquier, whose name is had in honour by every student of jurisprudence, and who, though a judge, and grave as a judge, or graver, thought it not beneath him to become poetical about a flea (save the mark!) in lines which one of the Coleridge family has commended to English notice: for when

—once that strenuous insect leap'd by chance  
Upon the white breast of a Gallic dame,  
Forthwith the wits of universal France  
Vied to consign the happy flea to fame!  
Pasquier, the gravest joker of the age,  
Berhymed La Puce in many a polished page.

Finally may be noticed, in the same volume, one or two interesting historical notices of time-honoured French towns—as Riom and La Roche-sur-Yon; and a few critical papers on contemporary literature intermingled with retrospective reviews—in the former class some of the writings of Guizot and Capefigue—and in the latter the *Journal of a Bourgeois de Paris*, to wit (not M. le Docteur Véron, of the age of Napoleon III., *mille fois non*; but) a certain anonymous yet seemingly genuine old burgher of the age of Francis the First.

## JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE TO BUSHIRE.

WE have been favoured with the MS. journal of travels in Persia and other countries adjacent thereunto, written by an officer, then a subaltern, now a field officer, in 1830, the length of which precludes its being printed *in extenso*, but of which we propose to give copious excerpts. The writer, it appears, started from Bombay in a brig-of-war, bound for the Gulf of Persia. He was entrusted by Sir Charles Malcolm with some works of art as presents for the three principal courts of Persia—a charge which was well calculated to ensure him a good reception at the hands of the magnates of the land, but which he also found afterwards to his cost, involved him in some unanticipated expenses.

On the 3rd of February the ship anchored off the mouth of the Taptee—the river of Surat—to take in despatches, and the writer gives some interesting details regarding the motley population of a city which has always been a tempting place for foreign adventurers. A run of five days from thence took them to the entrance of the Persian Gulf. On the seventh day they sighted Cape Guadel, and soon afterwards the Persian coast on the one side and the Arabian on the other came both within the scope of vision.

On the 19th of February they came to anchor in the roads of Bassadore, of which the writer gives a detailed account, as also of the island of Kishm. On the 1st of March, whilst slowly making their way up the gulf, they experienced one of those fearful shumaals common to that inland sea, and which, if it did not capsize the vessel, had the effect of making the writer very ill, in which dilemma he appears to have received considerable comfort, from the doctor explaining to him that the peristaltic action of his stomach and intestines was reversed. The doctor here alluded to is described as the most intelligent person on board, and we believe we are not wrong in identifying him, from the description given, with the late Dr. Heddle, of Bombay.

At length, on the morning of Sunday, March the 7th, the good ship anchored in Bushire roads, and we proceed at once to extract what our author says of this place.

“Bushire does not present, whether viewed from the sea or land side, an inviting appearance. A mass of low mud buildings is all you discover, nor does a nearer inspection of them alter the idea which must be formed of either the abject poverty of the inhabitants or of the squalid exterior, which even the rich think it necessary to assume in their dwellings in a country where to be known to be rich is to be persecuted.

“One object, however, gladdens the sight of an Englishman on nearing this port, viz., the British ensign on a lofty flag-staff, near a building slightly towering above the other buildings of the town. This is the British factory, or house of the East India Company’s resident in the Persian Gulf. He is generally a military officer, it being found desirable that the envoys and other officers employed in a country so frequently disturbed as Persia is, should be military men. Within those walls, and near that ensign, I expected at least a friendly welcome, and safety from the Arabs,

Persians, and Armenians by whom I was soon to be surrounded. Close to the landing-place is the bazaar, and of this we took a momentary glimpse. This was the first covered bazaar I had ever seen. It is a narrow street, somewhat dark, and the road rugged and bad; the shops on either side exhibiting no appearance of costly wares; some no doubt they possessed, pearls of Bahrein and turquoises of Khorassan, and on application might have been produced, but they met not the eye. The only attractive wares were a few carpets of gaudy colours and arabesque patterns of Persian make, and of the kind we call Turkey carpets. The bazaars, however, should always be visited by strangers; more of the population is there congregated than elsewhere, either for business or for idleness. To us, on landing, the most novel and most inviting shop of all was an apple-stall, coming as we did from a country where apples are unknown, except in a preserved or dried state. They were fine rosy apples, and of good size; since leaving Old England we had seen none like them, and we feasted ourselves and filled our pockets. After threading some narrow lanes between high walls of mud, we arrived at the residency, a walled building on a considerable area, and constructed so as to be defensible against any sudden attack. The resident received us with much urbanity, and not having had an arrival for some time, received his packets, public and private, with some eagerness. Those for his superior, the resident at the northern court of Tabreez, were ordered to be despatched without delay by a cossid, or foot messenger—the usual mode of communication. The same man travels the whole distance, and performs it generally in thirty days, unless detained by the swelling of rivers, snow, or other natural causes; neither government nor robbers often meddle with cossids, though they do not always escape unmolested. Our quarters were immediately assigned us within the factory, and the resident promised me his assistance in furthering my objects. Besides the resident, we found also a secretary, or assistant attached to the establishment, and a medical officer. Of the three functionaries, two were natives of North Britain. The garrison of the factory consists of some forty or fifty Sepoys."

Bushire has manifestly much improved since the period of the writer's visit. It is no longer a mere mass of low mud buildings, but contains many goodly houses, which, with their square Italian-looking towers, called badgeers or "coolers," present a goodly aspect, especially as seen from the side of the bay. A week was spent in making preparations for the land journey. Bushire was at this period governed by an Arab sheikh, Abdool Russool by name, who held the town and its dependencies of the Shah; and we are told of him, that

"The most stirring incident which occurred during my stay at Bushire was the defeat of his highness the sheikh: the news of which came in the day-week after our arrival, and very shortly after the news his Highness Abdool Russool himself arrived. It does not appear that he mingled in the fray; but when the fight was going against him, fled to his good town of Bushire. The sheikh had gone out, or taken the field, with what was considered rather an imposing force, in consequence of the alarm of the approach of a mountain tribe called Momussennies, or Mahmood-sunnies, who, instigated as some suppose by a son of the Prince of Shiraz, threatened to plunder his town. Some allies were

sought from the neighbouring town of Tongasoon, by threats and bribes, and as many of the inhabitants of Bushire as could be compelled to join his standard and swell his train were also marched out and encamped in the direction whence it was supposed the enemy would attack. Much parade had been made on the fact of the sheikh having taken the field in person; and much more—indeed a very great—sensation, on the circumstance of his having taken with him, with very considerable trouble and expense, two brass guns, mounted, on what description of carriage I know not; but that they were *brass guns*, and that one discharge from them was expected to rout the mountaineers, were amongst the first pieces of intelligence I heard on arrival at Bushire. The news now brought in was of a very different tendency; the mountaineers were nowise daunted, nor is it clear that the guns were ever fired; report, on the contrary, would seem to infer that they were not, but that they were abandoned. The sheikh, we hear, had established himself in a strong position, and sent forward his men to fight; they were repulsed, and fell back for support on their commander. He made off, and, of course, no one of the motley crew, who were artisans and craftsmen of this town, could do less than follow their chief's example. The Tongasoonies, whose chief is a hostage here, and whose brother was wounded, alone fought. The account first brought in stated that the sheikh had lost everything but his calceoon, and that, abandoning his guns, of which he had boasted so much, he fled with precipitation. An unusual yelling and noise in the streets first of all announced that something extraordinary had occurred: this was kept up all night, and guns were occasionally fired to let the enemy know, should they pursue, that the people were awake, and the guards alert. Soon after the commencement of this noise arrived the moollah, who is the principal Persian employed in the residency—a man of most peaceable habits, but who likes to go about the streets and hear what people say. He came into the room where we were sitting, after dinner, full of the important news that the sheikh had been defeated. He appeared greatly animated, had on his war turban, and a sword in his hand, and told us that two hundred mountaineers had defeated the sheikh with two thousand men. Their mode of fighting is this: the cavalry charge up to the enemy—not in amongst them—fire their muskets and pistols, and retire upon the infantry, who are intended to support them. In this case they did not give them any support against the advancing enemy.

“The next messenger who came in was the noted Allee Abadoo, surnamed by our countrymen the rogue, who strutted forward with a long stick in his hand, and an air of great importance. He is principal purveyor of news to the residency, and the first question to him always is, ‘Well, Allee, what news?’ The answer is mostly a shrug, and no news. This time it was, ‘Them people give sheikh a good licking. Great many killed, and great many wounded, and what man got strong horse he come in. Plenty of wounded men come through gate. I counted one dozen, and they come in every minute—some twenty, some forty, and some a hundred;’ meaning that the fugitives are in parties of forty and a hundred, &c. It is become one part of the medical duty here to attend the wounded on these occasions, whichever party is victorious; still it always falls to the share of our countrymen here to take care of

the broken skulls, and to cure wounds, often very severe. When the town was pillaged about a year since, not less than seventy wounded were brought to the medical officer here, and remained under his care till they were well. Commotions and alarms are common at Bushire, for two serious affrays have occurred within the walls of the town during the last three years. Whilst Colonel Stannus was resident here, guns were levelled at the residency, which was rapidly barricaded, by placing lumber and furniture in the windows, and forming within its enceinte a breastwork of water-casks, wine-chests, and whatever could be collected at the moment. On that occasion, a relation of the sheikh's wished to depose the sheikh's son, who had been left in temporary charge of the place, and was conducting the government during his father's absence. The fray was settled by the mediation of the resident, who, after concluding the negotiation, lodged both parties in the residency. The two mortal enemies were for one night placed in adjoining rooms, separated only by a thin partition.

"The second affray took place about a year since, when a number of Tongasoonies and Illyauts, instigated by a son of the Prince of Shiraz, entered the town, and plundered the bazaar of twenty-five lacs of rupees. The sheikh, who has always a ship—either a large buggalow or one of his merchant ships—in readiness, escapes on board on such occasions, and laughs at his enemies. He did so lately, when the King of Persia came to Shiraz, taking care, however, to remit thirty-seven thousand tomauns to his majesty. Sheikh Abdool Russool is a very subtle, clever fellow, a good Persian and Arabic scholar; and, although of Arab descent—for his grandfather, Sheikh Nusser, was an Arab—he affects the politeness of the Persians, and disgusts the Arabs, whom he abuses. Judging from his address, you would suppose him the mildest and kindest man in the world. He pities the poor people, the subjects of the king, and commiserates every one's misfortunes. He is at the same time an extortioner, as bad as the German miser, who gave a bad threepenny to a blind beggar, and took two good pennies as change out of it. He has committed, also, acts of enormous cruelty, for which his only excuse is that they would have done the same to him had he been in their power. He lately murdered three chiefs—his enemies—in the isle of Karrack, and having caught his brother, with whom he had an old feud, he cut off his tongue, his nose, his lips, put out his eyes, placed him on a donkey, and turned him out of the town. This person is living, and met him on the road the other day when he went out to fight, and found means to explain to him that he had been used ill. The sheikh made him a present of thirty kuroons. The aggravation of the brother's former offences had been, that when the sheikh, having been taken prisoner, was imprisoned last year in Muscat, this brother went to Muscat to insult him. 'Ay,' he said, 'there you are, you villain. This is what I have long wanted. I told the Imaum how to catch you.' The Imaum had laid wait for him at the entrance of the gulf behind the quoins, and caught him on return from a pilgrimage to Mecca. The Haggees would not fight, and he was conducted to Muscat, where, by his insinuating manners, he wrought upon the Imaum to let him escape, paying a heavy ransom. The offence to the Imaum had been, that he had called the Imaum a Caffre, and used his influence at Shiraz to prevent a marriage between the Imaum and a

daughter of the Prince of Shiraz. The marriage took place, and there is now a feud instigated by the lady-mother of the princess, and mother also of Timoor Meerza, the prince who is now instigating the ill-yaut subjects of Abdool Russool against the sheikh. Abdool Russool is interested with another lady of the Prince of Shiraz, being, I believe, connected with her by marriage. There are now, in consequence, two powerful factions raging in the harem—the sheikhs and the imaums. Neither the sheikh nor his son are conspicuous for personal courage, and, as a matter of course, never expose their carcasses to hard blows. I am told, however, the latter, on seeing the leader of his father's forces come in wounded in four places, three in the head and one in the hand, exclaimed to our medical officer, 'Ah, the beautiful fight! How I wish I had been there. What a sweet fight it must have been!' Their avarice also is so great, that they not only do not fight themselves, but they are unwilling to pay people to fight for them.

"I have above alluded to the first version we received of the affair of Borasgoon. Other accounts subsequently were obtained—some from persons engaged, and some from persons who dealt in assertions about what they could know very little. No very clear or even authentic account is to be gathered from either species of narrators: the first kind are either blinded by their fears or confused by the rapidity of their retreat; the latter kind fall into the usual vice of exaggeration or lying, to which their countrymen are said to be much addicted. Amongst the first I may include Aga Baba, or Aga Bakur Khan, brother of the chief of Tongasoon, and general of the sheikh's army, who, personally, must have behaved well, judging from his having received four wounds. 'The Mahmood-sunnies,' he says, 'surprised us in Borasgoon. Some of our party deserted us; we had only fifty or sixty horsemen remaining. I killed a good many, and have brought in the head of a chief of the rebels.' He has begged his brother to avenge his wounds, and has pointed out to him the plan he was to pursue. The surprise has since been accounted for in a manner unknown to Bakur Khan. A cofila of mules coming from the passes in the mountains were met by the sheikh, and interrogated, the day before the engagement, respecting a body of men it was known they must have seen, and who were already in the low country below the hills. The muleteers were in a dilemma as to which party they should favour and which betray. Their fears of the Mahmood-sunnies prevailed; the haunts of this tribe, who are of predatory habits, and frequently commit petty robberies on the caravans between Shiraz and Bushire, sometimes with circumstances of cruelty, are bordering on the track frequented by these muleteers. They therefore stated that this body of men, who were in fact the force of the Mahmood-sunnies, were some of the prince's people from Shiraz, marching to the assistance of the sheikh; thus he fell into the snare. Such, at least, is the sheikh's story, which he will turn to profit by pillaging the merchants and oppressing the muleteers. At first it was reported that Abdool Russool had saved only his gold calleeoon, and various domestics and others were to be beat and mutilated in punishment for their master's negligence and cowardice. After a while, however, it appeared that he had saved his treasure, with the exception of six bags that were missing, of one thousand tomauns each; his tents and equipage are of course lost, so are his brass



guns. The Tongasoonies, who are a more fighting description of people than the artisans of Bushire, are the principal sufferers; and the sheikh, congratulating himself that his defeat has not proved more fatal, is awaiting assistance from the Prince of Shiraz, one of whose sons is accessory to instigating the Mahmood-sunnies to this descent upon Bushire, and who himself aims at adding to his own government of Kauseroon and its dependencies the possessions of the sheikh, who, however, is too good a tenant, paying too well both at Shiraz and at Teheran to be thus ousted by a boy. Sheikh Abdool Russool, besides the sums obtained by his extortions, is in possession of considerable wealth, obtained by trade, for he is not only clever and successful, but may even be termed an enlightened and enterprising merchant, and trades largely with the ports of India, and understands his business well. I have wandered, however, from the affair of Borasgoon, on which I wished to observe that those engaged, and those not engaged, have equally exercised their invention. A Persian, giving an account of it to one of the gentlemen of the embassy, described to him all the particulars of the engagement, entering into the most minute particulars, and mentioning how a body of auxiliaries had joined the Mahmood-sunnies, disguised as Illyauts. My friend said, 'Are you quite sure of all these interesting details?' 'Oh! certain—quite certain.' 'But can you vouch for them? Did you see them?' 'See them! No! But my own sense,' he added, gravely, 'tells me they must be so.' This Persian was more easily satisfied with his own imagination than Sir Walter Raleigh with ocular proof. The latter is reported to have seen two old women quarrelling, and he could not obtain from any two persons the same account of the cause of their quarrel. This is said to have greatly shaken his faith in the veracity of all historians, and he was about to destroy the work he was then engaged on. In conclusion of this business, I may say that very few wounded men made their appearance at the residency. I saw one who had received a chop on his shorn pate from a sword, and a spent ball through one cheek; he was rather a piteous object, for the lower part of his face, which was naturally plump and ruddy, was much swollen, but his wounds were not of a grievous nature, and I am told that, although they are like children and make much fuss about trifles, they bear really bad wounds without a complaint."

The account of a miserable affair between the Perso-Arabs of the coast and the bold, predatory mountaineers—the well-known Mahmood-sunnies\*—is of little interest in the present day, save to show what has been the normal condition of Bushire for a long series of years, and how lucky it would have been for the denizens of so favoured a port if it had passed permanently, instead of being merely held for a moment, under a more stable and regular government. The Timoor Meerza, noticed in the narrative, is, we believe, the youngest of the three brothers who visited England shortly after the events described in the text. Referring to the Armenians, our author says:

"Settled at Bushire are many respectable Armenian families; they

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\* Or, more properly, Mamaseni. They are divided into four great tribes, the Bustemi, the Bekesh, the Dushmenziyari, and Joi, and these tribes occupy the passes between Bushire and Shiraz.

are engaged in commercial pursuits, and have connexions in Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras, and many individuals of them speak English with much fluency. One of the most considerable of these is Suttoor, who, learning my arrival and intention of proceeding through Persia, called upon me and offered me letters to his relation, Yacooth, Khan of Tiflis, and to Saard Suttoor Khan, of Tabreez, the 'merchant' of Abbas Meerza, who has made two journeys to England, also to certain Armenians at Julfa. There are Armenians established throughout all the great towns of Persia; they are devoted to commerce, and almost all money transactions are carried on through their medium; they are, in fact, represented as amongst the most intelligent, the best informed, and most industrious of the subjects of the empire. At all events, professing the Christian religion, they are calculated to be of the greatest use to the European traveller, and as considerable jealousy exists between them and the Persians, arising out of the difference of their religion, so some truths may be elicited from each of the other. Under the present king and his son they have risen to offices of great trust in the state, yet the Persians consider them avaricious, usurious, cringing, and false; with these bad qualities they are plausible, and have much capacity for business. Suttoor expressed himself very freely on several grave subjects. 'Oh!' he said, 'this government is no government—only the name of government. Any crime can be committed for money.' The sheikh here has not the power or right of death, though he has of taking out the eyes; but of course he can purchase the life of any one he wishes. He has now demanded of the Prince of Shiraz the heads of three of his enemies, viz., Haggee Khan, of Boraagoon; Mahdemein, Khan of Dahlakee; and Meer Hussein. Suttoor is a Christian, but he says no one dares speak to him of his religion; he always gives them an answer. One of those green-turbaned fellows, meaning a Seyed, said to him one day, 'Why are you not a Mahometan?' Suttoor told him, 'You are all such liars, your religion must be a very bad one; in one minute you tell a hundred lies, and you have no conscience.' The Seyed said, 'My dear friend, I have known you all my life, and I am surprised to hear you speak so harshly of us. You know I love you as I love my own brother.' 'There,' said Suttoor, 'that is just what I tell you, the very first word you utter is a lie. What can be more false than that you care about me. Again tell me, if you please, the reason why your women are always veiled?' 'Oh!' said the Seyed, 'it is the order of the prophet; for when the prophet went abroad, whatever woman he looked upon, if she found favour in his eyes, that woman was no longer lawful for her husband—she belonged to the prophet.' 'Oh, then,' said the triumphant Armenian, 'what a prophet yours must have been! What a rascal he was! Of course he did not order them to be veiled until he had completed his harem to the size he wished.' Suttoor's shrewdness has long been known, for he is now rather an old man. He has visited the English presidencies in India, and speaks English well. In 1800 he was employed by Sir John Malcolm; and in 1805 was engaged in the purchase of horses for the Madras government."

The detention at Bushire also eliminates one or two amusing anecdotes of Persian ladies:

"It was related to me that, a short time since, two ladies of the Prince

of Shiraz's harem—a wife and daughter of the prince—visited the Bushire residency. They came in the character of attendants on a royal child, who was with them. It happened that several times the veil of the younger required arranging, and, in adjusting it, a most beautiful and lovely countenance was disclosed to the enraptured eyes of the gentlemen of the residency. They inspected every corner of the rooms and building, attended by two English gentlemen, one of whom related the circumstance to me, having left their servants below. They were possessed with a laudable desire of seeing everything; they got up upon the chairs to have a good view of the sea from the windows, for, having been shut up since their arrival from Shiraz, they had not seen it before. With a telescope they examined the opposite mountains, and then expressed a desire to have a picture of the child taken. They went away, much pleased with their visit. Nor is it surprising that Feringees and Feringee customs should afford as much amusement and excite as much curiosity amongst the natives of the East as Eastern customs do to the nations of the West. It is but a few months since a Captain Jervis was stationed on some government business at Shiraz. He was living in one of the gardens near the town, and was one day not a little surprised by a whole bevy of ladies, who came and seated themselves in his tent, unsolicited, unveiled, and without the slightest shyness or ceremony. They had, as is frequently the case with parties of the prince's ladies and those of the richer and greater persons, left their seclusion within the walls of the town, and their own harem, to pass the day and enjoy the cool shades and fragrance of one of the numerous and celebrated gardens, where they are frequently joined by their lords, and return not till after the evening meal. On this occasion, these ladies were bent on frolic, and, as the greatest amusement they could think of, determined to visit the Feringee, and, unveiling, mark the effect of their surprising beauty upon him. Their numbers silenced all scandal, as what one did was the act of the whole; and, moreover, being ladies of rank, they could permit themselves greater licence than any of an humbler class. Their friends and relatives were too powerful for them to harbour any fears. These ladies came with the full intention of amusing themselves to the utmost, but, unfortunately, the Persian vocabulary of the gentleman was limited to a very few words, and he could not converse with them. His gallantry does not appear either to have been great, for it appears he was soon tired of their company, and gave them to understand they had better go away and not endanger his head and theirs; when, after having enjoyed his surprise, and made their criticisms on the awkwardness of the Feringee, they departed.

“On another occasion a Madras colonel, of many years' service, accompanied our resident to Shiraz. The veteran colonel was very much marked with the small-pox, and the conversation happening to turn on inoculation, a royal lady—deeply veiled—observed that it must have been introduced after that gentleman was born. There appears, therefore, to be sprightliness as well as beauty amongst these fair dames.”

## EUTRAPELIA :

AN OMNIUMGATHERUM LITTEARIUM, CHIEFLY ILLUSTRATIVE OF  
BARROW ON 'WIT.'

## VII.

## THE "PAT ALLUSION."

## § 3.

Sometimes it [Eutrapelia] lieth in *pat allusion* to a known story.—BARROW:  
*Sermon XIV.*

THE "pat allusion" is the favourite resource with many a writer whose subject is as alien as, perhaps, is his genius from the province of Wit and Humour. Grave authors of grave histories, sober philosophers, didactic poets, political economists, scientific dissertators, ethical expositors, do not find it below the "dignity of history," or the altitude of their high argument, whatever the scope of that argument may be, to enliven or relieve it by the occasional introduction of at least one condition of Barrow's *Eutrapelia*—the pat allusion to a known story. Not enlivening enough to be Wit; granted. Not in *basso relieve* enough to be Humour; allowed. But with just enough of what is apposite in the reference, and of patness in the allusion, to have passed muster with Isaac Barrow as fulfilling one condition in his summary, and therefore (and to this extent) to be recognised by us. Take, for instance, such standard historians as Clarendon, as Grote, as Earl Stanhope—neither of whom is liable, for one moment, to the dreadful suspicion of being facetiously disposed. "According to the old story in *Ælian*," says Lord Clarendon, "that when in one of the states of Greece, Micippus's sheep brought forth a lion, it was generally and justly concluded, that that portended a tyranny, and change of the state from a peaceable to a bloody government; so when the two houses of parliament first produced a sovereign power to make, and alter, and suspend laws, before they raised an army, or made a general, or declared war; when that mild and innocent sheep, that legal regular convention of a sober and modest council, had once brought forth that lion which sought whom he might devour, it might be easily and naturally concluded by all wise and sober men that the blessed calm, and temperate state of government . . . was at an end."\* George Grote, again, defending his theory of the Myth, and his plan of describing the earlier times by themselves, as conceived by the faith and feeling of the first Greeks, and known only through their legends—without presuming to measure how much or how little of historical matter these legends may contain—proceeds to say: "If the reader blame me for not assisting him to determine this—if he ask me why I do not undraw the curtain and disclose the picture—I reply in the words of the painter Zeuxis, when the same question was addressed to him on exhibiting his masterpiece of imitative art—'The curtain is the

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\* Clarendon's History of the Rebellion. Book VII.

picture.' What we now read as poetry and legend was once accredited history, and the only genuine history which the first Greeks could conceive or relish of past time: the curtain conceals nothing behind, and cannot by any ingenuity be withdrawn. I undertake only to show it as it stands—not to efface, still less to repaint it."\* And thus, too, Earl Stanhope, in his account of the slight details in military matters to which "that great genius," Old Fritz of Prussia, could descend—how each captain was directed, for example, to take under his charge one barrel of vinegar, to correct brackish water, &c.—patly alludes to an old-world story in his comment on the Potsdam decree: "Vinegar never received so much attention from any other general—not at least since the days of Hannibal."† And thus Michelet, describing the entry into Paris of Henri Quatre in March, 1594, and the way in which his opponents of the League succumbed, nay, collapsed, when shouts were heard (mainly from child-voices) of *Vive le roi!* and the trumpets of heralds who announced peace and a general pardon—concludes by saying: "But there was no need of force; the last remnant of the League fell flat to the ground like the walls of Jericho, conquered by trumpets and noise alone."‡

Illustrations of a similar kind, in another department of literature—not light literature, or belonging to the province of Eutrapelia—may be cited from the grave, and as many think the ponderous, prose writings of S. T. Coleridge. Discussing Hartley's system of vibrations—the "hypothetical oscillating ether of the nerves," &c.—he satirises the hypothesis of a material nerve with certain extraordinary functions: "And what is the nerve, but the flint which the wag placed in the pot as the first ingredient of his stone-broth, requiring only salt, turnips, and mutton for the remainder!"§ To the same system (once his own) he objects again, that by it "the soul becomes a mere *ens logicum*; for, as a real separable being, it would be more worthless and ludicrous than the Grimalkins in the cat-harpsichord, described in the *Spectator*."|| Remarking elsewhere that an excessive solicitude to avoid the use of our first personal pronoun more often has its source in conscious selfishness than in true self-oblivion, "A quiet observer of human follies," he continues, "may often amuse or sadden his thoughts by detecting a perpetual feeling of purest egotism through a long masquerade of disguises, the half of which, had old Proteus been master of as many, would have wearied out the patience of Menelaus. I say, the patience only: for it would ask more than the simplicity of Polypheme, with his one eye extinguished, to be deceived by so poor a repetition of Nobody."¶ One more example from Coleridge, relating to his plan of making *The Friend* a vehicle of entertainment and instruction both: "From periodical literature the general reader deems himself entitled to expect amusement, and some degree of information, and if the writer can convey any instruction at the same time and without demanding any additional thought (as the Irishman, in the hackneyed jest, is said to have passed off a light guinea between two good halfpence),

\* Grote's History of Greece. Preface to vol. i. p. xii.

† Lord Mahon's History of England, ch. xxxiii. (vol. iv.)

‡ La Ligue et Henri IV., ch. xxiv.

§ Biographia Literaria, vol. i. ch. vi.

|| Ibid. ch. vii.

¶ The Friend, vol. i. Essay IV.

this supererogatory merit will not, perhaps, be taken amiss.\* Passages of this kind might be multiplied exceedingly, from the *opera omnia* of that most noticeable man with large grey eyes; but those here given may suffice to indicate the manner of the man, in his employment of the "pat allusion," whether the "known story" alluded to be a classical myth of Homeric dignity or a hackneyed jest of Joe Miller lineage.

On the same principle we may adduce samples of the same ware from no less grave an author than Coleridge's friend and ally, William Wordsworth himself. What, then, is Wordsworth among the wits and humorists? Not exactly; nay, not at all. But, like those other sober scribes from whom we have been culling "pat allusions," even the bard of Rydal may be found to have fulfilled one out of the many conditions of Barrow's catalogue. Barrow would have recognised *eutrapelia* of a pleasing kind, however void of the comic element, in the allusion with which these lines on the Redbreast conclude:

Driven in by Autumn's sharpening air  
From half-stripped woods and pastures bare,  
Brisk Robin seeks a kindlier home:  
Not like a beggar is he come,  
But enters as a looked-for guest,  
Confiding in his ruddy breast,  
As if it were a natural shield  
Charged with a blazon on the field,  
Due to that good and pious deed  
Of which we in the Ballad read.†

And in the verses on seeing a Needle-case in the form of a Harp (the lady's-white-handiwork of Edith May Southey):

Frowns are on every Muse's face,  
Reproaches from their lips are sent,  
That mimicry should thus disgrace  
A noble Instrument.  
A very Harp in all but size!  
Needles for strings in apt gradation!  
Minerva's self would stigmatise  
The unclassic profanation.  
Even her *own* needle that subdued  
Arachne's rival spirit,  
Though wrought in Vulcan's happiest mood,  
Such honour could not merit.‡

And again, where the poet describes his "Waggoner" seduced into the alehouse on that stormy night, big with the fate of him and his horses and his wain—

All care with Benjamin is gone—  
A Cæsar past the Rubicon!§

Or in the graphic picture that follows, of his team stretching and pulling up the hill, to make up for lost time, tugging and straining, "every horse, to the utmost of his force:"

\* The Friend, vol. i. Essay II.

† Poems founded on the Affections: The Redbreast.

‡ Poems of the Fancy.

§ The Waggoner. Canto II.

And the smoke and respiration,  
 Rising like an exhalation,  
 Blend with the mist—a moving shroud  
 To form, an undissolving cloud ;  
 Which, with slant ray, the merry sun  
 Takes delight to shine upon.  
 Never golden-haired Apollo,  
 Pleased some favourite chief to follow  
 Through accidents of peace or war,  
 In a perilous moment threw  
 Around the object of his care  
 Veil of such celestial hue ;  
 Interposed so bright a screen—  
 Him and his enemies between !\*—

the enemy in Benjamin's case being his master, who, impatient of delay and suspicious of mishap, has pricked forth from Keswick, "sour and surly as the north," and full-charged with a volley of upbraidings. Here, then, from Wordsworth himself, are specimens of divers kinds—relating now to a simple ballad of Babes in the Wood, now the myth of Arachne, anon to the life-history of Cæsar, and lastly to Apollonic aids and appliances as detailed in Homer. Enough to vindicate the sometime laureate's right to graduate in one of the many degrees of *Eutrapelia*.

After giving room to Coleridge and Wordsworth, it were hard to refuse a place to Southey, who *had* a claim to be reckoned among the humorists, such as the two former neither had nor (we presume) desired. Southey, by the way, had scant justice accorded to him by Macaulay, as regards the quality of humour. A more insufferable jester, Macaulay protests, never existed ; often as he attempts to be humorous, he in no single instance, Macaulay affirms, has succeeded further than to be quaintly and flippantly dull. We shall often have occasion to refer to Southey in the course of these chapters, and before the close shall have indirectly filed a bill of exceptions to Macaulay's ruling. What we may now have to quote, in illustration of the "pat allusion," may not much advance our case ; but this point is only our *terminus à quo* ; and we have some confidence that the reader will agree with us, ere we part at the *terminus ad quem* (unless, indeed, which is probable enough, and will be pardonable enough, the parting take place long before), that there *have* existed "more insufferable jesters" than the author of the Doctor.

The following stanza in "The Devil's Walk" contains an allusion pretty plain and patent, *sui generis* :

He saw a Lawyer killing a Viper  
 On a dunghill beside his stable ;  
 "Ho !" quoth he, "thou put'st me in mind  
 Of the story of Cain and Abel."†

This fragment of a letter to Henry Taylor is very Southeyish, as well as something to the purpose : "I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when he was about to eat cherries, that they

\* The Waggoner. Canto IV.

† We assume it to be satisfactorily proved that "The Devil's Walk" was composed by Southey, in conjunction with Coleridge.

might look the bigger and more tempting. In like manner I make the most of my enjoyments," &c.\* So is the following one, from a letter to Mrs. Hughes, referring to good old Joseph Cottle's damaging "Recollections:" "Cottle himself is one of the kindest-hearted of human beings, and, at the same time, unites in his character the extremes of simplicity and vanity. The book shows something of this. I was in time to make him strike out a good deal; but as to rectifying his mistakes, that was impossible. In the old Queen of Portugal's time, an engineer was sent to inspect the Bugio, a castle at the mouth of the Tagus, and report what was necessary for putting it in an effective state. His report was comprised in three words—A new fort."†

Macaulay himself is felicitous exceedingly in the pat allusion, and most prolific withal in his array of instances. The known story to which he alludes is sometimes one of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, sometimes one of the Waverley Novels. The latter are used, for example, where he compares the impatient Commoners before whom Sir James Mackintosh harangued, to the boy in the Heart of Mid-Lothian, who pushes away the lady's guinea with contempt, and insists on having the white money: "They preferred the silver with which they were familiar, and which they were constantly passing about from hand to hand, to the gold which they had never before seen, and with the value of which they were unacquainted."‡ Or where it is said that the Duke of Newcastle's love of influence and authority resembled the avarice of the old usurer in the Fortunes of Nigel: "It was so intense a passion that it supplied the place of talents, that it inspired even fatuity with cunning. 'Have no money dealings with my father,' says Martha to Lord Glenvarloch; 'for, dotard as he is, he will make an ass of you.' It was as dangerous to have any political connexion with Newcastle as to buy and sell with old Trapbois. . . . All the able men of his time ridiculed him as a dunce, a driveller, a child who never knew his own mind for an hour together, and he overreached them all round."§ But the most characteristic of

\* Life and Letters of R. Southey, vol. vi.

† Selections (by Warton) from Southey's Letters, vol. iv.

Add the following, from a letter to Charles Wynn, on the change of Ministry in 1807, as what *might* have been used as a pat allusion: "Mr. Simeon's wise remark, that 'the new Ministry was better than no Ministry at all,' put me in mind of a story which might well have been quoted in reply. One of the German Electors, when an Englishman was introduced to him, thought the best thing he could say to him, was to remark that 'it was bad weather;' upon which the Englishman shrugged up his shoulders and replied, 'Yes—but it was better than none.' Would not this have *told* in the House?"—(Life and Letters, vol. iii.)

‡ Macaulay's Essays. Art.: "Sir Jas. Mackintosh's Hist. of the Revolution."

§ Ibid. Art.: "Walpole's Letters to Sir Horace Mann."

Again—of Dr. Johnson's uniform use of the "same pompous and unbending style," whatever his subject, Macaulay remarks, that his speech, like Sir Piercie Shafton's euphuistic eloquence, bewrayed him under every disguise.—(Review of Croker's Boswell.)

Of Sir William Temple's ministerial colleagues it is said, that they looked on his cautious measures with the sort of scorn with which the gamblers at the ordinary, in Sir Walter Scott's novel, regarded Nigel's practice of never touching a card but when he was certain to win.—(Essay on Sir W. Temple.)

From the allusions to Scott's novels turn we to those which Macaulay so frequently makes to the Arabian Nights, and other entertainments, oriental and occidental. Of Milton's poetry, he says, that if you change the structure of the



Macaulay's pet allusions are those which are allusions only—have this extent, no more—hint, and vanish—suggest, and pass on—touch, and off

sentence, the spell loses its power; "and he who should then hope to conjure with it would find himself as much mistaken as Cassim in the Arabian tale, when he stood crying, 'Open, wheat,' 'Open, barley,' to the door which obeyed no sound but 'Open, sesame.'"—(Essay on Milton.)

Bonaparte's counsel to the surgeon who attended Marie Louise's accouchement is pronounced "a far wiser course than that of the Eastern king in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, who proclaimed that the physicians who failed to cure his daughter should have their heads chopped off."—(Review of Thackeray's Life of Chatham.)

Bacon's understanding "resembled the tent which the fairy Paribanon gave to Prince Ahmed. Fold it; and it seemed a toy for the hand of a lady. Spread it; and the armies of powerful Sultans might repose beneath its shade."—(Essay on Lord Bacon.)

In another essay, a pseudo-argument against reform is thus dismissed: "It proves nothing against reform. It proves only this, that laws have no magic, no supernatural value; that laws do not act like Aladdin's lamp or Prince Ahmed's apple," &c.—(Essay on Burleigh and his Times.)

Much of Bacon's life was passed, we read again, in a visionary world, amidst things as strange as any that are described in the Arabian Tales—"amidst buildings more sumptuous than the palace of Aladdin, fountains more wonderful than the golden water of Parizade, conveyances more rapid than the hippogriff of Buggiero, arms more formidable than the lance of Astolfo, remedies more efficacious than the balsam of Fierabras." Mr. Gladstone's system of Church and State would, it is argued, produce a union only to be compared to the "wild Persian fable" of King Zohak. Spenser's Faery Queen is another favourite subject to draw upon. Under Charles I. the monarchical and democratical parts of the government "were placed in a situation not unlike that of the two brothers in the Fairy Queen, one of whom saw the soil of his inheritance daily washed away by the tide and joined to that of his rival."—(Review of Hallam's Const. Hist.) The Puritans went through the world "like Sir Artegal's iron man Talus with his flail."—(Essay on Milton.) As for the Cavaliers, "compassion and romantic honour, the prejudices of childhood, and the venerable names of history, threw over them a spell potent as that of Duesse; and like the Red-Cross Knight, they thought that they were doing battle for an injured beauty, while they defended a false and loathsome sorceress."—(Ibid.) The *Spectator* is another favourite magazine whereunto Macaulay resorts for supplies. Swift and Sterne, too, are both in request. Scholastic philosophy "might indeed sharpen and invigorate the minds of those who devoted themselves to it; and so might the disputes of the orthodox Lilliputians and the heretical Blefusudians about the big ends and the little ends of eggs."—(Essay on Lord Bacon.) Of the difference between Southey the man and Southey the polemic and politician it is said: "Even Uncle Toby troubled himself very little about the French grenadiers who fell on the glacis of Namur. And Mr. Southey, when he takes up his pen, changes his nature as much as Captain Shandy, when he girt on his sword."—(Review of Southey's Colloquies.)

But while Macaulay has his special *corps de résistance*, from which, in vulgar phrase, to cut and come again, he has no lack of side-dishes and entremets selected from all quarters. Sometimes it is a pet allusion to Lord Foppington and the shoemaker, in "The Relapse;" or to Bassanio's choice of the casket, in the "Merchant of Venice;"—Bacon, again, is called "at once the Sir Epicure Mammon and the Surly of his friend Ben. Sir Epicure did not indulge in visions more magnificent and gigantic. Surly did not sift evidence with keener and more sagacious incredulity." Sometimes it is a fable from Pilpay, of the Brahmin and the three rogues (as in the slashing article on Robert Montgomery); or a quotation from "honest Tom Dawson, the English footman in Dr. Moore's Zeluco" (as in that other slashing article on Croker's Boswell). Or perhaps it is an allusion to some episode in Ariosto—as "that pretty story of a fairy, who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake"—(Essay on Milton)—used to illustrate the

at a tangent—instead of being developed or carried out. With such courant allusions, *'area strepota*, his writings glitter throughout.

Let another Edinburgh Reviewer, of first-class dimensions, next supply us with matter pertinent to our theme—no less a man than

Humour's pink primate, Sydney Smith.

Few are the departments of the facetious, few the provinces of Eutrapelia, wherein he has not established a footing for himself. In almost every one he has appropriated his plot of ground, and cultivated it well; almost everywhere the lines are fallen to him in pleasant places, of which he makes the most.

To exemplify his manner of dealing with the pat allusion to a known story. Assailing Mr. Percival's opposition to the increased grant for Roman Catholic education, he remarks: "And the best of it is, that this minister, after abusing his predecessors for their impious bounty to the Catholics, has found himself compelled, from the apprehension of immediate danger, to grant the sum in question; thus dissolving his pearl in vinegar (perfectly ready at the same time to follow the other half of Cleopatra's example, and to swallow the solution himself), and destroying all the value of the gift by the virulence and reluctance with which it was granted."\*

In a fling at the ancient philosophers and their social congregativeness,—“a set of graminivorous metaphysicians living together in a garden,”—he proceeds to say: “At least we may be tolerably sure, that if half a dozen metaphysicians, such as metaphysicians are in these modern days, were to live in a garden at Battersea or Kew, their friendship would not be of very long duration; and their learned labours would probably be interrupted by the same reasons which prevented Reaumur's spiders from spinning,—they fabricated a very beautiful and subtle

transformations undergone by Liberty; or where, the question being mooted, what is the critic's duty when a lady is the literary offender under review, our reviewer “conceives that, on such occasions, a critic would do well to imitate the courteous Knight who found himself compelled by duty to keep the lists against Bradamante. He, we are told, defended successfully the cause of which he was the champion; but, before the fight began, exchanged Balisarda for a less deadly sword, of which he carefully blunted the point and edge.”—(Essay on Addison.)

Particularly happy of its kind is the following allusion, in Macaulay's investigation of the fluctuating successes alternately of Romanism and Protestantism: “The contest between the two parties bore some resemblance to the fencing-match in Shakspeare; Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.”—(Essay on Ranke's History of the Popes.)

One other illustration, entirely different from all the preceding, must conclude these specimen shreds from Macaulay. It refers to the notion that any gentleman whose life would have been virtuous if he had not read Aristophanes and Juvenal, will be made vicious by reading them. “A man who, exposed to all the influences of such a state of society as that in which we live, is yet afraid of exposing himself to the influences of a few Greek or Latin verses, acts, we think, very much like the felon who begged the sheriffs to let him have an umbrella held over his head from the door of Newgate to the gallows, because it was a drizzling morning, and he was apt to take cold.”—(Review of Comic Dramatists of the Restoration.)

\* Letters of Peter Plymley, IV.

thread, but, unfortunately, they were so extremely fond of fighting, that it was impossible to keep them together in the same place.”\*

The question, Is there any standard of taste, and if so, what is it? he calls a question like a German chancery suit, which is handed down from father to son as a matter of course, and the decision of which no man ever dreams of as a possible event. “Some late traveller in Germany speaks of a suit in the imperial chamber of Wetzlar, which had been pending 170 years. The cause came on for a first hearing as he passed through the country; the result he did not hear, as the Teutonic Master of the Rolls took time to consider. In the same manner, the world is always taking time to consider about the standard of taste.”† Characteristic too, in its grotesque aspect, is the allusion to a too notorious murderer in one of Sydney Smith’s zoological reviews: “There is no end to the extraordinary noises of the forest of Cayenne. . . . While lying in your hammock, you hear the goatsucker lamenting like one in deep distress; a stranger would take it for a Weir murdered by Thurtell.”‡ If our illustrations from the jocund Canon of St. Paul’s are meagre, at least they have the merit of variety—such variety as exists between Cleopatra’s pearl, a Wetzlar lawsuit, and the late Mr. Thurtell.

Another clerical great gun—greater officially than a canon—Archbishop Whately to wit, will not be consulted in vain by inquirers after the pat allusion. The kind he cultivates is racy and home-grown, noway recondite or far-fetched. Relating the case of a gentleman in Brittany who applied for a license to distribute Bibles among the people, and who obtained one for the distribution of *French* Bibles (unintelligible to the poor Bretons), but was refused any other—“even so,” Dr. Whately observes, “the stork in the fable was welcome to as much soup as she could pick up with her bill, and the wolf to as much mincemeat as he could get out of a narrow-necked bottle.” Again: in his strictures on persons who boldly pronounce decisions on questions of political economy, &c., of which they are not only ignorant, but professedly ignorant, and designing to continue so,—“that gentleman,” says the Archbishop, “equals them in wisdom, while certainly surpassing them in the modesty of his doubt, who, on being asked whether he could play on the violin, made answer that he really did not know whether he could or not, because he had never tried.” Of cavillers and cavilling he remarks, that “one course generally adopted by a caviller, with respect to any proposal that is brought forward, is, if it be made in *general* terms, to call for *detailed particulars*. . . . If, again, any of these details are given, it will be easy to find some plausible objection to one or more of these, and to join issue on that point, as involving the whole question. Sancho Panza’s Baratarian physician did not at once lay down the decision that his patient was to have no dinner at all; but only objected to each separate dish to which he was disposed to help himself.”§

\* Lectures on Moral Philosophy, II.

† Ibid. Lecture XII.

‡ Review of Waterton’s Wanderings in South America. (Ed. Rev. Feb. 1826.)

§ If, as not unfrequently happens, Dr. Whately’s allusions are to old classical literature, they are pretty sure to be plain (not to say trite) as well as pertinent and pat. Thus, where he is contending that, universally, speaking has an advantage over writing when the arguments are plausible, but flimsy, he goes on to say: “There is a story of an Athenian, who had a speech written for him in a

One characteristic specimen we proffer from Archdeacon Hare. "What are those teeth for, grandmamma?" said little Red Ridinghood to the Wolf. "What are those laws for?" might many a simple man ask in like manner of his rulers and governors. And in sundry instances, I am afraid, the Wolf's answer would not be far from the truth."\* One from Arthur Helps, touching the management of small anxieties: "There comes a time when thought is wasted upon these anxieties; when you find yourself in your thoughts, going over the same ground again and again to no purpose, deepening annoyance instead of enlarging insight and providing remedy. Then the thing would be to be able to speak to these fretting little cares, like Lord Burleigh to his gown of state, when he took it off for the night, 'Lie there, Lord Treasurer.'"† One (and very characteristic) from Charles Kingsley: "Surely," says the nameless old Disraelitish mystic in "Yeast" to Launcelot Smith, "surely there is shaking enough among the bones now! It is happening to the body of your England as it did to Adam's after he was made. It lay on earth, the rabbis say, forty days before the breath of life was put into it, and the devil came and kicked it; and it sounded hollow, as England is doing now; but that did not prevent the breath of life coming in good time, nor will it in England's case."‡ To the same category belongs an excerpt from Mrs. Browning's last poem—where the heroine prays her cousin and lover to be less severe in his self-reproaches:

———"Pray you, then,  
For my sake merely, use less bitterness  
In speaking of my cousin."  
"Ah," he said,  
"Aurora! when the prophet beats the ass  
The angel intercedes."§

The multifarious writings of Thomas de Quincey teem with pat allusions, which do not, however, in many instances, possess that plain and patent character (which he that runs may read) attributed by us to those of Dr. Whately. De Quincey's allusions are often somewhat recondite in their scholarly bearing, and as such he takes occasion to explain them by the exegetical aid of a foot-note. Thus, in a whimsical passage on the art of throwing stones, "Boys," he says, "have a peculiar contempt for female attempts in that way. For, besides that girls fling wide of the mark, with a certainty that might have won the applause of Galerius, there is a peculiar sling and rotary motion of the arm in launching a stone, which no girl ever *can* attain." Then comes a foot-note explanatory of the

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cause he was to plead, by a professional orator, and which he was to learn by heart. At the first reading he was delighted with it; but less at a second; and at the third, it seemed to him quite worthless. He went to the composer to complain; who reminded him that the judges were only to *hear it once*."

Or in his observation that in all studies there is a danger to be guarded against—viz., "that most men are so anxious to make or seek for some application of what they have been learning, as not unfrequently to apply it improperly, by endeavouring, lest their knowledge should lie by them idle, to bring it to bear on some question to which it is irrelevant; like Horace's painter, who, being skilful in drawing a cypress, was for introducing one into the picture of a shipwreck."

—WHATELY'S *Annotations on Bacon's Essays*.

\* Guesses at Truth.

† Yeast, chap. xvii.

‡ Companions of my Solitude, chap. x.

§ Aurora Leigh. Book VIII.

"pat allusion" to *Galerius*. " 'Sir,' said that emperor to a soldier who had missed the target in succession I know not how many times (suppose we say fifteen), 'allow me to offer my congratulations on the truly admirable skill you have shown in keeping clear of the mark. Not to have hit once in so many trials, argues the most splendid talents for missing.' " \*

In further illustration from De Quincey, take a passage from his diatribe on Homer's Alexandrian critics: "Often in reviewing the labours of three in particular among these Alexandrine scorpions, we think of the *Æsopian* fable, in which an old man with two wives, one aged as befitted him, and the other young, submits his head alternately to the Alexandrine revision of each. The old lady goes to work first; and upon 'moral principle' she indignantly extirpates all the black hairs which could have ever inspired him with the absurd fancy of being young. Next comes the young critic: she is disgusted with age; and upon system eliminates (or, to speak with Aristarchus, 'obelizes') all the grey hairs. And thus, between the two ladies and their separate editions of the old gentleman, he, poor Homeric creature, comes forth as bald as the back of one's hand." †

On the same Homeric theme De Quincey makes another pat allusion to quite "another guess" sort of known story. Thus: "About the year 1797, Messrs. Pitt and Dundas laboured under the scandal of sometimes appearing drunk in the House of Commons; and on one particular evening, this impression was so strong against them, that the morning papers fired off exactly 101 epigrams on the occasion. One was this:

PITT.—I cannot see the Speaker, Hal,—can you?

DUND.—Not see the Speaker! hang it, I see two.

Thus it has happened to Homer. Some say, 'there never was such a person as Homer.' 'No such person as Homer! On the contrary,' say others, 'there were scores,' " &c. †

The following, too, is in the Opium-eater's "own peculiar" vein. He is criticising the story of Margaret in Wordsworth's "Excursion"—a case of sorrow from desertion—in which nothing is seen by the narrator but a wasting away through grief, at once natural in its kind, and preternatural in its degree. "There is a story somewhere told of a man who complained, and his friends complained, that his face looked almost always dirty. The man explained this strange affection out of a mysterious idiosyncrasy in the face itself, upon which the weather so acted as to force out stains or masses of gloomy suffusion, just as it does upon some qualities of stone in vapoury weather. But, said his friend, had you no advice for this strange affection? Oh yes: surgeons had prescribed: chemistry had exhausted its secrets upon the case: magnetism had done its best: electricity had done its worst. His friend mused for some time, and then asked: 'Pray, amongst these painful experiments, did it ever happen to you to try one that I have read of, viz., a basin of soap and water?' And perhaps, on the same principle, it might be allowable to ask the philosophic wanderer, who washes the case of Margaret with so

\* De Quincey's Autobiographic Sketches, vol. i. chap. vi.

† Homer and the Homerids. Part I.

‡ Ibid.

many coats of metaphysical varnish, but ends with finding all unavailing : 'Pray, amongst your other experiments, did you ever try the effect of a guinea?' \*\*

The amount of similarly wrought examples from De Quincey that might be quoted, is fairly past reckoning. Almost as much so is the variety of the sources to which he resorts for his illustrations. But even his seductive spell must not tempt us further.

How important a part the "pat allusion" plays in the literature of our daily and weekly press, every newspaper reader must have observed for himself. In verse or prose, in sparkling quib or political leader, some "known story" or other is thus in constant request. Here is a fragment from a Conservative paper of acknowledged spirit and influence—relating to the Canadian Church Bill, as manipulated by the Aberdeen ministry, which that journal was persistently bent on writing down :

'Twas said of old, and some believe it still,  
Who robs a church will hardly spare a till ;  
And many an ancient moralist declares  
A people's promise binding on their heirs.  
Our modern statesman no such rule allow,  
*Nous avons changé* ; things are altered now.  
But, lest my angry muse too rudely rail,  
I'll cloak my moral in an ancient tale.  
Once on a time, old Æsop tells the fable,  
Two brother pilferers sought a tavern table ;  
In parts assigned, they shared the knavish feat—  
The first purloined, the second kept, the meat.  
Charged with the theft, "I have it not," one cries ;  
"I took it not," his brother rogue replies.  
O father Æsop, who would e'er have thought  
A statesman's lesson in thy tale was taught ?  
A nation's promise is the pilfered meat,  
A joint-stock Ministry the trick repeat,—  
The Whig, who promised, vows he ne'er betrayed it ;  
The Peehite, breaking, swears he never made it.†

From a Radical journal, on the other hand, known if not read of all men who read anything—for if they see not the *Examiner* itself, they have frequent opportunities of getting the cream of its "articles" second-hand, as quoted in the *Times*—the following excerpt may serve to illustrate our subject. It contains more than one pat allusion to more than one known story ; the topic under discussion being the then epidemic cry of "Down with the *Times*."—"Charles Lamb tells us of a sage people who burnt down a house whenever they wanted to roast a pig. We deprecate setting fire to the entire press for the sole and separate purpose of doing the *Times* brown. . . . Once upon a time, as Rabelais prefaces, when beasts could speak, it was thought a most meritorious action to slay a giant ; and there is prevalent the same opinion now as to the giant of the press, which is deemed too big to be permitted to live, especially with the prospect of growing still bigger. There is not room enough in this broad land for both Government and the *Times*, and as we must have a Government, however bad, we must not have a *Times*, however good. Haman cannot suffer Mordecai in the gate.

\* On Wordsworth's Poetry (1845).

† The Press.

"An old fable tells us of an ill-favoured youth who was so displeased with his looking-glass that he dashed it to the ground and shivered it to a hundred fragments, but seeing his ugly features in each of the broken bits, he found that he had made the matter a hundred times worse, and bitterly lamented that he had changed the single unflattering reflexion for the multiplied. Such is the exact illustration of what Government is about in compassing small change for the *Times*. To kill the giant is all very fine, but it is not always pleasant to live with dwarfs.\*"

In the daily columns of the *Times* itself—leading article department—the pat allusion forms a capital feature. The effect of a leader often depends materially on the dexterity with which this branch of its machinery is worked. A few specimens from recent numbers will exemplify the *modus operandi*; but these, after the space we have already occupied, must be handed down stairs to the region of foot-notes, where the reader, if not too fatigued, or indolent, or uppish, to follow them, may descend, and refresh his memory of them at leisure.†

\* The *Examiner*.

† Thus, when Lord John Russell's address to the City of London electors (March, 1857) came out, "resuming" much of what he had been telling the House two or three weeks previously,—the *Times* remarked, that, on reading, or attempting to read, this "paste and scissors composition," the City folks must feel very much as the French lady did on the receipt of a letter from her admirer of which she had read every word in his newspaper several days before.—(*Times*, March 13, 1857.)

In the same day's number, a "leader" on military abuses, &c., objects that when the decoration which should be bestowed as the meed of distinguished courage and high capacity is seen upon the breasts of men who have not earned it, if it is a distinction at all, it is one in the same sense as the Scarlet Letter in Hawthorne's tale.—(*Ibid.*)

So, in the recent Trial for Witchcraft at Stafford: after telling how James Tunnicliff, the witch-doctor, undertook to remove the spells which the farmer and his household were suffering—in attempting which, the wizard, by his own account, himself too suffered cruelly, the *Times* continues thus: "Every reader will recollect the story in the 'Arabian Nights' where the Lady of Beauty in attempting to restore to his natural shape a Prince bewitched by a Genie, the son of the daughter of Eblis, combats her antagonist in the successive shapes of a lion, a scorpion, an eagle, a cat, a worm, a gourd, and a fish, but is herself reduced to ashes in the moment of victory. The conflicts of James Tunnicliff with his adversaries were scarcely less terrible, though a good deal more remunerative."—(*Ibid.* March 24.)

Another example—the allusion being to one of the best-known stories of the Father of the English Novel: "Who ever heard of such a thing as a man's virtue?" says Lady Booby, in Fielding's novel. Really, when we read the loud-mouthed proclamations of their own spotless integrity which the Brutuses and Cassiuses of Parliamentary life are in the habit of dealing forth to their admirers just now—in electioneering times—we cannot help thinking of her ladyship. The most notorious Joseph Andrews of the time is perhaps Mr. W. Williams, the ex-member for Lambeth. The efforts which this gentleman has made to maintain his virtue amid manifold temptations are really incredible. Invitations to royal balls, invitations to aristocratic assemblies, the blandishments of beauty, and the cajoleries of coxcombs, leave him as they find him—patriotic, calm, stern, but yet lovely in his strength, 'as is the light of a dark eye in woman,' &c.—(*Ibid.* March 26.)

Of Mr. Cobden's defeat at Huddersfield, and that of so many of his fellow-voters on the Chinese question, it is said: "His own purge has operated too effectively by half, for he has turned the House out of doors. Like the old lady in the nursery rhyme, he has sold his bed and now lies upon straw."—(*Ibid.* April 1.) Here we have two "pat allusions"—to Fride's Purge, namely, and to Margery

Daw—of which the former may be the less patent, but is hardly the less pat.—We need scarcely remark, once for all, that we have no concern with the *political* tendency of this or any other quotation : our Omniumgatherum is literary—as to politics it belongs, by right and duty, to the Know-Nothing school.

Again :—the remarks made by Sir R. Buxton on “Liberal-Conservatives” at the election dinner at Bury St. Edmunds, elicited the following ironical comment from the *Times*—including a plurality of pat allusions : “ ‘Liberal-Conservatives.’ What in the world can that be ? Are there white blackamoors ? Who ever heard of a cow flying ? The very name is an enigma. There cannot really be such a thing as a Conservative who is not a Conservative, or a Liberal who is not a Liberal ; so how can there be a Liberal-Conservative ? It must be a rascally disguise of some sort, as the strong sense of Sir R. Buxton pointed out to the bold squires of his county [Suffolk] and their adventurous representatives. There are hideous stories of travellers who have sat down on the trunk of a tree and found it a boa-constrictor, or who have approached what seemed a dead body, and found it, to their cost, a live highwayman. Sindbad landed on a green island, and set about cooking his dinner, but the island proved a whale, and Sindbad, his cookery, and his companions, were speedily afloat. Then, there was once a wooden horse which turned out full of armed soldiers. These warnings have doubtless reached Suffolk, and inspired a just horror of such monstrosities as Liberal-Conservatives.”—(*Ibid.* April 23.)

The reluctance of the British capitalist to engage in Russian speculations is thus accounted for : “He recoils from a region where it is all State, and no public ; where trade is tarified up to the throat, and opinion is always on the march to Siberia. Foolish bird as he is, he fears to venture his bill down the throat which invites him ; for though, no doubt, there is a bone to be extracted, there are teeth also to be repassed.”—(*Ibid.* April 23.)

Lord John Russell's reply to an Address from the Corporation of South Molton is thus criticised : “But, when there is a mountain of work still to be done, Lord John Russell is counting up the past and picturing himself as a great historical personage. Grant that you are one, Lord John ; yet allow us to submit one or two qualifying circumstances. Those were huge arrears, propounded and ventilated half a century before. When their time came at last you were selected to work them through the Commons, because you were then a handy, enterprising, and well-behaved little man. But the time has now come for work of rather another kind, more suited to these days. A certain college had a great accumulation of books in cases and presses, for which it built a spacious new library, and the Senior Fellows bravely devoted one long vacation to arranging the books on the shelves. But they could not run up and down the tall library-steps as nimbly as they once had done ; so they looked about them, and saw a handy little graduate, a decent scholar, and one who could fetch and carry. Him they elected Fellow, and employed for three months on this rather Sisyphean toil. The summer was hot, and the books were dusty, and that little gentleman complained to his dying day that, in spite of certain frequent applications, he never got the dust quite down his throat. My Lord John Russell, the dust of those everlasting old Bills is still in your throat. It is always choking you. Wash it down with something or other—port, brown stout, or the pure element, whichever you please ; but for goodness' sake, no more about the Test and Corporation Act, the Catholic Emancipation Act, the Parliamentary Reform Act, the Municipal ditto, and all the rest of them.”—(*Ibid.* April 24.)

With one excerpt more, of the pat allusion class, we may surely say *jam satis superque*, enough and to spare, *pro Tempore*, for the *Times*. The passage relates to certain strictures made on that journal's troublesome freedom of speech, by my Lord Panmure in the Lords, and Sir Charles Wood in another place : “According to the fable, Chanticleer led the maids such a life of it by calling them out of bed before dawn, that they put their heads together and silenced him for good. The next morning they slept long enough, but their mistress, rising late, and finding them all abed, gave them nearly as much as they had given poor Chanticleer. We have only to suppose her Majesty's domestics reducing the Press to silence, and we may foresee the inevitable result.”—(*Ibid.* May 9.)



## THE HAUNTED SHIP.

BY MRS. BUSHEY.

GHOSTS are not generally supposed to patronise the ocean, or even lakes or rivers; water does not seem to be a favourite element with them when they return to these mundane scenes for good or evil. The solemn churchyard, in which are deposited their earthly remains, with its grassy mounds and its marble tombstones—the dim aisle of the night-deserted church, the subterranean vault, the dark tapestried chamber or lonely corridor of the ancient castle—the mouldering ruins of the once gay baronial hall, where met in time of yore the chivalry and exalted beauty of the day—the gloomy, pathless wood—the wild, solitary heath—these are the places spectres would appear to haunt. They do not usually skim the dark blue waves, or tread, at midnight's hour, the silent deck. Yet sailors are said to be very superstitious; and some of them believe in mermaids, flying Dutchmen, death-ships, &c., not to speak of the ill-luck of sailing on a Friday, or the mortality on board which is foretold by a shark following a ship for any distance.

The awe of the supernatural is not confined to any class, or station, or race of people. It pervades all nations, and, more or less, all grades of society. The untutored savage who, though he acknowledges the existence of *One Great Spirit*, admits into his creed the worship of beasts, of birds, of serpents, and of snakes, and has faith in the power of images made of clay, feels a natural shrinking from the supposed presence of the dead: and amidst some tribes, offerings are laid on the graves of the departed, to propitiate their spirits and keep them quiet. Among the most civilised and most Christian nations of Europe, the same *natural shrinking from the supposed presence of the dead* is found to prevail, and to prevail to such an extent, that, despite of the ridicule ostentatiously lavished on "superstitious fears," the strong-minded man and the giddy girl will alike look uneasy, probably turn pale, when spectral visitants to this world are spoken of during the silent and solemn hours of night, and when tales of their reappearance are well told. Many would shudder to sit up alone with a corpse; and few would care to wander alone at night amidst the melancholy, grave-skirted walks of a burying-ground. There is something in night, silence, and solitude combined which seems to touch upon that mysterious world, to which none can pass except through the gloomy gates of death; and at such a time, should any unusual appearance seem to flit before the eye, should any unaccustomed noise be heard, the coldest reasoner, the boldest scoffer will start, he knows not why. There is as surely a dreamy dread of the supernatural in the natural, as there is an immortal spirit in the mortal frame. But not to weary the reader with dissertations on ghostcraft, demonology, or "airy nothings," we shall, without further comment, proceed to relate the tale of "The Haunted Ship."

The well-built and goodly ship *Regenboog* (*Rainbow*) belonged originally to a Dutch mercantile firm at Amsterdam. This wealthy firm traded with the East and with the West, as well as with more neigh-

bouring European ports. Their commercial relations extended from Riga, Copenhagen, and Hamburg, in the north, to Marseilles, Leghorn, and Odessa, in the south; but the greater part of their traffic was carried on with Java and other parts of the Oriental world, and with the Dutch colonies of Surinam and Curaçoa, beyond the larger portion of the Atlantic Ocean. Of course they possessed a tolerable number of ships, and employed a good many captains and seamen. Of these captains, the commander of the *Regenboog* was the cleverest, the most active, and the most fortunate in the result of his voyages. Good luck always seemed to attend him. He was an excellent sailor, and a first-rate man of business. Every speculation in which he engaged succeeded; and the Amsterdam house were so anxious to bind him to their interests, that they at length made him a partner in their concern, and a joint owner of the ship which he commanded. Captain Zwart did not become so elated by his advancement in the world as to relax in his energetic attention to the duties of his calling, and the pecuniary affairs of his patrons. But he thought it was time to consider his own comforts a little more, and, in order to do this, he determined to marry. At Curaçoa he had seen a very lovely Dutch creole, the daughter of a planter there, who was reputed to be a man of large fortune. This planter, who was a correspondent of the Amsterdam house, had always shown great kindness and hospitality to the commander of the *Regenboog*, and had received him upon terms of equality, a favour not usually granted by West India proprietors to the skippers on board whose vessels they ship their produce for sale in Europe or America. But Captain Zwart had much to recommend him. In the first place, he was an exceedingly handsome man; and good looks, whatever *plain* philosophers may say to the contrary, tell very much in any one's favour. Then he was lively and agreeable in manners, intelligent in conversation, and full of anecdote, for he had visited every quarter of the globe, and not, like some stupid people, without seeing or observing anything. He drank schnaps and smoked with the papa, whom he amused by his jocular stories; he brought India muslins and India fans to the mamma; and while he talked nonsense to, and flirted with, the pretty daughter, he bestowed so much of the artillery of admiring looks upon her, from his brilliant and speaking black eyes, that he fairly took her heart by storm.

It was not, however, until he had become a partner in the wealthy Amsterdam house, that his *attentions* were received by the family of the Curaçoa planter as being in any way dictated by *intentions*. He certainly could not say, like Cæsar, "I came, I saw, I conquered!" for he had made sundry voyages to Curaçoa before his ambitious wishes were accomplished; but accomplished they were, eventually, and the bold sailor carried off the prize. He looked upon himself as a fortunate man. Madeleine had the prettiest little foot and ankle imaginable (West Indians have generally small feet), an exceedingly graceful figure, faultless features, eyes as soft as those of a dove, and a profusion of bright brown hair, shading a forehead that was as white as snow. But she had one charm more captivating than the beauty of a Venus would have been—she was the heiress of two fine estates; and the gallant captain—consigning in imagination the sun-bleached planter and his spouse to an early tomb—already beheld himself the owner of the windmills and

cattle-mills, the boiling-houses, curing-houses, cane-fields, &c. &c., on the "Schoon Genigt"—Beautiful View—and the "Lommerrijk Tuin"—Shady Garden—estates, which belonged to his father-in-law.

Within a short time after her marriage, the fair Madeleine left the luxury of her paternal home, the deep affection of the paternal and maternal hearts, which had beat only for *her* in this world of care, to embark with her handsome husband for his native Holland. Arrived there, it was with equal pride and pleasure that Captain Zwart presented his graceful West India bride to the blousy wives and daughters of the Dutch merchants, who had been his masters, and were now his partners. He settled Madeleine at Rotterdam—that city of canals and long brooms—the latter so industriously used in cleansing the outside of the houses, somewhat to the discomfort of foot passengers, who are liable, occasionally, to get a miniature shower-bath, as the mop at the extremity of the tall pole is dexterously twirled round and shaken by the vigorous Dutch housemaids in their ample petticoats.

All went smoothly in the captain's home; and though Madeleine regretted her husband's frequent absence, yet she knew that his avocations rendered such absence necessary, and she never suspected that he could waste a thought on any other of the feminine gender but herself. She little dreamed that he had fallen in love with a buxom widow at Antwerp. Such, however, was the fact. The widow Vanderbroeken had taken the fancy of the handsome captain, and she returned his preference with interest. She was still a fine-looking woman, with a very full bust, cherry lips, and saucy, laughing eyes. She had no idea that the gallant skipper was a married man, and therefore she took no pains to conceal from him the favourable impression he had made upon her. He, on his part, was doubly smitten, for the widow, in addition to her personal charms, had abundance of wealth at her command. Besides a good stock of ready money, he had ascertained that she possessed lands on the Rhine below Wesel, and a large share in a profitable brewery in Belgium. What were all the "shady gardens" and "beautiful views" of a distant West India island to this tangible property at home! The commander of the *Regenboog* sighed deeply to think of what he had lost. If he had but known the rich and well-favoured widow Vanderbroeken before he had chained himself in matrimony to the pale, spiritless Madeleine, with a fortune only in perspective! He wished that the Dutch laws were as convenient as those of Turkey, and allowed a plurality of wives—he wished Madeleine were in the next world—he pondered upon the possibility of divorcing her—but all his reveries ended in the distressing conviction that nothing could be done, and he must submit to his fate. Just as he had reasoned himself into something like calmness at this idea, he received an unexpected and cruel shock. Letters arrived from Curaçoa announcing the death of his father-in-law; *that* event would have caused him no grief, but the news was accompanied by the dreadful intelligence that the estates were in debt far beyond their actual value, and that there would not be a stiver for Madeleine, her mother, or himself!

Now, our Dutchman liked pretty women, he liked the juice of the juniper and the grape, but he liked money much more than either. Money was his passion, the great object of his worship, the possession for which he was willing to sacrifice everything else on earth; and to it he

would have sacrificed his hopes of heaven, had he ever thought of a future world. He determined at once to go out to Curaçoa, and try if he could not recover some portion at least of his wife's inheritance; and he resolved on taking her with him, in the hope that she might, by a fortunate chance, catch the yellow fever and die. He knew that it was then raging in many of the islands; and if it kindly carried her off, why, he would be free, and he would return and marry the wealthy widow of Antwerp. Poor Madeleine little knew that she was to be taken back to the West Indies in the hope that she might die there of the fatal fever. She was thankful to return to her native island, for she longed to weep over her dear father's grave, and to comfort, by her presence, her afflicted mother.

Once more the cabin of the *Regenboog* received her, for it so happened that a voyage to the West Indies was then its destination. She was, of course, in deep mourning for her father, but when they got into the latitude of Madeira, the weather became so warm that, there being no passengers on board, she consulted her own comfort by wearing loose white cambric, or muslin dresses. During the heat of the day, Madeleine seldom came on deck, but in the evening, those delicious cool evenings in which there seems bliss on the very air from the ocean, so calm, so soft, so refreshing it is, she usually left her seclusion below and paced the deck for a time, or sat gazing on the dancing blue waves that seemed gaily to sparkle and sport around the ship.

One night—it was after they had got within the influence of the *trade winds*, and were steadily and speedily careering before the joyous breeze—Madeleine had been on deck as usual, and had stayed till rather an advanced hour. She had spoken, as was her wont, kindly but laconically to the mate, the man at the helm, and the sailors who were on deck, and having leaned for some time in deep meditation over the side of the ship, wrapped, as it were, in melancholy thoughts, she descended at length to the cabin. All was still above, all was still below, for the noises occasioned by the presence of active human beings are earlier hushed on board ship than on shore. Eight bells had just struck, and the middle watch had just come up, and were exchanging a few words with those of the previous watch, who had lingered a moment on deck, when a strange sound startled them all; it was something like a stifled shriek, but the cry was altogether unearthly. Piercing, yet subdued, it broke upon the ear, and it seemed to arise from the depths of the ship, or the depths of the ocean.

"Hush! hark! what is that?" groaned the men who were on deck.

Presently a splash was heard, as if something had fallen into the sea.

"It was a woman's voice!" muttered the first mate, who was keeping the middle watch. "But there is no woman in this ship except the master's wife."

"It was a mermaid's cry," replied old Hendrik, the boatswain, who was quite as superstitious as he was skilled in nautical affairs; "and see! there she goes!"

He pointed in a state of convulsive excitement towards the sea, where, in the clear moonlight, a white form was visible, sweeping along with the undulating waves. The upper part of the form alone was to be seen above the water, and the figure, whose face was concealed by some strange mask,

appeared to be tossing her arms or waving her hands either in supplication or invitation to follow her.

"It is a mermaid!" gasped the horrified boatswain, "and they are always the harbingers of ill luck. We shall never live to reach the shore!"

"It is a drowning woman!" replied the more matter-of-fact mate, "though where she could have come from, Old Nick only knows."

"Not from *this* ship, surely," said a sailor. "There's only one female human creature on board, and that's the skipper's wife."

"Best look—look!" shouted the boatswain—"she has ducked once, twice—how she is flinging her arms about!"

"Lower a boat, and let us save her!" cried the mate, springing forward to do as he proposed. But he was arrested by the strong arm of old Hendrik.

"Lower a boat for a mermaid, man! Don't you know if you get within her reach it is all over with you? Do you hear that sound?"

"It is harrowing—dreadful!" cried the compassionate mate, as he shook off the boatswain's arm, and began rapidly to undo the boat. "It is the sound of distress and horror mingling with the murmur of the waves."

"It is the mermaid's song," replied the old boatswain, coolly. "Let her go among the fishes and the shells down below. She is worse than a shark or a sea-serpent, and she shan't get any of the *Regenboog's* men to-night, I can tell her."

As he said this, the figure, which had been gradually sinking, suddenly disappeared, and a bright ray of moonlight danced over the spot on the ocean where it had been seen.

Shortly after the captain came up; he looked at the sky and he looked at the ocean. He made some remark on the course they were steering, observed that it was a fine night, paced the deck for about a quarter of an hour, then quietly went below as usual.

"He did not see the mermaid," said old Hendrik, "or I'll be bound he would have been somewhat flustered."

"He knows a deuced deal more about the *mermaid* than you think," muttered the mate.

But Captain Zwart had promised to relinquish to *him* the command of the ship next voyage, and he wisely remembered that "The least said is soonest mended."

At a very early hour the next morning the captain rushed upon deck, apparently in a state of distraction, and made the most agitated inquiries if any one had seen his wife. He said she had been in a very depressed state the previous night; but though he was aware that she had been in low spirits since the death of her father, he had not been willing to admit even to himself the idea that her mind was affected; that, however, she had spoken so strangely the night before, and had gone into such violent hysterics from indulging her grief to excess, that he had given her a sleeping draught, and, not to disturb her, as he was obliged sometimes to go on deck during the night, had retired to another berth, leaving her alone in her state-room; that all being quiet there during the night, he supposed she was sleeping calmly under the influence of the soporific he had

administered; and it was only on looking in upon her at break of day that he found her berth empty. He had searched the cabin for her in vain.

"I knew something bad was going to happen," said old Hendrik, "for there was a mermaid alongside of the ship last night, and these creatures are as dangerous as vampires. I fear she lured the poor dear lady overboard. There was the mate, he actually wanted to lower a boat and pull after her!"

"And I wish you had not prevented me with your folly, boatswain," retorted the mate; "for I'll be sworn it was the poor lady herself we saw struggling in the water, and no mermaid at all."

The captain buried his face in his hands, apparently to hide his emotion, and, groaning as if in agony of spirit, he rushed below to the solitude of his private cabin.

But Madeleine was gone, and never more would arise from her liquid grave—of *that* the captain and the crew all felt convinced. Old Hendrik, the man who had been steering on that eventful night, and most of the crew, execrated the mermaid (who never again made her appearance) as the cause of the lady's death. But the first mate and Jan, the cabin-boy, shook their heads, and looked "unutterable things;" whatever they might have known or suspected, however, they prudently kept their thoughts to themselves. Captain Zwart looked as gloomy as his name, and never recovered his spirits from the time of his wife's disappearance; it was observed, too, that he paid his devoirs more frequently than formerly to sundry flasks of old rum and Dutch "Jenever," especially as the dark hours of night approached. In due time, however, the *Regenboog* anchored safely in the harbour at Curaçoa, and in a short time it left that island again. The intelligence of Madeleine's mysterious and melancholy death caused great regret throughout the little colony where she had been so much beloved, and gave such a shock to her widowed mother, who was already much of an invalid, that she died before her son-in-law left the West Indies, and he was obliged to pay her funeral expenses, an outlay which he would not have grudged had she been as rich as he had once supposed her to be.

On the *Regenboog's* return to Holland, Captain Zwart resigned the command of her, and, according to his promise, obtained the situation for the first mate. Old Hendrik and the other sailors remained in the ship, but the cabin-boy, Jan, had suddenly disappeared, and no tidings could be heard of him. This time, however, no mermaid was blamed, but as it was known that he had gone ashore, it was supposed that he was tired of a seafaring life, and had run away. The vessel, under its new commander, made two or three voyages to the North Seas, during which not a single mermaid had presented herself, though the shores of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden are known to be favourite resorts of the "maidens of the ocean," who have been frequently celebrated in song by the bards of those countries. At length the *Regenboog's* head was again turned towards the distant West—again it was going to Curaçoa and the free port of St. Thomas—again it was to cross the wide Atlantic.

It had had a glorious voyage, and every sail set to catch the favouring breeze, it was scudding on swiftly, but gently, over the moonlit sea. There was not a cloud in the soft blue sky above, not a sail on the wide

expanse of ocean around, but the moonbeams glittered and danced upon the slightly foaming waves, and melted into silver-like paths upon their heaving surface. The new captain and the old boatswain were both on deck, for the night was warm, and there was not much inducement to go below; eight bells struck, and "How late it is!" the captain had just exclaimed, as he turned towards the companion-way, when a white female form was seen slowly to emerge from it. She took the other side of the deck, and gliding along with noiseless footfall, she walked leisurely towards the stern of the vessel, then retracing her steps, she passed along until she reached the top of the cabin-stairs, where, with the abstracted air of a sleep-walker, she quietly descended to the cabin below. Presently, the appalled spectators on deck beheld apparently the same white form borne on the waves, and treading the deep blue waters as if they had been firm as a marble pavement! On—on she came—then wildly tossing her arms, and clasping her hands in supplication, the unearthly form gradually sank, until it disappeared totally beneath a bright ray of the silver moon. No one on deck had spoken—and for a few moments after the figure was lost to sight they remained in awed and solemn silence. At last the boatswain exclaimed, in a hoarse and choked sort of voice,

"There is *that* mermaid again!"

"It is no mermaid," said the captain, shuddering; "it is the spirit of the unquiet dead! But why did she come? He is not here!"

"Who is not here?" asked old Hendrik; "and of what unquiet spirit are you speaking?"

"No matter," replied the captain, quickly. "Let bygones be bygones! It would do no good to the dead or to the living to rip up old stories now."

He went down stairs without explaining himself further; but old Hendrik began to reflect; and by some process of reasoning in his own mind, he ended by connecting the spectre visitor of that night with the mysterious disappearance of the former captain's melancholy-looking wife, the unfortunate Madeleine.

On its return to Holland from the West Indies, the new captain, old Hendrik, and all the sailors left the *Regenboog*; and it was manned by an entirely new crew, as well as having a new commander. But the white ocean-spirit still chose to haunt the unlucky ship; the passengers, officers, and seamen were scared almost out of their senses; and strange appearances continuing to be visible on each succeeding voyage across the Atlantic, the vessel acquired so bad a name, that no one would take passage by it—and still worse, no crew would join it—no mate or master take charge of it.

Under these circumstances the *Regenboog* was sold to a mercantile house at Hamburg; but "*the white lady*" who haunted it was inexorable; again and again she appeared, though more faintly, and in a form less defined. The imaginative Germans were still more frightened than the phlegmatic Dutch had been. No amount of thalers could persuade any seafaring man to embark in the unlucky vessel, and it was sold to a Danish shipowner at Copenhagen. The poor *Rainbow* was repaired, refitted, repainted, and rechristened. It was thenceforth called, in Danish, *Det Gode Haab*—"The Good Hope." And hope-

fully it went forth on its first voyage, under its new name and new colours ; for the "blood-red flag" of Denmark, with its white cross—symbolical of peace—waved from the mast-head.

The Cattegat, the Skager Rack, and the German Ocean—the British Channel and the Bay of Biscay, were all happily and peacefully passed, and neither vengeful ghost nor cruel mermaid had disturbed the equanimity of the crew and passengers, the latter of whom ate and drank, and made merry, and played whist in the cabin in the evening, or paced the deck as inclination prompted. One evening, three of the passengers (there were no ladies on board) proposed to the captain to have some cigars and brandy-and-water on deck, and they sat rather late, enjoying the refreshing breeze, and in the intervals of their conversation gazing on the blue sea, which seemed here and there to glance like heaps of diamonds beneath the sparkling rays of the clear bright moon. After chatting on a variety of cheerful subjects, the deep stillness around, unbroken save by the unvarying and endless plash of the waters over which they were calmly sailing, perhaps rendered them more grave, and by degrees they began to speak of superstitions, and supernatural appearances. One gentleman, an enthusiastic youth, recited the Danish author Ingemann's beautiful poem, entitled "Dödsseileren"—"The Death Ship"—dwelling particularly on these verses :

No sail was spread to catch the breeze,  
The masts lay shattered on the deck ;  
And it did not steer one steady course,  
But drifted like a wreck.

Hushed—hushed was all on board that bark—  
But flitting by—now here, now there—  
Seemed dim uncertain shadowy forms,  
Through the misty moonlight air.

The captain then told the story of the "Bloody Head." How, whenever it became the turn of one particular sailor on board a ship which he named to keep the watch between twelve and four o'clock during the night, the few who were on deck with him were often scared out of their wits by seeing a bloody head fall from the top of the mainmast and roll on the deck before the man, who generally went into strong convulsions. It was at length whispered that he had, on some previous voyage, committed a murder on board that very ship, and that it was the decapitated head of his victim which thus pursued him. The officers of the ship determined at length to remain all on deck one night when it was the duty of the accused sailor to keep the middle watch. The wretched man was most unwilling to come up ; he volunteered to undergo any amount of punishment rather than keep that watch ; but his supplications and alarm were of no avail ; he was compelled to go up, and he had not been long there when, to the amazement and horror of his superior officers, a bloody head *did* seem to fall from some part of the shrouds, and to roll at his feet without leaving the slightest stain upon the deck—"But, Heavens! what is you?" exclaimed the captain of the *Gode Haab*, interrupting his tale, and staring as if his eyes were about to start out of his head.

"What—what?" cried his excited auditors, turning quickly to look  
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in the direction of his gaze. Pale and petrified with terror, they beheld a female figure clad in white, and with a sort of misty veil over her face, slowly pass along the deck. As she came near the man at the wheel, he dropped it suddenly and fainted on the spot; but she heeded him not; she walked to the stern of the vessel, then quietly turning, she passed back and seemed to glide down the cabin stairs.

"Let us follow!" cried the captain, and he and one of the gentlemen rushed down to the cabin, which they entered just in time to see the spectral visitant standing for a moment close to the cabin window, while her almost transparent robe seemed to flutter in the breeze of night, and then she gently descended into the deep ocean beneath! Presently those who had remained on deck saw the apparition floating for a few moments like a sea-bird on the white-crested wave, then gradually disappear beneath the dancing waters.

It was the *Regenboog's*, alias the *Gods Haab's*, last voyage. Her evil fame had become too widely disseminated; there was scarcely a port in the north of Europe where the *Haunted Ship* was not known by reputation, and no one would go to sea in her. The owners, hoping to disprove the reports against the vessel, wrote to Amsterdam to institute inquiries respecting its original history. But the answer they received was by no means such as they had hoped to obtain, or such as was calculated to remove the vessel's evil renown. In addition to what has already been related, they heard that Captain Zwart, who had, as he wished, married the rich Antwerp widow, had not long after been seized with fits of aberration of mind, which had increased until he had become a raving lunatic, and that he had been placed in an asylum for the insane at Ghent.

It had also been proved that he had drowned his first wife, by forcing her over the cabin window of the *Regenboog*, after having tied a handkerchief tightly over her face to deaden the sound of her cries. The only witness to this frightful scene had been Jan, the cabin-boy, who having been attracted to the cabin door by the strange noise within, had found it fastened on the inside, but had seen what was going on through a chink in the door. He had no idea that his master was going to force the poor lady over the cabin window, until he saw her pushed out, and heard the splash in the sea below. He was just going to rush on deck and entreat the mate and the sailors to try to save her, when his master, hearing him move, came quickly to the cabin door, and, finding it impossible to make his escape up the cabin stairs, and being in mortal fear lest his master should pitch him into the sea also, he crept softly to a mat near, and pretended to be fast asleep. As he often slept on the outside of the cabin door, at the foot of the companion stairs, the captain, after examining his face by the light of a lantern, and bestowing three or four kicks on him, left him lying there.

It was evident to the boy, however, that Captain Zwart suspected he knew more than he wished him to do, for he had threatened to take his life if he ever breathed a syllable of anything he had seen or heard, or fancied he had seen or heard, in the cabin at any time. And he kept so strict a watch upon him for the rest of the voyage out and home, never once allowing him to go on shore at Curaçoa, that he had no opportunity of communicating the terrible secret to any one. He had ventured

aces to make a few significant signs to the mate, and whisper a word or two, when his master, coming suddenly upon him, had accused him of some imaginary fault, and beaten him severely. He fully intended to disclose the facts when he should return to Holland, and be safe from Captain Zwart's vengeance. But the captain had taken him on shore with himself, and sent him off immediately with a letter to the master of a foreign ship in the harbour, which was on the eve of sailing. Against his will he was detained on board that ship; and when, on its touching at a port in England, he ran away from it, he was forced to go on board an English merchantman, to avoid starvation, as he had neither money nor friends. War broke out; he was seized by the press-gang, and compelled to serve in a man-of-war. When at length he obtained his discharge, he took the earliest opportunity of returning to Holland, and of unburdening his mind of a secret which had so long weighed heavily on it.

But the avenging hand of Providence had already punished the murderer through the medium of his own evil conscience. The recollection of his guilt haunted him night and day; he lived in constant fear of its being discovered; and the secret misery that he endured at length preyed so deeply on his mind, that his intellect gave way; habits of intemperance into which he had fallen increased the evil, and he died a wretched, raving maniac.

The haunted ship was sold for a mere trifle, after the lapse of some time, to a Flensburg merchant; but he could not get her manned; she was consequently dismantled, and some years afterwards she was seen lying a useless hulk in one of the harbours of Sleswick; and there she may still be lying, a fatal monument of the crimes and superstitions of the eighteenth century.

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## THE BATHS OF LUCCA.

BY FLORENTIA.

### VII.

Giorno di Santa Croce—Legends of the Church of San Frediano—Piazza San Michele e Castruccio Castracani.

THE day was glorious; an unclouded southern sun early burst forth to assure the crowds journeying towards Lucca that the fête would be delightful. The hermit descended from the ragged mountain-tops of Pizzorno: each borgo and paese sent forth its bevy of pretty maidens, their heads adorned with brilliant handkerchiefs, escorted by the industrious peasants (thanks to whose incessant labour the plains of Lucca are so flourishing and fertile); the barocci loaded with contadini pressed through the city gates, while the more genteel procacci, or vetturini, brought flocks from every adjacent town and villa, all eager to venerate the black image, whose possession is, in their opinion,

the real reason of the general prosperity, and take part in all the gaiety to be that day perpetrated in its honour. From a very early hour in the morning every bell in the city rang out its loud chorus of rejoicing, causing such a din as effectually to murder sleep after about six o'clock. Cavaliere Trenta and Baldassare, who, spite of their quarrels, always came together, arrived for once both in a good humour; in fact, I can't conceive how any living creature could be otherwise on such a joyous morning, when all nature smiled on the most merry, jovial population I ever beheld, and where every sight and sound and feeling was of rejoicing. We were all in the highest spirits, particularly the cavaliere, who administered no end of bantering on the medical Adonis. The dear old cavaliere, nicely dressed in black with official buttons and various orders displayed in his coat, claimed me as his own, repeating his usual phrase of "*Sempre buona, sempre amabile—Ella si fiderà di me!*" without further delay placed my arm in his and led the way to the Duomo. Here everything spoke of festivity and rejoicing, even more than on the previous night; the streets, the piazza, the steps, were thronged by a vast multitude of smiling faces; the very curtains before the doors, formed of the richest crimson silk, were drawn up and looped with heavy tassels, displaying the interior one moving mass of human beings. It was with great difficulty we reached the reserved seats that we had occupied on the preceding evening, as, spite of the crowds, the cavaliere would kneel down in the very middle of the nave, opposite the chapel of the Volto Santo, and offer up his orisons for nearly five minutes, during which time I was obliged to stand beside him and protect myself from the press in the best manner I was able; Baldassare, very little incommoded by his religious duties, had already conducted my sister to her seat some time before I could join her. At last, I was also placed in the row fronting the altar, and gazed around on the brilliant scene. The archbishop, exactly opposite, reclined on his throne, surrounded by his chapter, looking exactly as they had done the day before, and giving one the notion of people who had slept in their clothes. He was habited in the most gorgeous vestments of crimson shot with gold, which glittered in the sunbeams that penetrated in bright streams through the windows. Immediately in front of the altar were ranged the judges, in their picturesque robes of black and scarlet, their broad crimson sashes sweeping the ground, and their curious old sugar-loaf hats of black velvet beside them. The gonfaloniere was at their head, only distinguished by an additional trimming of ermine to his robes. Behind them were the municipality, and on the opposite side the prefect and commandant in full uniform, blazoned with orders and crosses, wearing broad blue ribbons similar to our Knights of the Garter. Many a fine countenance appeared among these august representatives of the old republic, and as the fitful light played on their uncovered heads, I saw studies worthy of the pencil of a Titian or a Tintoretto, arrayed in the very robes the glowing pencils of those great Venetians so delighted to paint.

Nearer to me gay groups, soft and lovely as the roses in spring, occupied the benches, the pretty ladies of Lucca, long renowned for their personal charms. A soft but incessant fluttering of fans, the inseparable companion of an Italian lady, agitated the feathers and flowers, the lace and ribbons of their brilliant toilettes. Nothing could be

more becoming or more fascinating; the background of crimson drapery round the cathedral heightened their brilliant complexions; the flitting sunbeams illuminated their smiling faces, and they all looked so elegant and quiet and well-bred, one could scarcely believe aught but angel natures lay concealed under those placid features. In fact, I doubt if the same number of English ladies would have been so entirely tranquil in face and manner, with all their habitual *sang-froid*, as were these daughters of the sunny Tuscan plains. But the idea of a church, a religious service, prayer or praise, never seemed to occur to them; all notion of devotion was utterly forgotten, their hands held no missal, their knees never attempted to bow, their lips muttered no prayers; to look pretty and gracefully, and to flutter their fans, was their sole occupation. Cupid was the only god whom they appeared to honour, judging by the eloquent glances and softly whispered conversations carried on with certain young cavaliers who were fortunate enough to divide the row of fair Lucchese. These gentlemen by no means rivalled in manly beauty the charms of their lovely countrywomen, and I had again reason to be astonished at the homely features of some of the sons of the noblest families in Italy, many of whom bore historic names, in themselves a title; in fact, there was not a single good-looking man in the whole *palco* except our own attendant Adonis, of gallipot extraction. But the ladies——!

The music, as on the previous evening, was beautiful and inspiring, but entirely operatic in character, composed by Maestro Paccini, who led the double orchestra, consisting of two hundred performers, himself. We had a most exquisite solo on the flute, the silvery, warbling tones of that delicate instrument being introduced with the happiest effect after the crash of the powerful *baud*, and the sonorous thunder of the double organs. There was also a performance on the *flageolet* I thought very charming. But the point in the performance was when the two hundred performers and the organs and the mass of voices were all raised to the utmost pitch in the "Gloria in Excelsis." Suddenly the bundle of flax suspended from the roof in the centre of the nave was lit, and blazed for a few moments with extraordinary brightness, then passed away in a shower of glittering sparks, symbolising thus the vanity of all mundane hopes, fears, and desires. This was very striking, but that it impressed any of the bevy of fair ladies around me, I much doubt. The fans fluttered, the eyes glanced, and the lips smiled, quite unmoved at the omen. Now and then came some passage of such extreme beauty, of such melting sweetness, that the music seemed like the very harmony of the spheres——

Harps swept by angel hands,  
A full celestial choir.

One could close one's eyes and fancy thousands of winged angels tuning their heavenly voices in rapturous hymns of praise as the lofty anthems lingered on the ear, echoing through the vaulted cathedral in lengthened tones of delicious melody. I confess I love the voluptuous sweetness of modern Italian music, it is so passionate and pathetic that the magic effect on the feelings redeems its want of classical purity; the senses are charmed, the imagination on fire, one knows not how, and one cares not to inquire, while the transporting cadences lull every feeling in a paradise of sweet sounds. Never did I more enjoy music than on this occasion,

and I say, all honour to the Luccchese citizen Paolini, who could thus em-  
 thral one. These are tones that suit the gorgeous scenes, the sunny skies  
 of Italy, infinitely better than the cold, classical precision of a Handel or a  
 Haydn, unadorned melodies that would be utterly unappreciated and lost  
 in the torrent of rich voluptuous sounds that delight one in passionate Italy.  
 When the mass was concluded, we beat a rapid retreat through the crowd,  
 though Signor Baldassare was marvellously inclined to linger around his  
 fair townswomen. On emerging on the piazza, a fine military band was  
 playing martial airs, greatly to the delight of the peasants who crowded  
 every vacant space. As we re-entered the hotel, a gentleman advanced  
 towards us, whom I have already mentioned at the Baths as one of the  
 most gifted though eccentric characters I ever met. Count M., allied to  
 almost every great Roman family, is indeed a poet. His fine eyes light  
 up with enthusiasm at every noble or grand sentiment; his imagination  
 drinks in with delight the exquisite beauty of his native land, her poetry,  
 her history; indeed, the eloquence with which he converses is only equalled  
 by the extraordinary felicity with which page after page of musical  
 harmonious verses flows from his ready pen. But with these various  
 qualifications he entirely wants all power of concentrating his ideas, or  
 of forming any stable plan to bring his really great acquirements to bear  
 on any one particular object or occupation. A perfect literary butterfly, he  
 flies from one project to another, and finishes nothing; he is always in  
 the clouds, and, like them, visionary, shadowy, uncertain; but with the  
 kindest heart, the most humane, genial, love-all-men disposition I ever  
 knew. He entertains sincere religious impressions, too deeply savour-  
 ing of mysticism to become a good Catholic, yet disliking to renounce  
 the creed of his ancestors in which he was born and nurtured, he has  
 discovered a kind of halting consolation in conforming to the opinions  
 of Savonarola, the Luther of the Roman Church, considering that his  
 reforms are as radical as can be practised in the bosom of Catholicism.  
 All this is to be gradually discovered. At first sight, Count M. ap-  
 pears only as a high-bred, courteous Italian, with fine expressive eyes,  
 promising more than usual intellect. Our conversation at that time was  
 very limited; the carriage being ready to drive us round the town, the  
 count took his leave.

The old cavaliere was delighted to see the carriage drawn up, and in-  
 sisted on our immediately mounting, while Baldassare becoming quite ani-  
 mated, insisted with equal warmth that we should not drive, which he  
 asserted to be the very worst taste in the crowded state of the streets, but  
 walk, as he vowed every creature but old Trenta would do as a matter of  
 course. Without the slightest reference to our likings or feelings on the  
 subject, a dispute commenced which grew every moment more violent.  
 The old cavaliere was cool and contemptuous, but at the same time loud  
 and dictatorial; Baldassare, vehement, garrulous, and noisy, with staring  
 eyes and open mouth, the very picture of vulgarity and vacuity. At last,  
 lashed into fury by the cool contempt of Trenta, Baldassare assured him he  
 was undoubtedly the first *domestico di piazza* of Lucca; to which the  
 old gentleman angrily responded: "Then if I am, it is equally true that  
 you at least are the principal *facchino*" (porter, errand-man of the lowest  
 class). This spirited retort of the chamberlain's nettled Master Baldassare  
 sadly, although he had richly deserved it. He looked tremendously

black, and, turning to me, expressed the impossibility of his accompanying us, in the company of *quella persona là*, meaning Trenta, who had been guilty of such a *somma impertinenza*, and begged leave to withdraw for the present, a request I very readily granted. Trenta, who had contemptuously turned his back on him, and was humming an air, now looked round, smiling quietly and maliciously; Baldassare, flinging, hurling on him a tremendous glance, which produced no effect whatever on the self-collected old gentleman, withdrew, and we mounted into the carriage.

Trenta, undisturbed by the vagaries of his young friend B., now took the command of our party, ordering the coachman to proceed at a foot-pace to the church of San Frediano, an old basilic in the Lombard style. This, the most ancient edifice in Lucca, stands on one side of an irregular piazza; over the principal entrance is a magnificent mosaic of the twelfth century, the colours glowing and brilliant as if just issued from the workshop, representing a colossal Christ in glory worshipped by two angels, while below appears the figures of the twelve apostles. This mosaic is precisely in the same style as those over the matchless church of San Marco, at Venice, which form so perfect an external picture-gallery around that extraordinary building. Ancient mosaics are generally executed on a gold ground, forming an appropriate contrast to the rich shades of the draperies. The light and graceful campanile standing at one corner of the building, with its rows of open galleries increasing towards the top, has an interest beyond the mere elegant proportions. When the Ghibellines of Lucca (which hitherto as a free republic had ever been a stronghold of Guelphic or Papal power), considering themselves sufficiently numerous to command success, had formed a conspiracy for introducing Ugguccione della Faggiola, the Ghibelline tyrant of Pisa, into the city, in order to assume the chief authority, they occupied this very tower in large numbers to favour the entrance of the usurper. The Guelphs, enraged at the treachery which had been practised, and seeing the city on the point of surrendering, were so maddened by the conduct of their fellow-citizens, that, disregarding the advancing troops of Ugguccione, who had already penetrated inside the gates, they fell on the unhappy garrison placed in this tower with such fury, that they were all massacred to a man. But, whilst this butchery was going forward, Ugguccione reached the piazza, and in his turn imprisoned the Guelphs within the city, and amply revenged on them the cruelties they had exercised on his adherents. For eight days the most direful scenes of horror and confusion continued, and Lucca groaned under all the accumulated sufferings consequent on having fallen a prey to her bitterest enemy and neighbour, Pisa.

Now the silent piazza looks as if its echoes had never rung to aught louder than the rolling of our carriage as it approached the door, and the tower seemed so solitary, one could scarcely fancy it had ever contained any garrison more warlike than the troops of grey pigeons that flew in circles round its cornices, or rested on the ledges of the open galleries. The old cavaliere was radiant. "This, care signore," said he, "is my parrocchia, or parish church, and here is the chapel belonging to my family, not the least among the illustrious nobility of the republic. Follow me, I will show you all; I know every stone in the building; from a

child I have played under these venerable arches which I now tread in my eightieth year, and where I hope to lay my bones when it shall please the Divinità to call me." The calm face of the octogenarian was expressive of perfect resignation; he contemplated death with the composure of a sincere Christian, and lingered with pleasure among the walls of that building where, in the course of nature, he must soon repose in the silence of the tomb. Good, respectable old man! how I honour your dignified philosophic calmness! May that placid spirit be as unruffled in eternity as it has ever been in time! "Come," continued he, "we must not remain here too long." We entered; the church consists of one enormous nave, supported by pillars of too slender proportions appropriately to bear the weighty roof; two narrow aisles appear on either side, in which stand altars within various large chapels. "Look here, signore," said the old cavaliere; "observe this beautiful font, intended, as you see from the size, for immersion; remark the beauty and quaintness of the sculpture—these groups from the stories of the Old Testament are admirable. On that wall in the side aisle is a fine specimen of Lucca della Robbia."

"Yes," said I, "I see it, and think it hideous; who can admire little gaudy figures in shining crockery-ware—for they are to me little better—for my part I would not give them house-room."

"That may be all true," replied he, "but they must ever be curious from the fact of the art being entirely lost to posterity. On this stone, where you see the mosaic"—and the old cavaliere rapped the floor with his stick—"a notable miracle was performed, for which we must all adore the goodness of the Blessed Virgin Mother;" and he devoutly crossed himself several times. By this time a whole group of priests, all strangers, come from a distance probably to the fête, gathered round him, curiously listening to what he might have to relate about the ancient church. There was a little deformed creature, about four feet high, whom I had remarked in the Duomo as the only living soul who seemed to remember he was in a church; another, a mild, benevolent-looking priest; and a third, a young seminarista, who, with open mouth and stupid goggle eyes, stared and wondered at everything, and gulped down the good old cavaliere's legends with a believing credulity highly edifying. After the audience had drawn round him, the cavaliere recommenced.

"This stone," said he, "commemorates a notable miracle performed in favour of San Frediano. In the sixth century the stones in this part of the nave were raised to bury the body of a Lucchese lady, who wished to be interred in the church; but amici miei, ascoltate e capiti, qual sommo miracolo! no sooner had the dead body been lowered into the vault, than the corpse rose and sat up, its ashy lips parted, and it distinctly uttered these words: 'Bury me elsewhere—here lies the body of the most holy Frediano!'" The priests all looked at each other with gratified astonishment.

"Veramente si vede la Provvidenza di Dio," said the dwarf.

"Stupendo!" exclaimed his quiet friend, "prodigioso!" while the young draggletail of the garment of Aaron opened his eyes, if possible, still wider, and gave a sort of delighted grunt of approval.

"Yes, you may well exclaim," continued Trenta, "v'è da chè vera-

mente stupirsi, in un tal prodigio; but it is quite true, because you see the whole event is related in the Chronicles of the Church, where every one may read it who pleases. The Chronicles, we all know, are as true as the *Evangelo*."

"Oh, altro, di certo!"—"Ah non c'è dubbio!" sounded on all sides—that proof having been decided to be quite conclusive.

Trenta proceeded: "You are doubtless aware—but *mie care signore*," turning to us—"may be ignorant of it—that the body of San Frediano had been up to that time undiscovered, so we must admire the goodness of Heaven in thus revealing where it lay. No sooner had the corpse spoken, than diligent search was made in the aperture, where, marvellous to relate, the body of the adorable saint was discovered. It emitted the most fragrant perfume, and performed several notable miracles in the cure of various sick persons who only looked at it. One man, the Chronicles say, who had had his arm shot off at the shoulder, years and years before, on accidentally touching the blessed relics, found his limb came again as before in a single instant." A loud murmur of wondering applause rewarded the relation of this fact. "Yes," said he, "many notable miracles were performed by those blessed bones before they were placed under the grand altar where they now lie." The whole party turned to the spot indicated, and devoutly crossed themselves.

"Now, *amici miei*," said the cavaliere, traversing the church, followed by his whole auditory, "I will show you the chapel of my family—la Capella dei Trenta—antichissima famiglia Lucchese." Escorting me with his usual ceremonious politeness, we mounted a few steps into a large recess in the left aisle near the high altar. "There lie the remains of my ancestors," continued the old man, "and here I myself, Cavaliere Cesare Trenta, hope my bones will repose until the last trumpet sounds. The altar is decorated, as you see, with fine sculpture; below is the tomb of San Ricardo, King of England, who died in our palazzo. We show the very room in which this santo servo di Dio e religiosissimo re expired. Observe the ancient carving on the tomb; the body within is quite entire—I myself have seen it."

I was excessively puzzled to imagine who this San Ricardo could be; I thought, thanks to *Magnal* and such ingenious books, I knew our whole accredited line of sovereigns, but here was one quite dropped from the clouds. Surely the good old Trenta had never manufactured into a saint our war-loving, lady-adoring soldier-king, the gallant Cœur de Lion. The notion of worshipping him as a saint really did seem too ludicrous; and yet who else could he mean? As to expressing any doubts to Trenta of the authenticity of the patron-saint of his family was quite out of the question. I could only respond with alacrity to his gratified looks, as he expatiated on the merits of the blessed man of God, San Ricardo, "*che morì nella nostra casa*." All at once he dropped down on his knees on the steps of the altar, offering up his innocent prayers to the ashes of the visionary saint within, in which attitude he remained some time, the priests looking much edified at his devotion. After many crossings and bowings, and touchings of the tomb, always kissing the fingers that had been in contact with the sanctified stone, he arose, and moved towards two other monuments on the floor of the chapel.



"There lie," said he, "the bodies of some of my ancestors: a magistrate of the city and his wife, who lived in the third century; the names and dates are inscribed round the figures."

The priests having assured themselves such was the case, looked at him with increased respect. I, for my part, could but admire the old cavaliere at eighty years of age so resolutely doing the honours of the tombs that already gaped to receive him. Many a sterner and more philosophic nature would not have displayed the moral courage of the simple-hearted cavaliere, whose benign and happy nature enabled him thus to contemplate death divested of all its horrors.

From the Trenta chapel he led us to that of the Buonvisi family. There were some curious old frescoes, which, standing in the centre of the chapel, stick in hand, and raising his somewhat tremulous voice, he proceeded to explain.

"Cara signora," said he, "you must stand on this spot beside me, in order to catch the light—*adesso va bene*—signori riverendissimi, *mettetevi accanto—va bene*. Comincerò: In this fresco is represented the miracle of the blessed Volto Santo, that image, cara amica, you have already seen in the church adorned with all the riches we poor Lucchesi can command, as is most due, for to it we owe the many blessings and the wonderful prosperity that distinguish our little state." Here Trenta crossed himself devoutly. "That boat which you see in the background arrived empty and unmanned on the Tuscan shore there represented, near the ancient city of Luna, in the Lunigiana, on the Gulf of Spezia. The inhabitants rushed down at the extraordinary sight of an empty vessel sailing by itself into the harbour, bearing a large cross on the mast-head; on boarding it, they found nothing but a statue of black wood. As soon as they had carried it to land the vessel sank in an instant, every sail being set and the sea perfectly calm. The moment chosen by the painter is the arrival of the Bishop of Lucca, whom you may observe here to the right, dressed in full pontificals, and surrounded by priests, who having been warned of the extraordinary event in a vision, came at once from Lucca to Luna in order to investigate the affair. By virtue of the vision he considered himself authorised to seize the statue, which occasioned a quarrel with the men of Luna, who asserted their prior claim from the fact of the boat having miraculously landed it on their coasts. At last it was agreed to place the image in a caroccio, or carriage of state, and yoking two young oxen in it who had never yet worn harness, allow them to conduct it as they pleased, either on the road to Luna or Lucca; you may see here, in the corner of the picture, the caroccio. The animals, inspired by the angelic Madonna and the blessed Saint Frediano, patron of Lucca, at once and unhesitatingly chose the road to our city, the bishops and priests following in procession. Do you see them, cara signora, though the colours are much faded, singing solemn hymns and Glorias? The oxen never stopped until they had reached the portal of this very church of San Frediano, where, observant of the miracle, the body was deposited. But when our splendid Duomo, dedicated to St. Martino, was erected, and a chapel was designed for the reception of the image, the republic decided that the Volto Santo was to be removed there, where, in somma, you, signora, have seen it. In remembrance, however,

of this church having been first miraculously selected as its resting-place, the archbishop always starts from hence in the grand procession on the eve of the fête of Santa Croce."

Here the good old cavaliere paused, quite fatigued by the long speech he had made us. The priests all broke out in a chorus of thanks and of wonder at the stupendous miracle; the deformed one in particular declared he had never heard the whole event so well and distinctly narrated, which, as being connected with the fresco, was doubly interesting. "Eh, for his part, ringraziava mille volte il signor cavaliere della sua gentilezza."

The good cavaliere smiled benignly on us all, and whispered to me, "How glad he was that Pazzarello B., with his empty noddle, was not here; he would," said he, "have spoilt everything with some somma impertinenza."

So much was said and discussed, I began to think we should never escape from this chapel of the Buonvisi; Trenta had such a mass of church lore to impart, and the priests were so delighted to listen, that time was forgotten. At last I ventured to remind our worthy old friend we had much more to do, and that as the hour for the horse-racing was approaching, we must go.

The trio of priests now took leave of us on the flight of steps at the entrance, with numberless *grazie* and *grazie tante* to the good cavaliere, who expressed his satisfaction in a series of lofty and dignified bows from the carriage. "Buona gente, buona canaglia," said he, rather haughtily, "I rejoice to have been of use to them; remember, cara signora, though ill-dressed and countrified, they are all priests, and per me sono sacerdoti molto tutti i preti di Dio."

But we had not escaped with the sight of one church only; nothing would satisfy the cavaliere but that we must proceed to San Michele and inspect that also. The façade of this edifice, attributed to the Lombards, elevated on steps on one side of the principal piazza of Lucca, is extremely curious; tier above tier of small arches, supported by half-pillars, rise above each other to a great height, the whole diminishing in breadth as it rises, ending in a huge cambrons gilt figure of the archangel St. Michael, whose enormous outspread wings are of plated bronze, so formed as to allow the wind free passage through them;—a necessary precaution, as the whole façade might accompany their fall. The interior is so perfectly plain and unadorned, that even the church-loving Trenta could find out no excuse for detaining us within. But as we emerged on the piazza, he called my attention to the fact that in this space Castruccio Castracani degli Antelminelli, the hero of Lucca, the Napoleon of the middle ages, who, if he had lived longer and moved in a larger sphere, would have won a reputation in the field and the senate equal to that of the great emperor, was here chosen by the republic absolute ruler of their state.

"At the time," said the cavaliere, "when this determination was adopted by the republic, Castruccio was absent carrying on one of his never-ending wars against Florence; but on hearing the decision in his favour, he returned, and assembling the whole population in the piazza, there publicly demanded if they freely ratified his election as their Signore. Lucca,

proudly conscious of the prowess of her great citizen, replied by unanimous assent, and loud and general acclamations announced him from that moment absolute ruler of her destinies—a power,” continued Trenta, “he uniformly used with a vigour and discretion rare indeed in those days of cruelty and personal ambition. Again,” said the old cavaliere, determined to inoculate me thoroughly with the details of his national history, “did our warrior, who ought, if he had lived, to have become King of Italy, and have raised his native Lucca to the capital of Tuscany—again, years after, did this same piazza behold him pass by in glory, surrounded by all the pomp of an antique triumph. Ah, those were proud days for Lucca! no wonder we love to recal them. Suffer me, cara signora, to tell you all about it. Here, standing on this piazza, the very heart from whence proceed all the veins and pulsations of our political body—(I literally translate the figurative Italian image)—Castruccio had planted his troops under the very walls of our proud rival Florence; true he had not besieged the city, for he deemed the moment unpropitious, but he had derided, mocked, and humiliated her; his recent victory over the republic at Altopasso had raised his fame to the highest pitch. On the termination of the campaign, a triumphal entry was therefore decreed to him, his victorious host starting, as it was arranged, from the very spot where he had so bravely defended the national independence. The 11th of November was the day fixed for the celebration of his triumph, and as all Italy desired to be present, safe-conducts to the different states were freely granted by the government. By break of day the army began to move from Altopasso towards the city gates, loaded with all kinds of booty, and driving before them innumerable droves of cattle captured from the Florentines, whom you may imagine held down their heads that day. Ah, *sicuramente*. Next advanced a train of thirty thousand prisoners of war, guarded by our own troops—a motley crew, composed of the highest and the lowest of the vanquished host; then came the caroccio of the Florentine Republic, bearing their standard lowered and trailing in the dust; followed by another caroccio, belonging to their ally, Robert, King of Naples, and bearing his arms and standard, also reversed. The carocci had also been captured by our gallant Castruccio at Altopasso. Last of all appeared our great hero, seated in a triumphal car, preceded and surrounded by the prisoners of highest rank—nobles, generals, magistrates, cavaliers of various nations, Tuscans, Spaniards, Germans, and French, all mounted on noble horses.

“Castruccio (whose classical face we all know so well, from the fine portrait extant in the Guinigi family) looked like an ancient Roman as he sat in his triumphal chariot, built after the ancient models, drawn by four milk-white horses, and proudly surveyed the scene around him. He wore a flowing mantle of purple, his brows were encircled with a garland of laurel; on his right were the symbols of justice, on his left those of peace, with the cornucopia of abundance and plenty. His two sons followed their father's chariot; after them marched the main body of his victorious army, all bright and shining in splendid armour. Martial music, echoing in joyous strains the exultations of every Luccchese heart, closed the procession. The city could not contain the crowds that pressed into the streets; every house was decorated with the richest hangings; every creature who had gay attire, the nobles especially, were

arrayed in all they possessed most costly and magnificent. Old man as I am, when I think of those times I feel young again—come adesso tutto è cambiato—abbiamo perduto fino alla nostra indipendenza—adesso siamo schiavi Fiorentini. Castruccio little imagined, that after all his glorious successes over them, Lucca would live to wear *her* chains—ma, pazienza. But I must conclude: Castruccio was received with due honours by the magistrates and nobles of the city, as well as the archbishop and all the clergy. The daughters of the noblest houses of Lucca strewed flowers before him, and saluted him father of his country. When the crowd heard that word, thousands of voices repeated it; the very heavens rang with acclamations, and the name of ‘Castruccio, father of his country!’ reverberated to the surrounding mountains. As he advanced into the city towards this very piazza where we are now standing, the bells all rang forth in such a Babel of rejoicing, it seemed as if the campanili must fall down; the windows and the terrazzi were filled with beautiful women, who scattered flowers and garlands as he passed, and the whole city was mad with joy. Castruccio, overcome by such overwhelming marks of affection, expressed by signs and gestures how deeply he was affected. In his countenance were depicted the emotions of his soul; and the mighty warrior, who, if he had lived, might have worn the imperial diadem, now looked almost sorrowful amidst the universal joy. I will not describe his appearance. Never was manly beauty more perfect than in his chiselled features, severe in youthful beauty; *ebbene*, having reached this piazza and allowed the enthusiasm of the citizens a brief time to *sfogare*, he forthwith proceeded to the cathedral; at the porch he was placed in a chair of carved ivory, and carried in triumph up the nave to the chapel of the Volto Santo. Here, prostrating himself before that miraculous image, he offered up a considerable portion of the booty he had gained, while hymns and songs of joy burst forth from the choirs led by the priests, who gladly sought to add their voices also to the universal expression of joy.

“Such, *mie care amice*, was the scene that passed within this city in the fourteenth century. If we had more time, I should also like to tell you of another glorious triumph when our Castruccio was solemnly crowned Duke and Prince by the hands of the Emperor Louis, the Bavarian, and rode round the city and walls in a procession scarcely less splendid than the one I have described; but I see you look impatient, and we will leave that, therefore, for some other time.”

“Indeed,” said I, “impatient I cannot look, for I am delighted; but the time is getting on, and if we are to see the horse-racing, we must, I fear, be moving.”

“*Bagatella*,” said the cavaliere, who looked quite rosy and animated after his oration, “how I wish you would come and live at Lucca, you would make me young again—*mia signora*, *sempre amabile*, *sempre buona*, *sarò il suo servo*.”

I smiled at the warmth of the good old man, and pressed his hand, which expression of regard he returned by most gallantly raising mine to his lips.

“I suppose,” said I, “we shall meet B. at the Circus?”

“Ah, *per Bacco*! the Adonis—yes, he will be there; no one but I would put up with his presumption, and I school him a little now and then, because I am his friend, and I like him. But he is a pazzarello who

knows nothing of the world, and who sometimes annoys me. How glad I am he has not been with us now, or he would have dragged you off somewhere, as he never can be quiet for a moment, and I should not have been able to tell you about our glorious *Castruccio*."

So we proceeded to the Circus without further delay.

## SONNETS.

BY H. NICHOLSON LEVINGE.

### I.

A DIMLY misted sky, and in the west—  
 After the sun with far reflected blaze  
 Of transient but divinely lustrous rays  
 Had sunk superbly to his daily rest—  
 There gleamed upon a fleecy cloudlet grey,  
 Well rounded from the all-pervading haze,  
 A glimpse of glory such as not alway  
 To mortal glance that western arc displays;  
 A glowing orange tint, with faintest flush—  
 Commingling softly—of translucent red;  
 Whilst from betwixt the sky and cloud a gush  
 Of the sunk orb's refracted beams was shed  
 With slowly lessening lustre—till at last  
 Night o'er the picture disenchantment cast!

### II.

Under a lofty battlemented tower  
 Uprising from an undulating sweep  
 Of verdant mead and woodland rich and deep—  
 A relic of the old baronial power!—  
 A gaily vested throng did revel keep,  
 In a June eve's ambrosial twilight hour;  
 And in their midst was *one* on whom my gaze  
 With a resistless fascination hung—  
 An airy form inclined beneath the sprays  
 Of a young silvered birch—the while she sung  
 Of love and chivalry's most tender lays.  
 Ah me! gold-tressed, blue-orbed maid, the spell  
 Which o'er my captive mem'ry thou hast flung  
 Would it were mine in glowing verse to tell!

## NEW LIGHTS IN HISTORY.\*

MR. FROUDE's volumes embrace a most important and interesting period of English history, for in those already published he treats of the grave momentous occurrences between the accession of the House of Tudor and the time when Henry VIII. assumed the title of Supreme Head on Earth of the English Church. The work is remarkable, no less than the period it embraces, for it seems designed to justify many of those atrocities of his ensanguined reign which have excited the horror and detestation of posterity; and to persuade us that the Nero of the Tudor race has been unjustly calumniated, that he was not so bad as historians have represented him, and that some of the worst acts of his selfish, capricious, and cruel tyranny were dictated by patriotism and a sense of duty. The book professes to found this justification upon unpublished documents found amongst the Public Records, and thus to throw their authority over the representations of the historian.

Some people, whose views are darkened by the haze of Exeter Hall, and who seem to think the Reformation and the Protestant cause identified with the character of Henry VIII., and strengthened by its vindication, received Mr. Froude's book so exultingly, that we took it up with the expectation of finding that some documents hitherto unknown had been discovered among the Public Records, by which a new light was thrown upon Henry's character and the acts of his reign. Mr. Froude mentions in his preface the discovery by Sir Francis Palgrave, among the Public Records preserved in the Rolls' House, of a large number of documents relating to the opening years of the English Reformation, which had not been published, many of which are highly illustrative and curious, and contain matters hitherto unknown, and are intended to be published by Mr. Froude, who meantime only refers to them as "MSS. in the Rolls' House." Mr. Froude elsewhere propounds, that to the statutes of Henry's reign and to these original state papers, we must look, if we would form a just estimate of his character and policy; and he lays down as a principle that "facts which are stated in an act of parliament may be uniformly trusted." (!) Now, although Mr. Froude is not by any means the first historic inquirer who has recognised the authenticity and importance of the Public Records as materials for history, he seems entitled to the distinction of originality in being the first writer who has been so perverse as to draw from them any conclusions in favour of Henry VIII., or who has ventured to question the verdict of posterity on that sacrilegious and bloodthirsty tyrant. That many of the manuscripts referred to in Mr. Froude's work contain matters not hitherto published, matters highly curious, and illustrative of the cruel, dark, rough years to which they relate, is unquestionable, and their discovery and selection is another benefit conferred upon the public by the judicious vigilance of the learned deputy keeper.

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\* History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By James Anthony Froude, M.A. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1856. Two Vols.

But confining our present remarks to that part of Mr. Froude's work in which he narrates the history of the suppression of monasteries, we can only say that, as far as we have observed, Mr. Froude does not adduce any newly-discovered documents, nor bring forward any new evidence with regard to the monastic delinquencies which were made the pretext for that memorable act of sacrilege and spoliation. His "authorities," as he calls them, for the darker scandals affecting the monasteries, are the letters of those veracious and impartial functionaries the visitors appointed by Thomas Cromwell—at once accusers, witnesses, and judges—a selection from which was published from the MS. volume of Cromwell papers in the Cotton Library, by the Camden Society in its book of "Letters relating to the Suppression of the Monasteries," but "some of the statements of the visitors," Mr. Froude candidly says, "I cannot easily believe." For his other authorities, this new elucidator of history takes the mild and impartial Burnet, to whose *Collectanea* he frequently refers, as if the libels raked together by that sour calumniator were of any authority as a matter of evidence; and Mr. Froude also follows the gentle Fox, besides Strype, and Latimer's Sermons, and the recitals in the statute book of the reign, in which humiliating record, we must take leave to say, we can only discover how ready parliament was to do the will of the king, and blow hot and cold at his bidding.

The journals of the session of the fatal parliament of 1532 are lost; the "Black Book," or Return of the Visitation Commissioners, is lost; not one original information or sworn deposition is cited; but Mr. Froude wishes us to believe that in the Cromwell letters in the Cotton Library and the Rolls' House, and in some Tudor statutes, we may read true accusations against the monks, and a justification for rooting out the whole monastic system; and he tells us that if we are anxious to understand the English Reformation, we should place implicit confidence in the statute book.

It is, of course, only as an historical question that in this busy onward age people revert to the suppression of the monasteries, and discuss the justice of Henry's exterminating acts; and to review the troubles and oppressions of that dark and cruel time, is, indeed, of no more use, save for the elucidation of historical truth, than the inquest of the Lydford jury, who were said to

— hang and draw,  
And sit in judgment after.

In whatever way the question may be viewed, the holders of abbey lands will not be required to relinquish them to their former owners, and the interests of the living need not now prevent them from doing justice to the dead. Yet the question relating to the suppression of the monasteries is one which is seldom discussed without prejudice, and upon which the case has been too commonly taken *pro confesso* against the monks, and without anything like trustworthy evidence. We have less reliable information as to the state of the English monasteries in the opening years of the Reformation, than we have as to the grounds on which these renowned military monks, the Templars, were suppressed in the reign of Edward II.; and though the stately edifices they raised, and the literary monuments of industry they accumulated, in the palmy days of monastic

institutions, might well plead for the piety and industry of the monks of old, Englishmen have generally no more sympathy for them than for the rule under which their unobtrusive lives were passed.

In his chapter on "the Social State of England in the Sixteenth Century," Mr. Froude eloquently says:

"The paths trodden by the footsteps of ages were broken up; old things were passing away, and the faith and the life of ten centuries were dissolving like a dream. Chivalry was dying; the abbey and the castle were soon together to crumble into ruins . . . and all the forms, desires, beliefs, convictions of the old world were passing away never to return. . . . Only among the aisles of the cathedrals, only as we gaze upon their silent figures on their tombs, does some faint conception float before us of what these men were . . . and their church bells that sounded in the mediæval age, now fall upon the ear like the echoes of a vanished world."

The old monastic life is, indeed, hidden from us. To many people, the name of monk—once revered by prince and prelate, soldier and saint—seems only synonymous with all that is sensual, slothful, and superstitious; and the turf and ruins that cover the cemeteries in which the monks of England were laid for their final rest, are to many of us only as "the grass that waves over the ruins of Babylon." But in these days of historic inquiry we should endeavour to see what the monasteries were; and this has been very well described recently by a reviewer in a decidedly Protestant contemporary, who says:

"The abbeys which towered in the midst of the English towns were images of the civil supremacy which the Church of the middle ages had asserted for itself; but they were images also of an inner, spiritual sublimity, which had won the homage of grateful and admiring nations. The heavenly graces had once descended upon the monastic orders, making them ministers of mercy, patterns of celestial life, witnesses of the power of the Spirit to renew and sanctify the heart. And then it was that art, and wealth, and genius poured out their treasures to raise fitting tabernacles for the dwelling of so divine a soul. Alike in the village and the city, amongst the unadorned walls and lowly roofs which closed in the dwellings of the laity, the majestic houses of the Father of mankind and of his especial servants rose up in sovereign beauty. And ever at the sacred gates sat Mercy, pouring out relief, from a never-failing store, to the poor and the suffering; ever within the sacred aisles the voices of holy men were rising in intercession for the sins of mankind; and such blessed influences were thought to exhale round those mysterious precincts, that even the poor outcasts of society . . . gathered round the walls as the sick man sought the shadow of the apostle, and lay there sheltered from the avenging hand. The abbeys of the middle ages withstood the waves of war, and, like the ark amidst the flood, floated inviolate and revered"—while over secular institutions the fierce swift tide of change swept by, and dynasties decayed.

But Mr. Froude says we ought to go to the statute book for trustworthy testimony; take, then, the declaration which a parliament of the mighty Edward made five centuries and a half ago on behalf of the religious houses, then impoverished by the extortions of the alien priories



by their monastic superiors abroad (it is in the "Statute of Carlisle," A.D. 1307):

"Whereas monasteries, priories, and other religious houses were founded to the honour and glory of God and the advancement of Holy Church, by the king and his progenitors, and by the noblemen of the realm; and a great portion of lands and tenements have been given by them to the monasteries, priories, and religious houses, and the religious men serving God in them, to the intent that clerks and laymen might be admitted in such houses, that sick and feeble folk might be maintained, that hospitality, almsgiving, and other charitable deeds might be done, and prayers be said for the souls of the founders and their heirs."

But we should never complete this article within reasonable limits if we were to dilate on the purpose of monastic institutions, or to adduce testimony to the character that the religious houses for centuries enjoyed in England. Mr. Froude does not deny their ancient grandeur, nor wish us to forget the days when they were filled by communities bound by religious rule, whose whole duty it was to labour and to pray; when the world laid its riches at their feet, and for eight centuries saw the notable spectacle of the owners of vast property administering it as a trust, and reaping from it no aggrandisement for themselves. He recognises, too, the fair beauty of the monastic spirit, and bids us view it still imaged in the calm sculptured forms with folded hands that are recumbent on the pavements of our abbey churches, and seem resting, as they lived, in contemplation of heaven. And he says:

"A thousand years in the world's history had rolled by and these lonely islands of prayer remained still anchored in the stream, the strands of the ropes which held them near their last parting, but still unbroken. *They were what they had ever been.*"

Why, then, were they to fall? Because, according to Mr. Froude himself, the monasteries owned only the visitatorial jurisdiction of the Pope; and when, by the transfer to Henry of the ecclesiastical supremacy in England, that visitatorial jurisdiction could be no longer exercised, the monasteries "fell," as he tells us, "by a natural tendency to corruption and decay." Faith, he says, had sunk into superstition, and duty had died into routine. The Pope had not found it necessary to order any general visitation of the monasteries; but parliament had no sooner transferred the ecclesiastical supremacy to the crown, than the king undertook a general visitation. Now, why was this done? It does not appear that stories of the degeneracy of monastic manners were in circulation until the time when a general visitation was decided on. But we know that Henry's idea of spiritual authority, when vested in himself, was the destruction of those who resisted it; and he soon found that his usurpation of papal authority in England could not coexist with the monastic institutions, which were, by foundation, immediately subject only to Rome, and formed (as Professor Stephen has called them) the distant bulwarks of her power. The blood of heroic men, faithful and constant even unto death, like the monks of the London Charter-house, might ensanguine the Tudor scaffold, but the spirit of resistance to usurped authority could not be quenched by the executioner; and, accordingly, the king—who, for the indulgence of his unlawful passion for Anne Boleyn, revolutionised his kingdom and quarrelled with the rest of Christendom, and who afterwards did not hesitate,

for the sake of Jane Seymour, to shed innocent blood and conspire with his council to cloak the deed by forms of law—determined to sacrifice the monasteries, and to make the irregularities which seem to have disgraced certain convents a pretext for destroying all the monastic foundations of the country, and transferring their possessions to himself.

The apologists of Henry VIII. have lately turned very triumphantly to the indictment contained in a letter addressed by Cardinal Morton to William, Abbot of St. Alban's, in 1489. That charges so revolting were true, almost surpasses belief; and the more so, as the accused abbot was only invited to reconsider his doings and amend them. As such dreadful charges were brought against the mitred Abbot of St. Alban's so recently as the year 1489, it might be supposed that wickedness and corruption would be found there, if anywhere, by Henry's visitors, but they do not appear to have reported any immoralities at St. Alban's; they only say there is "just cause of deprivation against the abbot, not only for breaking of the king's injunctions, but also for manifest dilapidation, negligent administration, and sundry other causes." Perhaps, like the Abbot of St. Andrew's, Northampton, he had grown so dainty in his taste as to reserve rents payable in roses instead of corn and grain, in some of the abbey leases, which is made a subject of accusation against the monks of St. Andrew's.

But granting that the Abbot of St. Alban's, in 1489, was guilty of the matters charged against him by Cardinal Morton, what evidence does that furnish to justify Henry's spoliation of the other monasteries fifty years afterwards? And if we are asked to believe that the crimes of the Abbot of St. Alban's, in 1489, were shared by all other abbots, and that, as time went on, the monasteries were deepening in profligacy and corruption until their overthrow could be no longer delayed, we answer that history is silent as to any such abuses; and it must be remembered that in the reign of Edward IV., the reign of Henry VII., and the reign of Henry VIII., until his statutes against Rome, there was no lack of power in the Pope to visit and depose, and there were many instances in which that power had been used with firmness. Mr. Froude would have us believe that Henry did no more than the Pope's visitors would have done if the Holy See had authorised a visitation of the English religious houses; but although they might cause delinquent monks to be deposed and punished, the visitors in former times did not suppress and destroy their monastery.

As to the motives for this purifying visitation, Mr. Froude bids us look at the necessity of Henry's position, and would have us believe that, like his divorce from Queen Katharine, it presented itself to him as a moral obligation. We are all familiar with the hypocritical pretences put forward for the divorce when that measure was demanded by Henry's fickle appetites; and we are not surprised by the pretence that the visitation of monasteries was undertaken for the reformation of manners. Accordingly, the monks were accused of being profligate, self-indulgent, and forgetful of their vows, and the monastic institution was declared effete and delusive. Henry, we know, professed a great zeal for true religion, as became the "Defender of the Faith;" and the purity of his own character assures us that any self-indulgence or profligacy must have been unendurable by the royal accuser of the monks. It is true that some suspicion is cast upon the motive, when we find that even before

the suppression, and by the inquiring visitors themselves, the jewels and plate of the "sick man" were packed up for the king's use; and that (as Mr. Froude himself tells us), in 1529, at a time when the visitation of the monasteries had hardly begun, the destructive party were so confident in the temper of the approaching parliament, and in the irresistible pressure of the times, that the conversation in the great houses of London was an exulting anticipation of the downfall of ecclesiastical institutions, and the confiscation of ecclesiastical property. If Mr. Froude means by "the irresistible pressure of the times" that the public voice accused the monks and demanded their destruction, we take leave to say that there is no more evidence of any such accusation and demand by the people of England than of their alleged impatience for the decision of the Pope in favour of Henry's divorce. If, as Mr. Froude represents, the monasteries were regarded by the people with "gathering indignation" when their sacrifice was declared necessary to render the kingdom independent of the Pope, what does he say to that popular insurrection in their favour some years afterwards—the ill-fated "Pilgrimage of Grace?" Perhaps "the irresistible pressure of the times" was to be found in the Protestant Association of those days, "the Society of Christian Brothers," as they were called, who are described by our author as "poor men, poor cobblers, weavers, carpenters, trade apprentices, and humble artisans, who might be seen at night stealing along the lanes and alleys of London, carrying with them some precious load of books which it was death to possess."\* For then, as in later years—

The oyster-women locked their fish up,  
And trudged away to cry "No bishop;"  
Botchers left old clothes in the lurch,  
And fell to turn and patch the Church.

But this new-born zeal in 1529 contrasts somewhat remarkably with the indifference—nay, according to Mr. Froude, hatred of the mass of the people towards Protestantism only two years before. The time had not yet come when a pious horror of popery pervaded the taproom of every English hostelry, and we believe the people had no wish to lose their old friends the monks, who were, confessedly, liberal landlords and charitable neighbours.

Thomas Cromwell has always been supposed to have urged upon the king the dissolution of the abbeys. It was necessary, however, to lay some evidence before parliament to justify their sacrifice; and so, with the preconceived purpose of spoliation, the reforming visitation was constituted. "Rough and ready" instruments were found in the infamously famous Lee and Layton, and they were constituted visitors in the king's name. There were six hundred and twenty-three monasteries in England. The two commissioners were appointed in September, 1535; the parliament that was to be asked to suppress them was to meet in the following February, and we are asked to believe that the condition of each monastery was investigated in the interval! The very sameness of the result which the commissioners pretended to discover, shows the *animus* of the inquiry; and one would suppose that the visitors found the monks only waiting for their friendly ear to confess their iniquities, just as we

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\* Froude, li. 152.

read now and then of a man looking out for a policeman to give himself into custody for some real or imaginary offence. Amongst many other suspicious circumstances, is the readiness with which a monk—as, for example, him of Pershore—was induced by the visitor to confess to neglect of the rule, and to the commission of various delinquencies. If such confessions were genuine, they only show, what was very probable, that there were miscreant, backsliding monks, or monks who were impatient of their vows, and covetous of the pension which they were told compliance would secure. But why a confession obtained from a Worcester-shire monk was to work the suppression of a Yorkshire abbey, does not appear. The suddenness, too, with which monks are represented to have been converted to the new order of things when Henry had assumed the supremacy, shows the hand of the commissioners—witness the letter printed by Mr. Froude (vol. ii., p. 478), where the monk informs against his superior for allowing “the Bishop of Rome’s” name to remain in the service books. But when monks were found who emulated the constancy of their noble brethren of the Charter-house—monks who were neither impatient of their vows, conscious of guilt, or desirous to bid for the king’s favour, the commissioners were obliged to forge confessions, or resort to subornation of perjury; and they seem to have done so with considerable success.

After the visitation, the king’s highness seems to have placed the monks under surveillance. They certainly were not so indulgently treated as our ticket-of-leave convicts are. Mr. Froude accuses some of them of a “fraudulent concealment” of property, by withdrawing the dedicated plate and jewels of their church from seizure by the commissioners. But in fraud of whom, we would ask, was their church property retained? It had not then been divested from those who legally held it in right of their church; and even if it had been transferred by act of parliament to the king, what fraud would there have been in concealing for their altar what had been inalienably dedicated for its use?

And so, the famous “Black Book” of the monasteries was presented to the Commons. Mr. Froude says he “cannot discuss the question whether the stories it contains were true;” he is content that “it was generally accepted as true by the English parliament.” When we think of the stories it was said to contain, of the sacrilegious determination of the king to secularise the property of the monasteries, of the number of time-servers and courtiers expectant of abbey lands who were in parliament, and of the temper of the anti-papal party, we may perhaps believe that, as Latimer tells us, there arose in the Commons House, when the report of the visitors of abbeyes was read, one long cry of “Down with them!” And like the cry—“Away with him!”—that rose on a more awful occasion in the hall of Pontius Pilate, it prevailed, and without trial the monasteries were suppressed; the lesser monasteries first, but the greater monasteries not until some time afterwards, “as if increase of appetite had grown by what it fed on.”

The commissioners report that they found in some of the larger abbeyes the same delinquencies and immoralities that they report in the lesser houses; and if the crimes alleged against the monks had been the real cause of the suppression, justice would have required that all, being equally guilty, should equally fall, yet the measure was confined to the less wealthy houses only; and in the statute for their suppression it is

even recited "that in divers great and solemn monasteries of this realm—thanks be to God—religion is right well kept and observed."

Mr. Froude says that in the reforming party there was difference of opinion as to the legality of secularising property that had been dedicated to God. Latimer was anxious that the monasteries should at least be converted into places of education, and he deprecated the lay appropriation of abbey lands. Crammer, on the other hand, was reluctant that clerical corporations should exist in any form. However, parliament was soon induced to resolve that reformation was hopeless, and, without trial or hearing, to dissolve all the lesser abbeys (that is to say, all monasteries having an income of less than 200*l.* a year), declaring it to be "much more to the pleasure of Almighty God, and for the honour of this His realm, that the possessions of such spiritual houses, now spent and spoiled and wasted for increase and maintenance of sin, should be converted to better use;" and Mr. Froude has told us how trustworthy the declarations even of a Tudor statute are. The "better use" aimed at was that of the compliant noblemen and gentlemen expectant of abbey lands, by whom of course they would not be spoiled and wasted; but, for the present, parliament (by statute 27 Henry VIII., chap. 28) gave those possessions to the king. "And this measure," says Mr. Froude, "we must regard as bravely and wisely resolved."

As to the great monasteries, that is to say, as to all the religious houses not within the statute just mentioned, the policy of the court was (as Mr. Wright has justly observed in his edition of letters on the Suppression of Monasteries) to persuade or terrify the monks into a voluntary surrender, but this policy was successful in a comparatively small number of instances. Where the abbots were stubborn, they were indicted for high treason, and upon one charge or another disposed of by the gallows. Thus it was that the noble and ancient abbey of Glastonbury fell. Can any Englishman think without indignation and horror of the mockery of justice by which this outrage was accomplished? Glastonbury was doomed because the visitors found in the abbot's study a MS. "book of arguments against the divorce of the king's majesty and the queen dowager;" and, moreover, a printed life of "Thomas Becket." It does not appear that the king's visitors could discover any immorality or other matter of complaint against this great abbey. They, however, managed to have the abbot executed, upon a charge that he had robbed Glastonbury church. Probably he had endeavoured to conceal some of its plate from the hands of the spoiler. The true reason for the dissolution of the abbey was, that the commissioners found it (to use their own language) "the goodliest house of the sort they had ever seen. The house," they say, "is great, goodly, and so princely, as we have not seen the like, with four parks adjoining, a great mere five miles in compass, well replenished with great pike, bream, perch, and roach; four fair manor places belonging to the late abbot, being goodly mansions."

In this way the greater monasteries gradually shared the fate of the lesser houses which had fallen at one stroke under the act of parliament; and so rapid was the work of suppression, that whereas in the parliament of 1536 twenty-eight mitred abbots were present or voted in the House of Lords, they were diminished in the parliament which opened on the 18th of April, 1539, to twenty, and in the session begun in the following year all the abbots had disappeared. In the mean time, and before the

dissolution of the great houses, the king's visitors were sent to any abbey which, like St. Edmund's at Bury, was particularly rich and provokingly innocent of any offence, to visit for the purpose of confiscating "the superstitious relics." How gold and silver, to the value of five thousand marks (a sum equivalent, perhaps, to 18,000*l.* of our money), came to be regarded as "superstitious relics," does not appear; but the more valuable the spoil the more superstitious seems to have been its use.

As Henry VIII. had been able to intimidate even the clergy in convocation into pronouncing the opinion he wanted in favour of his divorce, it is not surprising that he induced a parliament, poor, servile, and corrupt, to suppress the lesser monasteries, and to vest in him these houses, and afterwards the possessions of the greater monasteries that had been dissolved. The manner in which the abbey lands soon came to be possessed by the courtiers and statesmen who had been active in these measures for the crown, forms a significant commentary on the motive for the whole proceeding.

Henry had found parliament very compliant to his will, and ready to vote his measures "acceptable to God," or "for the benefit of the realm," as the case might be. The obsequious Commons—whose learning of course had qualified them to judge of such a matter—had affirmed the invalidity of his marriage to Katharine; then, the invalidity of his marriage to Anne Boleyn; and when he wished to marry again, humbly entreated him to do so; they were ready to vote Mary and Elizabeth illegitimate, and then to vote them legitimate again, as the policy of the time should require; they had complaisantly assisted him to dispose of wives of whom he was weary and take others whom he coveted, and why should they not help him to the monastic wealth of which he likewise desired to possess himself? They had assumed to declare him Supreme Head of the English Church; and when, later in his reign, the anti-papal king turned suppressor of religious houses, separated from the communion of the Church of Rome, and was formally deprived by the Pope of the title he had conferred, the legislature assumed to confer it and annex it for ever to the crown. He did not find the clergy so compliant in 1531, and had to resort to most oppressive means before he could extort from the clerical body a recognition of his title of Head of the Church. It was pretended they had incurred the penalties of the statutes of *præsumptum*, and they had to buy their ransom by humiliation and a subsidy of 100,000*l.* In the following year the impoverished clergy were sufficiently servile. They endeavoured to outbid parliament for the king's favour. They volunteered in the opposition to the Pope; and, hating a burden upon their purses more than they loved the union of Christendom, they in convocation addressed the king and offered to revolt from Rome. While the visitation was in progress, and while parliament was busy with the measures of suppression of the monasteries, the bishops were paralysed by inhibitions, and "submitted," says Mr. Froude, "in a forced conformity." Our author confesses that the Lords of Parliament, spiritual as well as temporal, "existed as an ornament rather than as a power, and, under the direction of the council, followed as the stream drew them, when, individually, they would have chosen, had they dared to do so, a different course." By the King and the Commons, through the instrumentality of Cromwell, the work of sacrilege was done, and we have many a glimpse of the selfish scheming of that unscrupulous adven-

turer;—witness, for example, the letter addressed to him by Lee, the commissioner for the northern district, in which the writer offers to promote Cromwell's desire for the stewardship of the possessions of Furness Abbey, if he will aid Lee in obtaining a grant of Holm Cultram. So, too, Mr. John Beaumont sends Cromwell a present of 20*l.*, and prays that he may be allowed to purchase the nunnery of Grace Dieu. And so, *ad nauseam*, the harpy courtiers contended for the possessions of the monasteries, or for the offices of stewardship created by their suppression. But Mr. Froude wishes us, nevertheless, to believe that the suppression was occasioned by the corruption of the monasteries, and was undertaken by the government as a duty which the interests of religion obliged them to perform; yet he elsewhere admits that the monasteries were "sacrificed to the policy which rendered it necessary to throw off the papal jurisdiction." Henry VIII. had no wish to abridge the papal power until its authority restrained his licentious and adulterous will. On the divorce question, the fickle tyrant, as we all know, first appealed to the Pope's dispensing powers, but when he found that he could not obtain sentence in his favour, then made it treason to assert them; and it was not until the long-suffering Katharine appealed to the Pope that Henry abolished the papal power in England. With regard to the suppression of monasteries, Protestant sympathies are in favour of the destructive reformers and against the constructive monks; but it is a mistake to view that measure as undertaken with any view to the Reformation. That change was the gradual consequence of Henry's assumption of the supremacy. Some time before the suppression of monasteries, the mass of the people, says Mr. Froude, fancied "it was possible for a national church to separate itself from the unity of Christendom, and, at the same time, to retain the power to crush or prevent innovation in doctrine; they fancied that faith in the sacramental system could still be maintained, though the priesthood should minister in gilded chains. But Wolsey saw that plain men could not and would not continue to reverence the office of the priesthood when the priests were treated as the paid officials of an earthly authority higher than their own." When, in 1534, parliament assumed to declare Henry Supreme Head of the Church of England, the government took care to disclaim any intention to decline or vary from the congregation of Christ's Church in anything concerning the articles of the Catholic faith, or anything declared by Holy Scripture and the Word of God. But no final rupture had then taken place with Rome. The political complications of the time, and the power of England, led Henry to imagine that, notwithstanding his self-willed acts of defiance and sacrilege, the nation might remain in religious communion with Rome; and the statutes against the papal power which were enacted when that expectation was given up, are to be viewed as dictated by a roused spirit of national independence and a jealousy of foreign jurisdiction, rather than by any altered convictions of Englishmen on the score of doctrine. How soon the result foreseen by Wolsey came to pass, we have no present occasion to show; and having intended to confine the present article to that part of Mr. Froude's work in which he treats of the suppression of the monasteries, we need not trace the history of the early Reformation statutes, or of their victims, "whose high forms, seen in the sunset of the old faith, seem to stand on the horizon tinged with the light of its dying glory."

W. S. G.

## THE HISTORY OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS,

AUTHOR OF THE "EIGHTEENTH CENTURY."

## XIV.

The first Sunday Paper—Goldsmith's Character of the Newspapers in 1780—Foundation of the *Morning Herald*—Sir Bate Dudley—Hugh Boyd—Libel again!—The *Jenny*—Richard Brinsley Sheridan—The first Editor's Box, and its inventor, Crisp—Foundation of the *Times*—John Walter the First—Fines and Imprisonments—The First Evening Paper and Peter Stuart—James Perry—The *Argus*—Louis Goldsmid—Sampson Perry—Sales of Newspaper Property—Engagement of Coleridge and Lamb—Stephen Jones—Transmission of Papers through the Post—Circulation of Newspapers—Close of the Century.

THERE were now seventeen papers published in London : of these, in 1777, seven came out every morning, eight thrice a week, one twice, and one only once, a week. There had as yet been no Sunday papers, but the citizens could fast from politics and news on the seventh day no longer, and, in 1778, *Johnson's Sunday Monitor* appeared. The information which they hungered after was political gossip, conjectures, guesses, anticipations, pure inventions—all supposed to be genuine until contradicted next day—mysterious whisperings as from some great authority whom it would compromise, perhaps lead to the block, to name, but which were the crumbs of information which had been dropped from the great man's table, picked up by his footman, and spiced for the news-collector—perhaps greedily swallowed at last by Hugh Kelly himself, and disgorged into the newspaper office for five-and-twenty shillings a week, as per his contract with the *Gazetteer* ; or, by a less conscientious mind than poor Hugh's, fabricated entirely, as Goldsmith, who knew something of these matters himself, suggests :

"The universal passion for politics is gratified by daily gazettes, as with us in China. But, as in ours, the emperor endeavours to instruct his people, in theirs, the people endeavour to instruct the administration. You must not, however, imagine that they who compile these papers have any actual knowledge of the politics or the government of a state ; they only collect their materials from the oracle of some coffee-house, which oracle has himself gathered them the night before from a beau at a gaming-table, who has pillaged his knowledge from a great man's porter, who has had his information from the great man's gentleman, who has invented the whole story for his own amusement the night preceding."\*

It was in this year that the Rev. Henry Bate quarrelled with his colleagues of the *Morning Post* and set up the *Morning Herald* on his own account, the first number of which appeared on Wednesday, the 1st of November, "to be conducted," as he promises in his address to the public, "upon liberal principles." Bate, whose previous fortunes we have traced when speaking of the foundation of the *Post*, still continued a fast parson ; he wrote plays and fought duels, took the name of Dudley, together with a large estate, under the will of a friend, and immediately bought the reversion to the living of Bradwell-juxta-Mare, eleven miles

\* Citizen of the World.



from Maldon, where he laid out twenty-eight thousand pounds in restoring the church, schools, and rectory-house, now known as Bradwell Lodge, on the roof of which may be seen this magnificent editor's observatory, ornamented with Ionic columns, which form the chimneys of the whole building. The rector, on whose life the reversion depended, died, as even rectors with fat livings must, but the Bishop of London refused to induct into his place the Rev. Bate Dudley. This gave rise to a lawsuit, which lasted seven years, ended in a compromise at last, and left Dudley a poorer man by some two-and-twenty thousand pounds. But the *Herald* had espoused the cause of the Prince of Wales; and while Sheridan defended him in the House of Commons, the Prince and the Duke of Clarence befriended him in private; in 1805 he got the rich rectory of Kilcoran, and was made chancellor of the diocese of Ferns, and a justice of the peace, and in 1812 he obtained a baronetcy. Sir Henry Bate Dudley died at Cheltenham in 1824.

Similar, in more than one respect, were the character and career of a contemporary, Hugh Boyd, on whom John Almon has so laboriously tried to fit the cloak of Junius. His father was Alexander Macanlay, Esq., of Glenville, in the county of Antrim, who had been a friend of Swift's, and his mother a daughter of Hugh Boyd, Esq., of Ballycastle. The second son by this marriage, and born in 1746, he became the heir of Mr. Boyd by will, and on his death he, like Bate, assumed the name as well as the wealth of his benefactor. But he had only just left Trinity College, and was, perhaps, more extravagant than the editor of the *Morning Herald*. In 1766, he was called to the bar in Dublin, and soon after came over to London, and entered himself of the Temple—also entering the temple of Hymen with a richly endowed bride. But his estate and her dower were soon expended; in 1776, he became a political writer as the author of the *Freeholder*, and in 1779 and 1780 was associated with Almon's *London Courant*, for which he wrote the series of articles called the *Whig*. His interest, like Dudley's, was good; and, in 1781, he went in the suite of the Earl of Macartney to India, and in 1782 was sent ambassador to the King of Candy. On his return from this mission he started the *Indian Observer* at Madras, where he died in 1794.

Both the *Herald*, which Dudley edited, and the *London Courant*, for which Boyd wrote, suffered prosecution in the next year (1781). On the 4th of July, "the late printers of the *London Courant* and the *Noon Gazette*, the publisher of the *Morning Herald*, and the printer of the *Gazetteer*, received sentence in the Court of King's Bench for a libel on the Russian ambassador; the printer of the *London Courant*, as the original publisher, to be imprisoned one year, and stand for one hour in the pillory at the Royal Exchange; the printer of the *Noon Gazette* to pay a fine of one hundred pounds, and to be imprisoned one year, and, for an aggravated paragraph, to be imprisoned six months after the expiration of the first imprisonment, and pay a second fine of one hundred pounds; the publisher of the *Morning Herald* to pay a fine of one hundred pounds, and be imprisoned one year; and the printer of the *Gazetteer* (being a female) to pay a fine of fifty pounds, and be imprisoned for six months."\* On the next day, and for the same

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\* *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1781.

offence, the printers of the *Whitehall Evening Post* and *Middlesex Journal* were also sentenced to pay a fine of one hundred pounds each, and be each imprisoned one year; and the printer of the *St. James's Chronicle* to pay the fine without suffering the imprisonment.

Truly, the Russian ambassador must have had full revenge!

The year 1782, as far as we can trace, saw the first connexion with the press of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who was shortly to shed such immortal lustre on his name by his eloquent defence of its liberties, and who now appears to have been united with others in bringing out the *Jesuit*. It is not very agreeable to have to add that, on its party afterwards coming into power, a prosecution which the fallen government had brought against its printer was allowed to proceed, and he was left to suffer the full term of the year's imprisonment to which he was sentenced.

From Brinsley Sheridan to Samuel Crisp! Well, there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and while we record when the one came into newspaper life, let us not omit to tell when the other went out of it. In January, 1784, then, died Samuel Crisp, who first introduced the "editor's box" at newspaper offices!

A more important event took place in January, 1785, on the thirteenth day of which there appeared No. 1 of the *Daily Universal Register*, a paper of four pages, principally designed, it would seem, to introduce to the public a new invention of printing with types representing words and syllables instead of only letters—a patent process, conceived by one Henry Johnson, a compositor, and which was to save time, trouble, expense, and errors. The price of the first number was twopence-halfpenny, and the printer and proprietor was John Walter, of Printing-house-square, who appears to have suffered great annoyances and losses in his attempts to introduce his logographical hobby into universal practice; but in three years afterwards he found the title of his new paper inconvenient, and on the 1st of January, 1788, forged that iron name which every morning knocks at the door of a sleeping world, and bids, in a voice of thunder, wake!

#### THE TIMES!

The reasons for this change Walter thus describes: "The *Universal Register*, from the day of its first appearance to the day of its confirmation, has, like *Tristram* (Shandy), suffered from unusual casualties, both laughable and serious, arising from its *name*, which, on its introduction, was immediately curtailed of its fair proportion by all who called for it—the word *universal* being universally omitted, and the word *register* being only retained. 'Boy, bring me the *Register*.' The waiter answers, 'Sir, we have not a library, but you may see it at the New Exchange Coffee-house.' 'Then I'll see it there,' answers the disappointed politician, and he goes to the New Exchange and calls for the *Register*; upon which the waiter tells him that he cannot have it, as he is not a subscriber, and presents him with the Court and City Register, the Old Annual Register, or the New Annual Register, or, if the coffee-house be within the purlieus of Covent Garden, or the hundreds of Drury, slips into the politician's hand *Harris's Register* of ladies. For these and other reasons, the parents of the *Universal Register* have added to its original name that of the *Times*, which, being a monosyllable, bids defiance to corruptors and mutilators of the language."

Walter, who appears to have been somewhat of a dull, plodding man, with his head full of the logographic system, which was to create a revolution in the world of letters, appeals in lachrymose style to the public ever and anon, to "support" him against the jokes and ridicule which his system brought down upon him, till, at last, having persevered with admirable obstinacy and to the serious detriment of his finances, he was content to adopt the common-place way of printing his paper, and the *Times* ceased to be "printed logographically." It made little or no sensation in the world, and certainly gave no indications of future power. For, in truth, it possessed none; the *Herald*, the *Public* and *General Advertiser*, had the ear of the public and the lion's share of weight and influence, and the circulation of Walter's offspring was small and sluggish. In fact, we have been informed, on the very best authority, that the circulation of the paper, as late as 1803, when its original founder yielded up its management into the hands of his son, did not exceed 1000 copies a day. It is, however, only fair to state that at that time the *Morning Post*, according to the *Gentleman's Magazine* of July, 1833, circulated only 4500, and none of the other daily papers exceeded 3800.

But while Walter pursued the even tenor of his way, unmolested and unmolested, his more prominent contemporaries were once more made to feel the drawbacks that attend popularity. In February, 1786, the *Morning Herald* and *General Advertiser* accused Pitt of gambling in the funds, a charge which the minister thought damaged his character to the extent of ten thousand pounds; but the jury thought differently, and gave him damages of two hundred and fifty pounds against the *Herald*, and one hundred and fifty against the *Advertiser*. In the same year, too, the *Public Advertiser* of Henry Woodfall got into trouble, and had to sustain actions for libel brought by Edmund Burke and Lord Loughborough. Burke laid his damages at five thousand pounds, but only got a hundred; and Lord Loughborough (the Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas) made Woodfall pay for "intending to vilify him, by causing him to be suspected of being in bad circumstances, and not able to pay his debts, or willing to pay them without an execution."

Neither did Walter steer clear very long of prosecutions. As the new paper felt its feet it began to imitate its seniors: it got more bold, adopted a higher tone, and commented with greater freedom on public matters. In 1789, Walter had ventured upon some strictures on the Duke of York, for the publication of which he was criminally prosecuted and sentenced to pay a fine of fifty pounds, be imprisoned for one year in Newgate, and stand in the pillory for one hour, besides giving securities at the end of his term of imprisonment, himself in five hundred pounds, and two householders in one hundred pounds each, for his good behaviour for seven years. But the infant *Times* was not so soon silenced. In the next year it was thought necessary to again prosecute Walter, for two libels on the Prince of Wales and Duke of York, charging them with having, by improper conduct, incurred the disapprobation of their royal father; and one on the Duke of Clarence, whom he had accused of returning home from the place where his ship was stationed, without the authority either of the Admiralty or his commanding officer. On the 3rd of February, 1790, he was brought up in custody from Newgate, where he was working off his former punishment, and, for the first of these libels, sentenced to pay a fine of one hundred pounds, and be im-

prisoned for one year from the expiration of his present term; and, for the second, he was simply fined one hundred pounds. But, after undergoing four months of his second term of imprisonment, Mr. Walter was liberated, at the intercession of the Prince of Wales, on the 9th of March, 1791.

Three years after the foundation of the *Times*, and, in 1788, the first (daily) evening paper made its appearance—the *Star*, founded by Peter Stuart.

In the next year, "Memory Woodfall" seceding from the *Morning Chronicle*, and setting up his new paper, the *Diary*, was succeeded in the management of the former by James Perry, who elevated it very speedily to a higher position than it had yet occupied. Perry (born October 30th, 1756) was the son of a wright or house-joiner of Aberdeen, who spelt the name Pirie, and managed to send his son successively to the school and chapel of Guriveh, kept by Mr. Farquhar, to the grammar school of Aberdeen, and finally, in 1771, to the Mareschal College, where he entered the Latin and Greek classes, and continued three years. He was then articled to Arthur Dingwall Fordyce, an attorney; but at the expiration of his term his father had fallen into difficulties, and was in no position to put him out in the world; so, being a good dancer, he was induced to join a company of actors, composed of Digges, Mills, and others, who were then at Aberdeen, and with whom he appeared as *Sempronius*, and in second-rate characters (occasionally varying his performances with a hornpipe between the acts), at Montrose, Arbroath, Dundee, and Perth, and, according to Holcroft, who had then joined the troop, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne; but on their return to Edinburgh, Digges, the manager, frankly informed him that his brogue unfitted him for theatrical pursuits. Procuring recommendations to Manchester, he obtained a situation as clerk to a Mr. Dinwiddie, with whom he remained two years, and then bent his steps to London, hopeful of achieving success with his pen. He, however, had a difficulty in getting a subsistence by it at first, and was but a poor publisher's hack.

The *General Advertiser* was then just started, and Perry in idle hours penned some articles and letters, which he dropped into its letter-box, and which were always inserted. Seeking employment, and calling upon Richardson and Urquhart, a publishing firm to whom he had got letters of recommendation, he found Mr. Urquhart reading the *General Advertiser*. "I have heard of no situation for you, young man," he said, looking up from his paper, but added, smiling, "If, now, you could write such an article as I have just been reading, I could give you immediate employment myself." It happened to be one of Perry's own articles, as he soon proved by producing another in the same writing, which he was carrying to the printers. Mr. Urquhart then informed him that they were the principal proprietors of the *Advertiser*, and were in want of just such a person, and, next day, engaged him at a salary of a guinea a week, and half a guinea a week for any assistance he might give to the *London Evening Post*. His talent for reporting was first made apparent in the trials of Admirals Keppel and Palliser, when, for six weeks together, he sent up daily from Portsmouth eight columns of the reports, taken by himself alone, which increased the circulation of the paper by several thousands daily. This attracted the attention of the newspaper world,

and he was offered the editorship of the *Gazetteer*, on the death of Wall, with a salary of four guineas a week, a post which he only undertook on condition of being unfettered in the expression of his political opinions, which were Foxite. Perry soon effected a revolution in reporting; Woodfall, single-handed, was bringing out his reports of the night's debates on the following evening—sometimes not before midnight. Wall had been weeks in arrear sometimes; but Perry, by having reliefs and relays of reporters, brought out the night's debate on the following morning, anticipating Woodfall by nearly twelve hours. In 1789, in conjunction with a Mr. Gray, he purchased and edited the *Morning Chronicle*. Gray (who was also a Scotchman) had been tutor in Greek and Latin at the Charter-house, the head master of which left him five hundred pounds for good conduct; this, joined to the same amount which Perry borrowed of Ransom and Co., the bankers, and a loan (afterwards made a present to him by will) which he procured of Bellamy, wine merchant, in Chandos-street, and doorkeeper at the House of Commons, purchased the *Chronicle*.\* Gray, who was a man of more classical learning, if less lively talent, than Perry, died soon after, and the property devolved upon his partner, subject to an annuity payable to Gray's sister. It became in Perry's hands a mine of wealth, producing an income larger than ever newspaper had produced before, varying from six to ten thousand per annum. Without sacrificing independence—even gaining the paper a high character for the boldness of its tone and the vigour of its writing—he avoided giving provocation to the government, except on two trifling occasions, for a period of forty years' writing, including the whole of the period when the venom of the French Revolution was poisoning every pen, and its wild and lawless principles pulling at the bonds of order, and throwing down the hedges and barriers of society. On both occasions, when defended by Erskine and when defending himself, he was acquitted; but once he and Lambert, his printer, were confined in Newgate for a contempt of the House of Lords, in calling it a "hospital of incurables." This was during the editorship of Spankie (afterwards Serjeant Spankie, M.P. for Finsbury, and Attorney-General of Bengal), to whom he was obliged to entrust the office, on account of his numerous avocations at the time, for Perry did not confine his talents or his industry to the *Chronicle*. He wrote and published several political pamphlets and poems, and, in 1782, founded, and for a year edited, the *European Magazine*. He was often a busy and eloquent speaker in the debating societies of the day, at meetings of the Whig Club, the Westminster elections, &c. He edited, for several years, "Debrett's Parliamentary Debates." Unfortunately, too, he entered into commercial speculations: one, a scheme of Mr. Booth's for polygraphic paintings, which failed; the other, the purchase of some mills at Merton, which proved a heavy loss, and much embarrassed him at the time. He was a man of strict honour and integrity, of persevering industry, active benevolence, and strict consistency in all his actions and opinions, and died at Brighton, universally respected in the profession, in

\* Mr. Knight Hunt (Fourth Estate, vol. ii. p. 103) introduces a portion of these facts as "some curious and hitherto unpublished particulars." Mr. Hunt is wrong; they all appeared in the *Monthly Magazine* of Sir Richard Phillips, for January, 1822.

December, 1821, at the age of sixty-five.\* He had been twice married, and left six children. He could scarcely, perhaps, be called a scholar; but was fond of black-letter lore, and had at his house in Tavistock-square a curious collection of rare books, valued at fifteen hundred pounds.

Of the same name, but not possessing one single attribute in common, was a contemporary newspaper celebrity—or perhaps we should rather say notoriety—Sampson Perry, editor of the *Argus*. An infamous paper of the same name had been started in Paris by an English Jew, one Louis Goldsmid, who had fled the country to avoid a justly-deserved punishment, and who used it as a weapon of attack against everything English, in which honourable pursuit he was assisted with funds by the French minister of foreign affairs. On a hint that by making a submission he could get his sentence reversed, he came over to England, and started a weekly paper called the *Anti-Gallican Monitor*, attacking everything French: again changing sides on the restoration of Louis XVIII., who bought him with a bribe and a pension. Sampson Perry, who had been first a surgeon and then captain of militia, took up the *Argus* and wrote up the most revolutionary doctrines, deliberately throwing obloquy on the character of those whom he could not fairly and honourably overcome by argument. He started (or rather revived) the paper in 1789, “at an expense,” as he says, “of four thousand pounds,” and in 1790 was prosecuted for a seditious libel in stating that the king and Pitt had kept back important information for stock-jobbing purposes, and being found guilty, he was fined and imprisoned. In 1792, he was indicted for a libel on the House of Commons, and fled from prosecution. “I put a shirt and pair of stockings in my pocket,” he says,† “and with only eleven guineas in my purse, I set off to Brighthelmston,” from whence he escaped to Disappe. The trial came on in the Court of King’s Bench on December 10th, and Perry, neither appearing in person nor by counsel, was found guilty, and a reward of a hundred pounds was offered for his apprehension. In France he got into the congenial company of Tom Paine, Danton, and the revolutionists and riff-raff of all nations, who had come to fraternise with their hands in each other’s pockets and their knives at each other’s throat. The absence of the head conspirator lost for the *Argus* such weight as he had gained for it, as a dangerous and reckless paper, and soon after his conviction it fell to the ground.

Notwithstanding the excitement of the times, newspaper property was not very flourishing; a few papers took the lead, the rest were “nowhere.” Even the *Chronicle* only sold 1148 a day in March, 1797, and 1537 a day in March, 1798. The copyright of the *Oracle*, daily paper, circulating 800 a day, was bought by Peter Stuart, in 1795, for eighty pounds; and the copyright, house, and materials of the *Morning Post*, circulating only 350 a day, were transferred to himself and his brother Daniel for six hundred. Soon after the acquisition of the latter paper, and at the recommendation of Mr. (afterwards Sir James) Mackintosh, himself a contributor, Daniel Stuart secured the services of Coleridge for a paltry salary. The *Post* had suffered a heavy prosecution, three years before its sale, at the suit of Lady Elizabeth Lambert, who gained a ver-

\* *Monthly Magazine*, vol. lii. pp. 565-7.

† Observations prefixed to a Sketch of the French Revolution. By Sampson Perry. London: 1796. 2 vols.

dict against it for libel, with damages of four thousand pounds. This, with the costs, no doubt crippled a paper already not very strong, and hastened its sale. The contributions of Coleridge, if not so attractive at the time as he has intimated, certainly assisted its recovery more than Stuart has chosen to admit. The Stuarts made a beggarly offer to Burns, who rejected it with disdain; but with Coleridge the case was different; his poverty was forced to consent, and his task-masters seem to have studied to keep him in dependence, as his friend and fellow-labourer, Charles Lamb, has more than hinted, and his biographer, Gillman, boldly declared.

"In those days," says Lamb, "every morning paper, as an essential retainer to its establishment, kept an author, who was bound to furnish daily a quantum of witty paragraphs. Sixpence a joke—and it was thought pretty high too—was Dan Stuart's settled remuneration in these cases. The chat of the day, scandal, but, above all, dress, furnished the material."

A laborious editor of the time was Stephen Jones, the originator and many years compiler of a work which was intended to make newspaper literature of a more permanent character, and give to it a more lasting effect. This was the "*Spirit of the Press*," an annual volume containing all the best articles which had appeared in the newspapers during the year. Jones, who was born in 1763, and brought up at St. Paul's School, was originally designed by his friends for a sculptor, but he preferred printing, and worked at the trade for some time. In 1797 he was made editor of the *Whitehall Evening Post*, which he afterwards left for the *General Evening Post*. In 1799, he issued his first volume of the "*Spirit of the Press*," and from time to time wrote and compiled various other works of some value, editing also for some time the *European Magazine*.

The number of papers coming out daily in London, in 1790, was fourteen, with seven twice a week, and eleven weekly. In 1792, the number was thirteen daily, and twenty weekly or twice a week; whereas, ten years previously, in 1782, it had been nine daily, nine twice a week, and none weekly. In 1795, there were fourteen daily, ten thrice a week, two twice a week, and twelve weekly. In 1777, the circulation of papers throughout the kingdom was 13,150,642; in 1778, 13,240,059; in 1779, 14,106,842; in 1780, 14,217,371; in 1781, 14,397,620; in 1782, 15,272,519; in 1790 it had dropped to 14,035,639, and in 1792 it only reached 15,005,760.\* The greater portion of these passed through the Post-office, carrying their information into every nook and corner of the land.

The *British Gazette and Sunday Monitor* of January 10th, 1796, gives the number passing annually through the post as twelve millions, whereas, before Mr. Palmer's improvement in the system of mail communication, the number had not exceeded two millions.

It may not have struck some people before, that a man, whom they may or may not have heard of as having introduced mail-coaches, had any hand in securing the liberties of the country, or adding in so large a degree to the influence and usefulness of the press.

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\* Encyclopædia Britannica, and Encyclopædia Londiniensis.

# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

## LIFE AND TIMES OF BARON VON STEIN.

1757—1809.

So many different views have been entertained about the conduct of the great Prussian minister Baron von Stein during the eventful years 1805-1815, that we hail with glad welcome the very valuable work for which we are indebted to the indefatigable researches of Pertz, editor of the "*Monumenta Historica Germaniæ*."\* The statesman who, as confidential adviser of Frederick William III., and then of the Emperor Alexander, did so much to ensure the liberation of Germany and the overthrow of Napoleon, has been very differently regarded by different nations; but all have been compelled, voluntarily or involuntarily, to recognise him as one of the greatest of the great men of his age. But though hundreds of books have been written bearing more or less immediate reference to Stein, no author had hitherto hit on the idea of writing his life in a manner worthy of the great subject. Stein's repugnance to memoir-writing had much to do with this, and when urged by personal friends to fill up the gap and prevent all possible misunderstanding, the old man would reply, gruffly, "I utterly detest the whole genus of memoirs. My memoirs must not rank with those of Vidocq, Samson le Bourreau, d'une Contemporaine, Miss Wilson," &c. After Stein's death, however, his intimate friend Pertz undertook the task of writing his life, and has received great assistance from all those persons who came into immediate contact with the minister. The result is a very German one: the editor has gone to work with that *Gründlichkeit* peculiar to his countrymen, and has produced a thoroughly unreadable book, yet full of the most valuable documents, which only a reviewer could have the patience to pick out of the surrounding heap of prosy reflections and laudation of the fatherland. Fortunately for our readers, Stein's life presents three great lines of demarcation in the years 1808, 1814, and 1816, and in the present paper we propose to regard the tangled web of his life from the commencement until his proscription by Napoleon, and flight to Russia. A memoir written by Stein himself in 1823, at the request of the Crown Prince Louis of Bavaria, supplies a portion of the material we purpose to employ.

CARL VON STEIN was born at the ancestral Castle of Stein, in Nassau, on the 26th October, 1757, just ten days before the battle of Rossbach; he was the fourth child of his parents, and the favourite of the whole

\* *Das Leben des Ministers Freiherrn von Stein.* Von G. H. Pertz. Berlin: G. Reimer.



house. His father was disposed to enkindle a true love of his country in the lad, and was himself well acquainted with the tortuous machinations of court life by a residence of forty years at the ecclesiastical court of Mayence. Thence he retired to his estates, and devoted himself to hunting and shooting, and the education of his children. Carl spent his time in the study of history, and was a passionate admirer of the English constitution, and this feeling adhered to him through life. In 1773 he proceeded to the University of Göttingen, where he studied jurisprudence and history, and eventually proceeded on his travels—like a young baron was expected to do in those days of the grand tour—through Styria and Hungary. But a great change took place in his prospects: owing to the spendthrift habits of the eldest son, a written family compact was made that the family should give up all claim to the family estates on behalf of the one whom the parents selected as the future representative of the baronial house. The choice fell upon Carl, for no one foresaw that the family name was destined to expire with him.

The certainty of eventually coming in to a large estate in one of the loveliest portions of Germany would, probably, have satisfied most men; but the young heir only regarded it as active means to promote the welfare of his fatherland. However, he took advantage of the opportunity to give up the proposed plan that he should become a member of the Imperial Court of Exchequer, and he applied for an appointment at Berlin. On the 2nd February, 1780, Frederick II. nominated him chamberlain, and the young man planted his foot on the first rung of the ladder up which he was to climb so laboriously to renown.

His first appointment was to the mining department, which was then in an unsatisfactory condition; and so laboriously did he work, and so satisfied were the ministers with him, that in two years he was promoted to the rank of chief mining counsellor in spite of the opposition of the king, who regarded his advancement as too rapid. After a lengthened journey of inspection, Stein returned to Berlin in 1784, and was appointed director of the Westphalian mines and factories. As he himself says, "I went to work zealously, but was apt to regard matters only from one side, so that I caused dissatisfaction and complaints, which I could have avoided by greater mildness, and which I eventually did avoid." In May, 1785, Stein was drawn into the vortex of diplomacy very unexpectedly, and from no desire of his own. Joseph II. had not given up his designs for the aggrandisement of his house dominions, which had been frustrated by the war of succession and the peace of Teschen. His meeting with Catherine II. prepared the way for fresh advances. They came to an agreement based on mutual interest: Catherine had full liberty of action in the East, where she proposed to overthrow Turkey and found a Greek empire for her grandson Constantine, while Joseph directed his attention to Germany and the Netherlands. Louis XVI., his brother-in-law, did all in his power to promote Joseph's plans, and as England had her hands full of the American war, the ambitious young emperor hoped to overreach his sole decided enemy among the great powers, and gain his object by perseverance. Frederick was well aware of the imminent danger, and prepared to resist. His position was very awkward: he had lost Russia as his ally, and England was too much exhausted to come to his assistance; hence the only prospect was to effect a con-

federation among the second-rate powers. The first step in this direction was a union of the German courts after the pattern of the confederation of Schmalkald. Joseph was very active, and his proposition to give the Elector Carl Theodor the Netherlands, under the title of a Kingdom of Burgundy, in exchange for Bavaria, soon reached the king's ears. At the same time, the Russian ambassador appeared at the court of the next agnate, the Duke des Deux Ponts, and demanded his consent to the proposed change. The King of Prussia immediately appealed to Russia and France, the guarantors of the treaty of Teschen; but as he could not gain any definite promise of the withdrawal of the Austrian plan, he decided on carrying out the proposed confederation. It was on this occasion that the old king made the memorable remark, "My age protects me from any apprehension that such things will take place in my time; and if I strive to prevent them it is solely through devotion to my country, and the duty which every good citizen must feel to maintain his fatherland in those rights and privileges which he found existing when he came into the world." The king, however, found an unexpected ally in the Elector of Mayence, and Stein was appointed to carry out the negotiations. The following extract will give a lively idea of the German courts at that day:

The Gallicised Duke Charles des Deux Ponts was, like Louis XV., entirely devoted to pleasure. Women, plays, concerts, festivals, the chase, filled up his time, and constantly emptied his treasury: he paid but very slight attention to business, and his ministers had frequently to drive a couple of posts to obtain his signature to a document. . . . Privy-Councillor von Eisebeck had the management of the loans. The duke's friends congregated round Madame von Eisebeck, at Homburg, while the duchess held her *soirées* at Karlsburg or the Pheasantry, but some young beauties were beginning to menace the ageing charms of the Eisebeck. The duke's tutor, Abbé Salabert, clever and crafty, a thorough Frenchman by education, had been gained by a rich living: he, too, kept a harem, as was the custom of the country. Everybody lived exclusively for pleasure.

The Elector of Mayence was in the habit of passing his time in the company of his nieces, Mesdames de Coudenhove and De Ferret. Although he had been long attached to Austria, the Prince Kaunitz had offended him by some remark, and he determined to revenge himself by adherence to Prussia, although, as Catholic primate, his religion bound him to Austria. The Austrian ambassador, Metternich, tried to gain over the elector's mistresses, but, failing in that, raised malicious reports against them, which naturally ended in making the prince-bishop more fond of them than before. After a variety of intrigues, Stein succeeded in gaining the day, and the treaty between Prussia and Mayence was signed. In 1786 the Great Frederick died, and was succeeded by his nephew, Frederick William II., whose character Stein thus describes: "He possessed a powerful memory, enriched by the study of history, a clear understanding, and a noble, benevolent character, joined to a lively feeling of his dignity. These good qualities were obscured by the sensuality which rendered him dependent on his mistresses, by a propensity for mysticism and spirit-seeing, through which men of moderate abilities governed, and want of perseverance. A great portion of his mistakes must, however, be ascribed to the nation, which knelt down and wor-

shipped the king's ministers and mistresses, and made a most unworthy use of his liberality in the division of the Polish estates."

In 1786, Stein proceeded to England, where he spent a year in studying the mines and factories. In 1788 he was appointed Director-General of Cleve and Ham, after declining embassies to the Hague and Russia. Stein felt a great disinclination for the diplomatic career, for he "disliked the mutable policy of courts, the constant necessity of detecting secrets, the necessity of living in the great world, with its enjoyments and restrictions, littlenesses and *ennui*, and because he loved independence and frankness." For four years he worked hard in the Mark district, laid down one hundred miles of roads, and brought the country to such a state of prosperity that he was enabled to abolish the *corvées*, which, to his independent spirit, were an abomination. At this time the French Revolution broke out, and a new career opened for Stein; the following years were devoted by him to an attempted restoration of that patriotic spirit which had so utterly sunk in Germany. The Imperial army was a clumsy machine, composed of very small parts, and, since Rossbach, had been an object of contempt: among the middle powers, only Hanover, Saxony, and Hesse kept up regular armies: Saxony had been closely allied to Prussia since the treaty of Hubertsburg; the Hanoverians had displayed their bravery under Ferdinand of Brunswick in Gibraltar and the Indies; the Hessians in America, for which war their regiments had been sold. The Bavarian army was almost dissolved; and the spiritual lords generally were of the same opinion as the Bishop of Hildesheim, whose troops wore on their shakos the motto, "*Da pacem, Domine, in diebus nostris.*" Such was the empire at the head of which Austria and Prussia, still growling about Turkey, placed themselves, to strangle the hydra of the Revolution.

In Austria the Emperor Francis had just mounted the throne, but no change had taken place in the imperial policy. The emperor devoted his time to carrying out his father's plan of secret police. No paper was safe from inspection. When the Archduke Carl gave an adjutant orders to draw up a paper, and the latter expressed an unwillingness to take it home with him, the archduke said, "Do you believe, then, that I can lock up anything securely?" On another occasion, an adjutant caught the doorkeeper listening at the keyhole of an apartment into which the archduke had retired with his wife, and seized him by the ear. The archduke said: "The servant you caught was listening; but the others you do not see are also listening." The natural result of this short-sighted policy was the general tendency to sensual enjoyment. The emperor allowed in his immediate proximity notorious persons, and preferred them to nobler minds as more dependent. The immorality of the higher classes rapidly increased, and threw off all external shame. *Femmes entretenues* were seen in the front boxes of the theatres, with their rich protectors, close to the emperor and empress. Persons in high positions were suspected of forging the Austrian bank-notes. The Viennese were right after all in their jest, that the emperor was a great man in little things, and a little man in great things.

The King of Prussia placed himself at the head of the Imperial armies, and we all know the miserable spectacle they presented at Verdun and Longwy. The entire army only amounted to 100,000 men, of whom

15,000 were *émigrés*, and badly equipped. Stein had been in the mean while appointed President of the Mark, and, in 1793, married the Countess Walmoden. In 1795 he was entrusted with provisioning Mollendorf's army, which had marched into Westphalia, and began that system, which he afterwards carried out so energetically and beneficially for his country, of preventing the contracts falling into the hands of rich men, which system always produces bribery and corruption. In 1797, Frederick William II. died, and was succeeded by his son, who, on mounting the throne, found Prussia in a highly prosperous condition; it had 9,000,000 inhabitants, a revenue of 6,000,000*l.*, an army of 250,000 men; the finances were in good order, trade flourishing, and the nation prosperous. But Napoleon was very soon to change all this. The conclusion of the treaty of Campo Formio, and the opening of the Congress of Rastadt, compelled the king at once to decide on his foreign policy. Recent events had proved that the only chance of salvation for Germany consisted in firm alliance with Austria; but that was impossible, and the Prussian plenipotentiaries at Rastadt, mindful of the old enmity, coalesced with the French to prevent Austria obtaining the south-eastern portion of Bavaria. The defeat of the French at Abukir induced Austria to take up arms again in alliance with England and Russia. In March, 1799, the Archduke Carl gained a victory at Stockach, which dissolved the congress at Rastadt, while an Anglo-Russian army landed in Holland, and seized the Dutch fleet. The allies required the assistance of Prussia to secure the emancipation of the Rhine, and Sir T. Grenville was sent to Berlin to propose that Prussia should attack Holland. But the king, fearing the predominance of Russia and Austria were France to be too greatly weakened, declared that he would keep the peace with France: Hanover, Saxony, and Hesse followed his example. This decision was received with great dissatisfaction in Germany, and the German States were defeated in turn by the invader, just as if the history of the Horatii and Curiatii had never been written. The confederation was soon broken up by the losses of Russia in Italy and Holland; the Emperor Paul became an ally of France; while the battles of Marengo and Hohenlinden produced the treaty of Lunéville, by which England was left alone to contend against her great enemy.

During the next two years we find Stein paying strict attention to his duties, and growling at the inactivity of his country. The occupation of Hanover by the French, immediately after the declaration of war by England, was a bitter blow to him, rendered still more poignant from the fact that his father-in-law, Count Walmoden, was generally blamed for the inglorious part the Hanoverian army had played. In 1804 he was called to the king's council, to fill the vacancy occasioned by Count Struensee's death, and the struggle commenced between the minister of state and Napoleon, in which Stein proved the victor, after years of almost hopeless perseverance.

In 1805, the remonstrances of Pitt with the continental powers produced their proper effect, and Austria and Russia again prepared for action. It was well known that the King of Prussia was disinclined for war, and the Russians hoped to win him by a surprise. Their army prepared to march through Prussian Poland and Silesia without leave, and the king was so enraged that he sent his troops to check them; but

almost simultaneously the French violated the neutrality of the Prussian soil, and the king in his anger listened to the suggestions of Stein, that the moment for decided action had arrived. The alliance with France was denounced; the Emperor Alexander came to Potsdam, where he swore eternal friendship with the king over the Great Frederick's tomb, and the secret treaty was signed on the 3rd of November, by which Prussia joined the other powers.

The campaign lasted but a short time; the Austrians, utterly defeated, sued for peace, and Prussia was only too glad to sign an offensive and defensive alliance with France, by which Hanover was given up. Stein, with bitterness in his heart, watched the course of events, and saw all his preparations for the overthrow of Napoleon utterly frustrated. Prussia had become entirely dependent on Napoleon, and the French emperor soon showed that he intended to interfere actively in the internal administration of the country. The king was compelled to dismiss his independent minister Hardenberg, and join the continental blockade. Stein, however, determined that he would do his best to open the king's eyes as to the vicious nature of his policy, and sent in a long article, in which he wrote very openly about the character of his colleagues. No attention was paid to this energetic remonstrance, however, and Prussia was soon shown, by the establishment of the Rhenish Confederation, and the abolition of the empire, that in trusting to French generosity she was leaning on a broken reed. The royal princes then drew up a petition to the king, in which they spoke openly of the danger to which their country was exposed, and which Stein joined them in subscribing. But the king still hoped secretly for peace, and was hence very angry with the petitioners. They were preparing to return to the charge, and lay down their commissions in the event of ill success; but this was prevented, by the generals thinking it would not become them to resign with a war so near, and the king was left to go on with his old ministry, and widen the breach between himself and his people.

The battle of Jena laid Prussia at the feet of the victor. The authorities attempted no resistance, and even the fortresses, which might have been held until the arrival of the Russians, were surrendered without a blow. Kleist and Wartenleben, at the head of nineteen generals, whose united ages amounted to thirteen hundred years, gave up Magdeburg, the bulwark of the country. Berlin was surrendered, and the immense stores of arms and ammunition were left behind, because Prince Hatzfeld did not wish to excite Napoleon's anger by their removal. Stein, however, not affected by such scruples, collected all the money under his charge and sent it off to Stettin and Königsberg. He then proceeded to Dantzig, although in a state of serious ill health. By his strong persuasions the king was induced to reject the armistice offered by Napoleon, and adhere firmly to the alliance with Russia and England. Stein expressed his willingness to follow the king in the event of his being compelled to fly to Russia, and the reward for his devotion was the ministry of foreign affairs. A few weeks later a ministerial crisis happened, and the king compelled Stein to hand in his resignation. The letter Stein wrote in reply to the king's intemperate attack upon him was very manly: he merely quoted the strongest passages, and said that, as the king entertained such views about him, his resignation was absolutely necessary.

The king accepted it, and was thus left without a friend, at the moment of his greatest danger and difficulty. The sympathy which Stein met with from all his honest countrymen was a flattering compensation for the royal disgrace, and he retired to his estates in Nassau, where he devoted his time to the recovery of his health, and speculations as to the fate of Germany. Soon after, he received an offer to enter the Russian service, which he was prepared to accept, when the Emperor Alexander suddenly turned round, and listened to Napoleon's offers that they should divide Europe between them.

Prussia having thus lost her only effective ally, the French could easily press for negotiations, which, however, Napoleon would not enter into unless Hardenberg were dismissed. He said that he would sooner go on fighting for forty years than negotiate with him. On the king stating that he could not give up his minister, Napoleon told him to take Stein, who was *un homme d'esprit*. The king was obliged to give way, and the treaty was signed which robbed Prussia of one half her estates, and compelled her to close her ports again against English commerce. The country surrendered to the west of the Elbe, with Hesse and Brunswick, was given to Jérôme Bonaparte, under the name of the Kingdom of Westphalia. On the signature of the treaty, the French ordered a public *Te Deum* in Berlin, and illuminations; and the general alarm and deep humiliation felt by the nation are quite indescribable. Every one, even the French themselves, were startled by the terms, and wondered how Field-Marshal von Kalkreuth could have signed such a convention without blushing for himself and his nation. In this deep misfortune a saviour was required, and on the same day that the treaty of Tilsit was signed, the Princess Louise wrote to implore Stein to return to office. This was accompanied by an urgent letter from Hardenberg, written by the king's express command. These letters reached Stein in August, and he did not hesitate for a moment; he expressed his readiness to accept the office without the slightest conditions, and his wife wrote to that effect to the king, for Stein was very ill. The idea of doing his duty, and sacrificing all personal feelings, strengthened him in the separation from all that he loved, and in entering upon the dangerous and repugnant career in which he felt it would be impossible for him to escape personal persecution. With the receipt of the order his health rapidly recovered, and by the beginning of September he felt strong enough to undertake the journey to Memel.

When Stein arrived at Berlin, he found the nation in the highest degree desponding and embittered. Three French corps d'armée were consuming the resources of the country between the Elbe and the Vistula; and the troops of the Confederation were the worst of all. At the head of the French administration was Daru, a man who was industrious, well educated, and prepared for the bustle of life by the storms of the Revolution, well acquainted with Napoleon's sentiments, cold, inexorable, and thoroughly versed in all the arts of oppression. Stein visited him: he inquired after the arrangements for the payment of the war contribution, and Stein pressed for a reduction and payment by instalments. On the 30th of September, Stein arrived at Memel, and had an immediate audience with the king. He found him greatly cast down, convinced that an inexorable destiny pursued him, that everything he

undertook would fail, and disposed to retire into private life to conciliate this destiny and avert it from his country. The queen was gentle, melancholy, full of apprehension, and yet full of hope. But the king received the minister very graciously, and stated in the first interview that he intended to entrust to him the supreme administration of all civil affairs, to which Stein acquiesced, on condition that Beyme should be removed from his majesty's councils. This was assented to, and Stein entered on his new duties. The fundamental idea that guided him was to promote a moral, religious, and patriotic feeling in the nation; to restore courage, self-dependence, readiness to make any sacrifice to obtain independence from foreigners; and raise the national honour, so that he might seize the first opportunity to commence a sanguinary and daring struggle for both. He calculated, to effect this, on the assistance of England, while he trusted in Russia and possible eventualities; which, in fact, at length came to his assistance, or Prussia would not have been able to assert her liberty. The first great step in advance was the abolition of the feudal system through the whole of Prussia, and conversion of all the domain peasants in East and West Prussia into freeholders. This was accompanied by important changes made in the military system by the council of war, the principal being the extension of service to all classes without favour, the abolition of corporal punishment, and promotion thrown open to all, without reference to birth.

By the end of October, Stein's appointment was regulated, and he now declined the Russian overtures entirely, informing the king of the fact. This drew from Frederick William the following letter, which Stein justly regarded as a full compensation for his former dismissal: "I have just received your report of the offers recently made you to enter the Russian service. I do not feel at all surprised at them, for men like yourself must be welcome in any state. You have again proved your devotion to my country, by declining those offers, and by undertaking your present post at the most difficult and eventful moment. It will always be your ambition, I am well convinced, to fulfil the expectations and just confidence which the state and myself place in you.—Frederick William." This letter was accompanied by a salary of 10,200 thalers; which Stein, however, two months later, cut down one half. The terms on which the king and his minister stood to each other were very satisfactory: the king, in his strong religious feelings, gave him his confidence, and the minister induced him to make sacrifices, which were very oppressive, and for which Stein could offer no compensation. He succeeded in making the king industrious and attentive to business, and though considerable differences of opinion took place during the first months, and the king seemed to fear him more than he loved him, the court cabals were the cause of this misunderstanding. To put a stop to these, Stein pressed for the promised removal of Beyme; the king objected, and for a short time there was a serious disagreement. The queen then wrote to Stein: "I implore you to have patience for the first few months: the king will surely keep his word, Beyme will be removed, but it must take place in Berlin. Give way so long. But for God's sake let not the good be overthrown because of three months' delay. I implore you, for your king, country, my children, myself, to have

patience.—Louise." Stein was tranquillised, the danger passed over, and time and association soon improved the temper of both parties; for the king's character, on closer acquaintance with him, caused Stein to feel still greater reverence, and the ability, will, and success of the minister heightened the confidence the king placed in him.

But Napoleon's enmity to Prussia had not been extinguished by the treaty of Tilsit. He regarded it merely as an armistice, which left the Prussian monarchy at his disposal, until the time arrived when he should annihilate it. Daru was ordered to regulate the war contribution, which was to be paid prior to the French troops quitting the country. Daru calculated it at 120 millions of francs. Stein advised the king not to regard the amount, if time could be obtained in which to pay it. At length, Daru offered to give up possession of Prussia, on condition that five fortresses were left to France, and an army of 40,000 men maintained, together with the payment of 120 millions, half in money, half in crown lands. As this proposal could not be accepted, Daru proceeded to collect the public revenue in behalf of the French government, while Napoleon, in express contradiction to the treaty of Tilsit, seized the province of New Silesia.

At the commencement of 1808, the king and court removed from Memel to Königsberg, and Prince William, the king's brother, proceeded to Paris in the hope of personally influencing Napoleon. In the first interview with the prince, the emperor spoke very bitterly of the king and queen; but the prince employed all his eloquence to pacify him. At length, when he found that Napoleon was in a gentler mood, he declared that he was willing, with his wife, to be a hostage for the payment of the contribution. Napoleon embraced him, and said, "That is very noble of you, but it is impossible." He would enter into no arrangements with the prince, but referred him to Champagny, who in turn declined to enter into matters until Daru had reported that the monetary transactions were in a satisfactory condition. Stein then reopened negotiations with Berlin, and Daru consented to withdraw the French troops if Prussia would give up crown lands of the value of 100 millions. But to this the minister could not assent; for the country would thus be covered by French *employés*, who could detect all the measures taken for liberation. At last Stein decided on going to Berlin and judging for himself, and he was very well received by Daru. He cleverly flattered the French governor's vanity, and at length brought him to consent to receive the amount of the contribution in mortgages and bills of exchange, on the proviso that if the emperor consented, Prussia should be evacuated by the end of April. But the answer from Paris was purposely delayed; for Napoleon had no wish to give up Prussia so long as money was to be drawn from her. At first he demanded better securities, and when these were offered at the end of April, he deferred any decided answer until the 20th of August. As soon as this matter was so far settled, Stein proceeded to make arrangements for the payment of the war-tax. Fifty millions of francs were covered by mortgages on the crown lands, while the other fifty millions were obtained by bills, which the various cities and towns undertook to meet. The merchants of Stettin provided 2 millions; Breslau 15 millions; four bankers in Berlin 15 millions;



Elburg 3; Königsberg 15, and Memel 2 millions, forming a total of 53 millions of frames. During the negotiations, Stein found great difficulty in keeping the country quiet, for the French had deluged it with a quantity of debased currency, which they coined in Berlin, and refused to take in payment. There was an immediate crisis: the French coinage sank fifty-eight per cent., and the people of Berlin were preparing to rise against the French, when Stein, by his energetic measures, induced Daru to recal the currency, and thus restored peace.

In the mean while, the French army had marched into Spain, and the rising of the populace of Madrid created an extraordinary excitement over the whole of the Continent, while the increasing misery in Prussia showed a crisis was impending which any unforeseen event might precipitate. Hence it was absolutely necessary that Stein should return to Königsberg; and the king wrote to him a letter urging him to come back, while the queen advised him of a cabal which had been formed against him, and which his presence could alone crush. But the condition of Prussia will be best seen from an extract of a letter written by Stein at this period to his wife: "The sufferings of this country are unendurable, and the number of ruined and impoverished families daily increases. Landowners, moneyed men, pensioners, officials, all are weighed down by war taxes, nourishment of troops, *corvées*, &c., and the consequences cannot be foreseen. All domestic and public happiness is destroyed; but the devotion of the nation to its ruler is still great, and the most insupportable pressure is endured without a murmur."

While Stein was engaged in carrying out those internal measures which he considered absolutely necessary for the edification of the Prussian nation, and making the most important changes in the relations of the nobility and the people, the army was undergoing a thorough and radical reform under the auspices of the war ministry, to the head of which the king had summoned Major-General von Scharnhorst, giving him the assistance of Von Gneisenau and Clausewitz.

SCHARNHORST, a Hanoverian by birth, and son of a peasant, had been favourably regarded in the Hanoverian artillery as a talented and ambitious officer. He left the Hanoverian service in 1801, disgusted by the caste prejudices which prevented his well-merited promotion, and entered the Prussian. He had served with the Duke of Brunswick as adjutant-general at Auerstädt, was taken prisoner at Lübeck, but soon after exchanged, and, at Eylau, had restored the lustre of the Prussian arms with Lestocq. At the present time the renovated Prussian army sprang from his head, like a new Pallas, prepared for victory. As he had worked his way up against external pressure and privations, he had brought the calm, certain glance, the economy and disinterestedness, from his father's cabin to the steps of the throne. Careful observation and uninterrupted increase of his scientific attainments had given him that eminent precaution and reserve which are requisite for the success of all great creations. A modest, unpretending, even careless exterior, concealed the great plans, the glowing feelings, which pervaded his breast. A life of difficulty had taught him the art of enduring and managing the views, prejudices, and self-will of higher persons. His clear intellect led him, though often slowly, to success which would have been refused to violence, and when once penetrated with the goodness and importance of his cause, even if he did not succeed at the first trial, he never wearied to return to it with calmness and patience until a favourable moment secured the result. By this art he overcame the king's original repugnance to his Hanoverian birth, and

his slow mode of speaking and careless diction, and the still greater indisposition to radical changes. . . . . In conclusion, he was perfectly free from selfish motives, and all his energies were devoted to the country for which he lived and died.

Gneisenau, his coadjutor, had also been hardened by youthful trials. He was the son of an Austrian captain, and had been born almost on the battle-field. He entered the service of the Margrave of Anspach, and in 1780 went with his regiment to America, where he was engaged in fighting against the independence of the United States. On the signature of peace he returned home, and presented himself to Frederick the Great, in 1785, who was pleased with his appearance, and appointed him first lieutenant *à la suite*. Under Frederick II. he served in the Polish campaign, and in 1806 he was captain in the army engaged in Franconia. "I had always a lump of black bread, but rarely soles to my shoes," was his account of this campaign. He was quartered in a peasant's house, and took great delight in the children. One day, all the grown persons went to a festival, and the master of the house was obliged to stay at home to look after the children; but Gneisenau bade him go and enjoy himself, "he would stop at home for the day, and keep the children from mischief." After the battle of Saalfeld he followed the king to Prussia, and gained his majority. The king then sent him to Dantzic, and thence to Colberg, where his heroic defence of the town, by the assistance of the citizens, laid the foundation of his renown. He now brought all his experience, his perseverance, and the resources of a well-cultivated mind to the council of war.

The army had melted down to a very small number through the accidents of war, and must be newly created: but the idea emanated from the king himself. Only a few days after the peace of Tilsit, he had put his views on paper, and drawn up the new regulations, which were to restore the spirit of the troops. In accordance with the king's wishes, all commanders incapacitated by age or ignorance were removed; a great number of the officers who had been French prisoners, and released after the signature of peace, were placed on half-pay; and courts-martial instituted under the presidency of the king's brother to examine into the conduct of the officers during the last campaign. The court acquitted Blücher, and condemned several cowardly commandants to a well-merited punishment and degradation. Scharnhorst then proceeded to introduce his new measures. He estimated the total strength of the army at 70,000, and proposed that a portion should be dismissed annually, and their place supplemented by recruits. Thus originated what was termed the "Krümper" system, by which the terms of the treaty were evaded, and the whole Prussian nation prepared for that gallant uprising which eventually ensured the liberation of their fatherland. At the same time, a militia was instituted, consisting of a portion of the young men recently discharged from service, who had to equip and support themselves: they were inspected once a year, and exercised at the musk, and were intended to garrison the strong places during war. As may be supposed, Stein did everything in his power to promote this laudable object, and ordered that the greatest attention should be paid by the teachers to promote a martial feeling among their scholars, and bring out

their strength by gymnastic exercises. The result of Scharnhorst's indefatigable exertions was, that within a year after the signature of the treaty of Tilsit the Prussian army again amounted to 50,000 men, with 1370 heavy guns, and six fortresses in good condition as places d'armes and points of junction. Colberg was strengthened to keep up the maritime connexion with England; the army could be raised at any moment to 80,000 by calling in the troops on furlough, and was to be supported by a Landwehr of 150,000, for whose armament English and Austrian assistance was calculated on: and it was hoped that this force would be strengthened by simultaneous insurrections in Westphalia, Franconia, and Thuringia. Plans were drawn up for the formation of the Landwehr and Landsturm, which were then kept very secret, but bore fruit five years later; and, indeed, so embittered was the nation against the French, that Stein found great difficulty in keeping the leaders from premature action. At the same time, the *Tugend Bund* was established in Königsberg, and extended its ramifications through the whole of Prussia. The first members only amounted to twenty, and they laid their plans before the king, who sanctioned them, against the advice of Stein, who foresaw no advantage from secret societies. Still, the *Tugend Bund* moved rapidly onward, and was joined by a great number of members, until, in 1810, the king was forced to dissolve it by Napoleon's orders.

In the mean while, the king and his ministers were preparing for the inevitable war, and overtures were made to Russia and England for support. Canning promised assistance, but with the warning that no insurrection should be attempted until the Prussian strength had been accurately gauged, for England would not undertake the responsibility of the result. This answer, however, made no change in the Prussian views, as the position of the country necessitated a struggle for life or death. While the preparations were being made with the greatest secrecy at Königsberg for war, Napoleon once more turned his attention to Prussia. At Bayonne, he promised the Russian ambassador most distinctly the evacuation of Prussia, and made propositions to that effect to Prince William, who was still at Paris: the evacuation should take place if Prussia would limit her army to thirty thousand men, and join the Confederation. In the discussions that ensued, Stein most urgently entreated the king not to give way, and Frederick William followed his advice. But the Emperor Alexander soon after came to Königsberg on his road to Erfurt, and undid all the good which Stein's remonstrances had effected. He strenuously urged that everything must be avoided which might induce a rupture between France and Austria; and although Stein proved that the present policy would infallibly cause the destruction of every European state in succession, the emperor remained faithful to that system of unbounded concession on which he set the seal at Erfurt. He recommended the king to have patience, and wait for favourable circumstances, and promised that he would try to reduce the French claims while at Erfurt.

But Stein was himself exposed to great danger and difficulty at this decisive moment for his country: the *Moniteur* of the 21st of September published a letter written by him to Prince Wittgenstein, at Hamburg, in which he recommended that the spirit of discontent should be kept up in the kingdom of Westphalia. Immediately on receiving information of

this, Stein drove to the king and begged for his dismissal, as his remaining in office could only be injurious to king and country. The king declared that he could not spare him at that moment, and must wait for the return of the emperor. He gave up, however, his original intention of sending Stein to Erfurt, and chose in his place Count Golz, the minister of foreign affairs. Napoleon did not express any desire for Stein's retirement, and Daru thought that the emperor did not regard the matter as peculiarly important, and would probably overlook it. Napoleon's object was to draw all possible benefit from Prussia, and he knew that Stein's advice was valuable to procure the payment of the war contribution; but he bided his time, and was not the man to forgive or forget any insult.

The effect produced by the publication of the letter was very great. The partisans of France expressed their indignation that the minister of an independent state should have dared to write such a letter; but those well-meaning persons, to whom the hoped-for regeneration of Prussia had hitherto been a secret, drew from it fresh hopes for the future. The king was most unpleasantly affected by the article of the *Moniteur*, and the repeated applications made to him to dismiss Stein by all those who apprehended the outbreak of Napoleon's anger, increased his disquietude. But he was roused from all thoughts of this nature by a pressing request from Count Golz, that he would sign the treaty and secret articles, and send them in by the 8th of October. The decision the king had to make was a very painful one: on the one side lay the acknowledgment of an immense debt which would exhaust his country, and discussion about the other demands; to this was certainly attached the prospect of getting rid of the French down to ten thousand men, but no hope of an honest reconciliation, and the fate of the Spanish Bourbons seemed to hang over him—on the other side the only prospect was a bold insurrection, and a death-struggle in connexion with Austria, England, Sweden, and Spain. The bolder and more dangerous course was also recommended by the fact that secret articles of the French treaty bound the king to keep his army under forty thousand men during the next ten years, give up the formation of the Landwehr, and assist the French in any war against Austria with sixteen thousand troops, though, as an exceptional case, only twelve thousand were demanded for the year 1809. In this painful position the king thought that he must listen to no suggestions, but trust solely to his own judgment. He decided with unusual rapidity, and without informing Stein sent Golz full powers to ratify the treaty.

The suspense the king endured was frightful until news arrived from Erfurt. Count Golz had tried in vain to obtain any alleviation; the French minister, Champagny, insisted on the exchange of ratifications taking place prior to any discussion, and spoke bitterly against Stein, who, he said, must be dismissed. The Emperor Alexander had taken great trouble to remove the unfavourable effect produced by the letter, but had gained nothing from Napoleon save a promise of speedy evacuation. Golz, consequently, exchanged the ratifications, and had an audience with Napoleon on the 9th of October. From the emperor's own lips he received the conviction that even the consent to the greatest sacrifices had not produced any milder feelings in his mind. Napoleon made a violent attack upon him, and asked how Stein had been allowed to hold such views without being punished? and made Golz believe

that only personal regard for Alexander had prevented him taking severe steps. Goltz then wrote to Königsberg, stating that it would be highly advisable for Stein to retire voluntarily, and settle his estates on his wife or one of his daughters. He could still reside in the proximity of the court, and give the king the benefit of his counsels; but on his decision the security of his property and the king's welfare would depend, for Napoleon had only refrained from ordering Stein's dismissal that he might be able to judge the king's policy from his conduct.

At length matters were settled as regarded the evacuation, and Goltz reported home, that, by the Emperor of Russia's instances, twenty million francs had been remitted from the war contribution. The total amount of the French exactions, so far as they had passed through Dara's hands, amounted, according to that officer's own statement, to 513,744,420 francs in money—of which forty millions remained to pay at the close of 1806—and 90,483,511 francs in the shape of provisions, clothing, horses, and wood; forming a sum total of just *twenty-five million* pounds sterling, without taking into calculation what the different towns had been obliged to give to the commanders, officers, commissaries, and soldiers.

The Emperor Alexander visited Königsberg on his return from Erfurt, and still strongly advised friendship with France; he also agreed with Count Goltz's idea that Stein should be allowed to retire, without giving up his communication with the king. The news of Stein's retirement was received by the patriots with great alarm, and petitions flocked in to the king, begging him to retain the only minister who would be able to save Prussia from destruction. But the thin edge of the wedge had been inserted, and Stein's enemies pressed for the acceptance of his resignation; a cabal succeeded in carrying over the queen to the opposing faction, and at last, on the 24th of November, 1808, the king wrote to his "dear minister of state, Baron von Stein," and told him that his retirement had become a political necessity, and hence his resignation was accepted. But Stein was not cast down by this measure; he wrote in the best possible spirits to the Princess William, urging her not to feel alarmed at the present aspect of affairs, and adds, "I am certain that the exertions of the good and the patriotic men are not lost, and it is an eternal truth that

The firm patriot,  
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,  
Though still by faction, vice, and fortune cross'd,  
Shall find the generous labour was not lost."

On the 5th of December, the day of Napoleon's entry into Madrid, Stein quitted Königsberg for Berlin, and neither himself nor any of his contemporaries had the remotest idea that Heaven destined him four years later to return to that city, to lay hand again to the good work of the regeneration of Germany, and carry it to a successful issue. Stein intended to remain in Berlin for awhile, and then retire with his family to Breslau, to accept a residence offered him there by the bishop, and await patiently the events which every one expected would distinguish the year 1809. But, at the commencement of January, the new French ambassador, M. de Marsan, arrived at Berlin, bringing with him Napoleon's latest decree. It was as follows:

‘DÉCRET IMPÉRIAL.

1. Le nommé Stein cherchant à exciter des troubles en Allemagne, est déclaré ennemi de la France et de la Confédération du Rhin.

2. Les biens que ledit Stein posséderait, soit en France, soit dans les pays de la Confédération du Rhin, seront sequestrés. Ledit Stein sera saisi de sa personne, partout où il pourra être atteint par nos troupes ou celles de nos alliés.

En notre camp impérial de Madrid, ce 16 Décembre 1808.

(Signé)

NAPOLÉON.

This proscription was also posted up in every portion of Germany occupied by French troops, in German and French. The population read with astonishment and timid anxiety the declaration of war published by the conqueror of Europe against one powerless Prussian. But the measure was far from producing the effect anticipated by Napoleon, and his enmity against Stein pointed out the natural leader of the German party. Countless persons read the imperial proclamation who had never even heard of Stein, but the proscription immediately invested him with a crown of martyrdom. How strange that six years later Stein should be the instigation of that European proscription which overthrew the emperor of the Hundred Days! Surely, the whirligigs of time bring strange revenges.

But the French ambassador was a merciful man, and though he stated that he was authorised to break off all communication with the Prussian king if he found Stein still residing in Prussia, or engaged in the public service, he hinted to him that if he would depart at once he would assume his absence at the period of his arrival. Stein was obliged to form a speedy decision, and after writing to the king and stating that he was going to the Bohemian frontier, where he would await further orders through Scharnhorst, he quitted Berlin. But there was no chance of safety in Prussia: on the 12th of January he was compelled to cross the frontier, the last letter he wrote being the following, addressed to the Princess Louise: “In a few hours I quit a country to whose service I have devoted thirty years of my life, and in which I now find my ruin. Possessions which have belonged to my family for 675 years are torn from me—connexions of every sort which have influence on my life are severed—and I am banished from my country, without any certainty of a place of safety for myself and family. If, however, my ruin prove of any benefit to my unhappy country, I will endure it with a joyful spirit. I beg your royal highness to receive kindly and sympathisingly the expression of my deepest veneration for your great and noble character, for your powerful and developed mind: may it ever exercise a beneficial influence over those who are in immediate contact with you. I trust I shall always deserve a nook in your remembrance.”

Stein then proceeded to Prague, and was granted permission to reside in the Austrian dominions by the government. Here he devoted much of his time to speculating on the future prospects of his country with the celebrated Gentz, and consoled himself in his exile by the feeling so gloriously described in Schiller’s “Song of the Bell:”

Einen Blick  
Nach dem Grabe  
Seiner Habe

Sendet doch der Mensch zurück—  
Greift fröhlich denn zum Wanderstabe;  
Was Feuers Wuth Ihm auch geraubt,  
Ein süßer Trost ist Ihm geblieben:  
Er zählt die Häupter seiner Lieben,  
Und sieh! Ihm fehlt kein theures Haupt.

In the mean time, the French carried out to the fullest extent the confiscation of Stein's property; and Napoleon even went so far as to employ Prussia as the implement of his revenge. The king must be compelled not only to dismiss his minister, but must even persecute and deliver him up. And so wretched was the condition of Europe at this disastrous period, that the king, although enjoying personal safety at the capital of his powerful ally, Alexander, did not dare to reject such a demand on the part of Napoleon. How bitterly must Stein have felt the truth of the warning, "Put not thy faith in princes," when he received the following letter as the reward of all the sacrifices he had made for Prussia:

"MY DEAR BARON VON STEIN,—I had already been informed of the measures which the Emperor Napoleon had taken against you when I received your letter of the 16th ultimo, and I had requested the Emperor of Russia to apply on your behalf to the Emperor Napoleon. The former has promised me to do everything which circumstances will permit: still I have renewed this request, and I hope from my heart that the affair will have a favourable result. It is very pleasing to me that you formed the resolution to quit my states immediately, so that now no evil or compromising consequences can ensue. I must request you also, for the future, to remain faithful to this determination, as, owing to imperious and very melancholy circumstances, no other measure is reasonable with your personal safety.

"FREDERICK WILLIAM.

"St. Petersburg, 16th January, 1809."

To this letter, written by Scharnhorst, the king added, in his own handwriting: "The emperor will be very willing to grant you an asylum in his states; but he wishes you to enter the Russian Empire through Galicia." Even Scharnhorst seemed afflicted by the general fear of being compromised; for, although he assured Stein that his pension would be paid him, and told him to write if he required money or anything, he added: "When you write, I must recommend you to be cautious about using your family seal."

Thus, then, ended Stein's energetic attempts to rescue Prussia from the foreign yoke: he had been forced to yield to the power of his great opponent. Years will elapse before the time comes for his revenge, but it is rendered the more overwhelming by the delay. How often must Napoleon have thought, as he gazed over the sea from his rocky exile, of the man whom he contemptuously called *le nommé Stein*, and in whom he could not foresee the chosen minister, predestined to overthrow all his plans, foil all his intrigues, and who never ceased for a moment in his endeavours to requite Napoleon for the injury done himself, by forcing the great powers to drive him into a still more hopeless exile than his own had been.

## THE COUNTRYWOMAN AND THE CHILD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

THERE appeared one day before the gate of a rather handsome house in St. John's Wood, a countrywoman carrying a child and a bundle. The moment she was inside the gate, she put the child down, and, with a movement that bespoke fatigue, led him to the door and rang—a humble ring.

"I want to see the missus, please," she said to the maid-servant who answered it, her accent being very broad.

"What for?" inquired the girl, scanning the applicant; who, however, looked far too respectable for one of the begging fraternity. "She's not at liberty to anybody this morning. I can't admit you."

"Then I must just sit down with the child on this here step, and wait till she can see me," returned the woman, in a perfectly civil, but determined voice.

"It's not of any use your waiting. This is the day the new people come in, and the rooms arn't ready for them, consequence of missis being called out last week, to stop with her sister, who was took ill. Me and the cook and missis are all busy, and she can't be interrupted."

"I'm sorry to hinder work," returned the stranger, "but it's your missus's own fault, for changing her house and never telling me. If it's not convenient for me to sit down in the kitchen, I'll wait here, but see her I must, for this is a'most my last day. Perhaps, young woman, you'd be so obleeing as mention that it's Mrs. Thrupp with little Ran."

The servant began to think she might be doing wrong to refuse, and leaving the visitor standing there, proceeded to inform her mistress. She returned almost immediately. "You are to walk in," she said; "but my missis says she don't know anybody of your name."

The countrywoman was shown into a nicely furnished parlour, and Mrs. Cooke came to her. A tall, stately widow in a black silk dress that rustled as she walked, quite a lady. She had recently lost her husband, and, with him, a large portion of her income. Unwilling to vacate her house, which was her own, and by far too large for her reduced means, she had come to the resolution of letting part of it.

The countrywoman dropped a curtesy. "I should be glad, mum, if you please, to see the missus."

"I am the mistress," answered Mrs. Cooke.

The stranger looked confounded. She put the child down, whom she had again taken in her arms, and telling him to be still, searched in her pocket, and drew forth a piece of paper.

"Be so obleeing as to read it, mum," she said. "That's the direction as they give me, and I'm sure I thought I had come right. If not, perhaps you'd direct me, for I'm a'most mothered in this great Lunnion town, and half dead a carrying of the child. There seems to be no end to the streets and turnings."

"This is my address, certainly," said the lady, looking at the paper.



"Who gave it you? What is your business? I have lived here many years. I am Mrs. Cooke."

"The missus I want is not you at all, mum. She is young. They told me she lived here. She used to live there," showing the back of a letter, "and that's where I went after her, yesterday. But they said she had left them some weeks, and had got a house of her own, and it was here; and they only knew it by the man as came for her piano telling them where he was going to take it to, for she did not tell them herself."

"Now it is explained," said Mrs. Cooke. "The lady you speak of has taken part of my house. Mrs. Lyvett."

"That's not the name," quickly observed the woman.

"Perhaps not the one you knew her by. She is just married."

"Married again, is she! Well, mum, I must see her, if you please."

"She is not here yet. They are in the country, and are coming home to-day."

"That's bad news for me," said the stranger, after a pause. "What time is she expected?"

"It is uncertain. Probably not much before six. They have ordered dinner for that hour."

"Good patience! what am I to do? And the ship a going to sail on Saturday, and not a thing yet got together! Mum! if you'd let me leave them with you?"

"Leave what?"

"The child and his bundle of things, and a little matter of money I have got to return."

"My good woman," said Mrs. Cooke, "I do not understand you. Leave them for what purpose?"

"To hand over to—what did you please to say her name was now?"

"Mrs. Lyvett."

"Ay, Mrs. Lyvett. I am a rare bad one at minding names. He's a year and nine months old, and we have had the care of him since he was born. But now, me and my husband have joined the Land Emigrant Society to Sydney, and I can't keep him no longer."

"Whose child is it?" inquired the astonished Mrs. Cooke.

"It's hers. Over young she was when it was born, and her husband was abroad, fighting. A soldier officer he was. I nursed her and kept the child, and she went back to Lunnon."

The woman stopped to wipe her hot face, and Mrs. Cooke listened in a maze of perplexity.

"A month or more ago," proceeded the woman, "there come a man down to our country; a agent, they called him, of the Foreign Land Society, and he persuaded a many of us to go out; so I wrote to tell her of it, and that she must find another place for little Randy. No answer came, mum, and we wrote again, and then we wrote a third time, and still no notice was took. Very ill-convenient it was for me to keep him while we sold off our things and journeyed up here, but what was I to do? We got up yesterday, and I went to the place where she used to live, and found she had moved here."

"I think there must be some mistake. I do not believe we can be speaking of the same party," said Mrs. Cooke.

"Oh yes, mum, we are. There ain't no doubt of it. I saw our own letters to her a waiting there at the old place, for her to send for 'em, which she hadn't done."

"Have you any objection to tell me the name of this lady—by which you knew her?"

"It was Mrs. Penryn. But after her husband died, which, as she sent us word, was very soon, she got backward in her payments, and my husband come all the way up to Lunnon to see about it; and then he learnt as she went by her maiden name, which was Miss May, and taught music and school-learning. She has paid better lately, and some that's remaining in hand I have brought back. It's sixteen shilling, mum, which I'd leave, please, with the child."

"You cannot leave the child. It is quite impossible that I can receive so extraordinary a charge. I must decline to interfere. Indeed, I am sorry to have been told this."

"Dear, good lady, pray be merciful! Not a thing can I set about while I'm saddled with this child; and we a going out o' dock on Saturday. He's such a dreadful weight to carry about, and we are a stopping all down in Rotherhithe."

Mrs. Cooke considered. She saw that the person before her was, beyond doubt, a decent and honest countrywoman. The story was a very curious one. Mr. Frederick Lyvett's connexions were so highly respectable: could it be that the wife he had just married was less so? "All I can do," she said aloud, "is to allow you to wait here till Mrs. Lyvett returns. You can have some dinner with my servants. But I must request you not to speak of this matter to them, for it would not be prudent."

Early in the afternoon, and before the house was well ready to receive them, the travellers arrived. Mr. Lyvett handed his bride from the carriage, and then hastened away to his office, for he was the junior partner in an eminent legal firm. The servants carried the luggage up-stairs, and Mrs. Lyvett cast scrutinising glances over her new home, which she had not yet seen. The drawing-rooms were handsome enough to satisfy even her, and she was tolerably particular. She then went into the sleeping rooms, and told the servants to uncord the boxes.

They obeyed her and retreated. Mrs. Lyvett knelt down before one of the trunks, and was taking out some of the things, when a knock was heard at the door, and the countrywoman entered. She was leading the boy, who was dressed in a blue cotton frock and pinafore, his light hair dispersed in pretty curls over his little head. She carried the bundle in her hand, and his hat and cape. Mrs. Lyvett stared in amazement.

"Mum, you have forgot me, I see, but sure you have not forgot your own child. Randy, give your hand to your ma, and hold up your pretty face. It's the image of yourn, mum."

To describe the startling effect this had upon Mrs. Lyvett would be a difficult task. The muscles of her throat stood out, her eyes dilated, a spasm took her face, and its colour became livid, as if ready for the grave. The child, led up to her by Mrs. Thrupp, held out his hand, but she started from him with a cry of agony.

"Why have you come here? Why have you brought him?" were the first connected words she gasped forth. And the woman explained: as she had done to Mrs. Cooke.

Then her mood changed, and all the signs of uncontrolled passion, fierce, *saturnic* anger shook her as she stood. Threats, reproaches, entreaties, promises, were in turn resorted to, to induce Mrs. Thrupp to take away the child and keep him; to take him to Australia; to put him out to nurse in London; anywhere, with anybody; do with him what she would. But Mrs. Thrupp, when her first astonishment at this reception was overcome, steadily refused to comply. Not, she said, that she did not feel the parting with him: she loved him as a child of her own. The boy was frightened, hid his face in his nurse's dress, and cried out aloud. Mrs. Lyvett, by way of stopping the noise, sprang upon him like a tigress, seized, and shook him. The child screamed out all the louder, for very terror, and she beat him about the ears, and shook him still till his breath was gone.

"Good mercy!" uttered the Suffolk woman, as she tore him from Mrs. Lyvett, and folded him in her sheltering arms, "there'll be murder committed next. Why, you have got no kin o' nature about you! The brute animals have kindness for their own."

"You must take him with you," she continued to urge, but in a subdued voice, as if fearful it should be heard outside. "You must."

"I have said I cannot," returned the woman; "where's the good o' my repeating it? We have hired ourselves out, over seas, to do hand labour, and it's not possible."

"Put him out in London then," again frantically urged Mrs. Lyvett. "Find people to take him; I will pay you well. Look here," she added, opening a purse and pouring out the sovereigns with her shaking hands, "you shall have it all. Here's a note as well."

"Mum, I thank ye, but I have not a minute of my own, and we don't know a soul in this big city. The time I'm a losing to-day, my husband will be a'most ready to beat me for. Money is not of so much value to us, now we are a going where they say we shall get plenty. And now I must say good-by to you, Randy. Lord help ye, child, and raise you up a friend in your need."

She tried to unwind his arms, but the child sobbed, and moaned, and clung to her.

"I haven't got the heart to do it," she sobbed. "I'll get him to sleep afore I go, and we'll part that way."

She untied the strings of her bonnet, leaned her face on the little child's, rocked him in her arms, and began a low, chanting sort of ditty. It was her favourite mode of hushing him to sleep, and the boy, exhausted by the recent scene, was soon soothed to it.

"He's as fast as a church now," she whispered. "I suppose I may lay him down on the bed."

Mrs. Lyvett offered no opposition. Her passion spent, she had sat like one stupified, opposite to the woman and child, looking at them and biting her lips. Mrs. Thrupp turned down the coverlid of the bed, gently laid the child on the blanket, kissed him, and covered him up.

"Now, mum, I'll wish you good day," she said, "and good luck in this world, if we should never meet again. But oh! think better of the hard things you have said, and be kind to little Randy."

She had got out of the room, when Mrs. Lyvett, as if a sudden thought struck her, sprang to the door and called her back. The woman

returned, but somewhat reluctantly, for she was indeed pressed for time.

"You will oblige me," said Mrs. Lyvett—and she was now as calm as the sky in summer—"by going out of this house at once, waiting to speak to no one."

"And that's what I mean to do, mum. To-day ain't no day of gossiping for me."

"Then go down quietly, without their hearing you, and let yourself out. I wish it. Here is something to drink Randolphe's health on his next birthday," she added, putting a sovereign in her hand.

"Mum, I thank you, and we'll do it heartily. It's in September, and I hope we shall then be hearing the other side. Mum," she added, the tears rising to her eyes, "you will surely be kind to him?"

"Of course I shall be kind. But I was put out just now. You ought to have given me notice of bringing him, and then I would have provided for it. I wish you a safe journey."

The woman, obedient to Mrs. Lyvett's wishes, went quietly down the stairs and left the house. The hall door was somewhat difficult to shut, outside, and as she proceeded along the garden path, she turned round—to make sure she had not left it open. Mrs. Cooke was standing at her parlour window, watching her over the blind. It was a warm June day, and the window was open.

Mrs. Thrupp dropped a curtsy. "I'm obleeged, mum, for your hospitality, and feel it was kind of you to bestow it on a stranger, such as me." The lady nodded, and the countrywoman passed out at the gate, just as the clocks were chiming four.

Now we cannot follow the acts of Mrs. Lyvett: what really passed in that chamber, after the departure of the woman, was seen by none. That she was in a fearful strait, it would be folly to deny. Any minute, between then and six o'clock, she might expect home her husband. A few days previously, when she had knelt at the altar, and the officiating minister had adjured her to declare whether there was any impediment why she might not be wedded in holy matrimony, and to answer as she would answer at the dreadful Day of Judgment, she had held her peace. Yet was this no impediment? How could she meet her husband and show him that little child? Why, he would cast her away to the scorn of the world, turn her out, it might be that very night, with loathing, and she must slink back to a far worse lot than that from which he had raised her! It is probable that the suggestion came across her to avow a previous marriage, and was abandoned as worse than impracticable, for he would too surely require legal proofs of it, and such had never existed. It is certain that she was in a state of mind bordering upon distraction: there are casuists who may have declared her to be, just then, irresponsible for her actions.

Frederick Lyvett, meanwhile, had proceeded to the office. Upon entering the room which contained his own desk, he was surprised to see it occupied. A Mr. Jones, long attached to the firm, was sitting before it.

"How are you?" said Mr. Lyvett, shaking him by the hand. "What's going on, out of the common?"

"Nothing. Why?"

"That you are in this room?"

"That's the governor's doing. Wish you joy, Fred. How's madam?"

"Quite well. Let me come there."

"I say, it was too bad to steal a march upon us all. 'Twould have been but civil to invite a fellow to the wedding."

"Get out of the way, Jones. I want to come to my place. Pretty strong, I think, your usurping it."

Mr. Jones laughed. "I dare not get out, Fred. The governor has assigned this place to me, for good and all. I am one of the firm now."

"A white one."

"It's true. I signed articles yesterday."

Frederick Lyvett looked at him for a few moments, as if unable to take in the information. "Is my father in his room?" was his next question.

"I suppose so. I say, stop a minute. How you whirl off from one!"

"Well?"

Mr. Jones suddenly took his hand, speaking in a low tone. "If they have put you out, and me in, Fred, believe me, it is no fault of mine. I never should have sought to raise myself on your downfall. You will hear more from Mr. Lyvett and James."

Frederick Lyvett went up-stairs, and opened the door of his father's private room. The latter waved him away, for a client was sitting there in eager converse. He looked for his brother James. Mr. James was not in. He then went down to the old confidential clerk, Mr. Rowley.

"Rowley, what is all this up? Jones has got my desk, and says it is by my father's orders."

"Oh, Mr. Frederick, I am as much grieved as if you were my own son. I did try to say a word for you to Mr. Lyvett, but he would not hear me. Perhaps time may make things right. I hope and trust it will. You have not seen him?"

"No. Sir Charles Dalrymple is there."

"He will not stop long. I know what he wants to-day. Mr. Frederick, I must say a word of counsel to you. It will not be the first, you know."

"Not by a good many," laughed Frederick.

"Your father is very much put out. This has been the worst blow he has ever had. He feels it for you, not for himself——"

"Then he has no cause to feel it for me," interrupted Frederick, "for the step I have taken has assured my happiness." But Mr. Rowley held up his finger for silence.

"I would ask you to be prepared for any ebullition of anger, and to bear it without retort," he continued to say. "In his vexation, he may speak hasty words; but don't you retaliate, Mr. Fred, for that would only make matters worse. When his anger has had time to calm down, say in a few months, he may set things again on the old footing for you."

"But Jones is in."

"There's room for you and him too. The business is large enough. See your father, and be submissive to him. If——There goes somebody. Wells."

"Yes, sir."

"Was that Sir Charles Dalrymple who went out?"

"Yes it was, sir."

"Now's your time, Mr. Frederick, before anybody else comes in."

Away tore Frederick up the stairs, a flight at a time, anxious to stand the governor's firing and get it over."

The "firing" was not that anticipated. Mr. Lyvett said little, and that little calmly: it was apparent that his feeling of anger had merged into the deeper one of sorrow. He quietly explained to his son that after the marriage he had made—had persisted in making, in express defiance of his mother's wishes and his own commands—he could no longer remain a member of the respectable firm of Lyvett, Castlerosse, and Lyvett, and that he, Mr. Lyvett, had exercised the power he held in his hands to dissolve the partnership, so far as his youngest son was concerned. But he did not wish to be harsh, more so than the proprieties of the case demanded, and a certain sum of money (6000*l.*, being a portion of what Frederick would inherit hereafter) he had caused to be placed to Frederick's account at the banker's. The interest of this would supply household exigencies (for the wife he had married, not having been reared in a sphere accustomed to refinements, could not require them), and he would recommend Frederick to commence practice on his own account.

Mr. Frederick Lyvett heard his father to an end, and then spoke. "My marriage," he said, "is an act that concerns only my private life. How can it affect my remaining, or not remaining, in the firm?"

"The person you have married is particularly objectionable to us; and you were aware of this. As the daughter of the man and his wife who were our servants for many years in these offices, it is impossible that we can ever associate with her. If they gave her an accomplished education, why it only served to render her miserable, and themselves ridiculous. There were other and more weighty objections to her, of which I informed you——"

"They were not true: she disproved them all," eagerly interrupted Frederick.

"They were true. But she is now your wife, and I will not again allude to them. Your brother felt—I felt—your mother and sisters felt—Mr. Castlerosse felt—that your giving your name to this person cast a slur upon yourself, so great, as to render it inexpedient for you to remain a member of this firm; indeed, it could not be permitted. I can only say I hope you will do well, alone. We can no doubt put some odds and ends of practice into your hands, and we will do so."

Frederick Lyvett did not answer. He was reflecting on his father's words; revolving the prospect before him.

"Upon one point, Frederick," Mr. Lyvett went on, "we must have a thorough understanding. Upon no pretext seek or attempt to introduce her to the family: it would be derogatory to your mother and sisters and to James's wife: neither at present nor in future shall we ever submit to know her. Yourself we will receive. Come and see us whenever you please, your mother wishes it; remembering that her name, and all allusion to her, is an interdicted topic. Come and dine with us to-morrow if you will. This evening we are going out."

"I will not promise to come," answered Frederick. "Of course, it would cause me great pain to be on estranged terms with my mother."

I think I am treated ill in this affair, but for my mother's sake I will not resent it."

"My boy!" cried Mr. Lyvett, the agitation of his voice betraying that his wounds were sharp just then, "I trust that should children be born to you, they may never bring the grief to you that you have brought home to us."

As Frederick went down stairs, the old clerk was looking out for him. "How have you sped?" he whispered.

"Sped! That farce of turning me out! It is to stand."

Mr. Rowley shook his head. "I knew it was so, when they did it. Mr. Lyvett talks to me of most things. Was he very outrageous?"

"Cool and calm. The family don't want to break with me. He asked me to dinner to-morrow."

"That's better than I hoped for," was the hearty response. "Pray go. You will, won't you?"

"No, of course I shan't. A pretty compliment to my wife—to go home to dinner and leave her behind, before we have been married a fortnight!"

"It is the only way to conciliate, and it all lies in that. You don't know the feuds that time and conciliation have reconciled. Go, Mr. Fred, go; take old Rowley's advice for once."

"I think I have taken it pretty often. I say, Rowley, just look about for what's mine. Here's the key of the private drawer in the desk Jones has got. Put the things in a parcel, with anything else you may find, and I'll send for it. There ought to be a few books of mine somewhere."

Mr. Frederick Lyvett returned home, not getting there till six. The dinner was ready to be brought on the table, and he hastily went to wash his hands. The bedroom and dressing-room were in disorder, things half in, half out of the trunks, the floor strewed. Fred Lyvett had the bump of order, and the sight jarred on that organ's sensitive nerves. He kissed his wife, a young, fair, handsome woman, and said something about her fatigue. She was in the dress she had worn on the journey, quite a noticeable event, for she was so fond of finery.

"Sophia!" he suddenly exclaimed, as they were beginning dinner, "are you ill?"

She was attempting to eat her fish, but her face had turned livid, and a fit of trembling seemed to have seized on her.

"It is only the fatigue of the journey," she said, her teeth chattering as she spoke, "and I exerted myself unpacking."

"You should not have attempted to unpack to-day. I see you have been unable to put anything away."

"I felt ill," she murmured.

Frederick Lyvett rose and approached his wife. The very chair shook under her.

"Once or twice before—when I have been much fatigued—I have been attacked—like this," said Mrs. Lyvett, in disjointed sentences.

"Can I bring you anything up, ma'am?" inquired the maid who was in waiting. "Anything warm?" she added, looking on with compassion.

"Yes," cried Mr. Lyvett, "some brandy-and-water.—Did the brandy and wine come that I ordered?"

"It is placed in your cellar, sir."

"Bring up a tumbler directly. Hot and strong. My dearest Sophia, what can this be?"

"I shall be better soon," she faintly answered.

Mrs. Lyvett drank the brandy-and-water and became better, but she refused her dinner, and leaned back in an arm-chair while Mr. Lyvett finished his. After the servant had cleared away the things, she appeared again at the door.

"Can I speak to you, if you please, ma'am?"

"To me?" asked Mrs. Lyvett. She rose and approached the door, a nervous movement running all through her frame.

The girl pulled the door to behind Mrs. Lyvett, before she spoke, but did not close it. "My mistress wished me to ask, ma'am, if we should make some bread-and-milk for the baby's supper."

"The—baby's—supper?" she stammered.

"Or is there anything else he would like better?"

Mrs. Lyvett fell against the door-post for support. "The woman took her child away with her," she gasped.

"Took it away—Oh, then," added the girl, breaking off her sentence, "my mistress must have been mistaken. She thought it was left."

Frederick Lyvett had quick ears. "What was that consultation about a baby, Sophy?" he said, when his wife returned. "You might have told her we had not got any yet."

Mrs. Lyvett strove to smile, but when her lips were drawn away from her teeth she could not get them back again. "People do make such stupid mistakes," she attempted to mutter. "A woman who—knew my mother—called here this afternoon—with her baby—and the servant thought she had not gone."

The words and the matter passed away from his mind. Mrs. Lyvett threw herself into the easy-chair again, and he related to her the substance of what passed at the office, suppressing only the stern prohibition as to all *future* intercourse with herself. "They are on the corky system just now, Sophy," he concluded, "but they'll come down. Don't be disheartened."

She urged his acceptance of the following evening's invitation—urged it so strongly, in so agitated and eager a manner, that it turned the scale of his mind in favour of going. "But I don't like to leave you alone for a whole evening," he repeated. "They dine at seven, I should not get home till ten, or later, for it won't do to run away the minute dinner's over. A disgraced child must be on its good behaviour."

Mrs. Lyvett only pressed it the more urgently. She should be happier alone, knowing he was there, than if he remained away for her gratification.

When they retired to rest, Mr. Lyvett saw that the clothes and packages had been put tolerably straight by the servants. In the middle of the night his wife was taken with a second fit of trembling, so violent that it woke him up in a fright.

In the morning she was pretty well, and was nearly dressed, when she heard a noise, as of shaking, in the dressing-room. She sprang towards



it with a gesture of terror. Mr. Lyvett, with some coats on his arm, had hold of the brass knob of one of the closets, and was shaking to get it open.

"Oh, don't do that!" she uttered, seizing his arm.

"Why, what is the matter?" he inquired, for her face looked a mass of ghastly terror.

"You may break the lock."

"Sophy, dear, what ails you? Break the lock! Not I. And if I did, it need not put you out. This is a capital closet. I noticed it when I took the rooms. Lots of brass pegs in it, the very place for my clothes. You will want the other one and the wardrobe. Where's the key of this closet?" he demanded of the servant who appeared in answer to his peal at the bell.

"I don't know, sir," she replied. "It was in the door when we made the rooms ready."

"It is out now," was Mr. Lyvett's remark.

"I have not touched it, sir. I noticed last night that it was out."

"I must have it," said Mr. Lyvett.

Mrs. Lyvett interrupted. "Perhaps I took it out," she said. "I know I was looking in the closet. I will search for it after breakfast." She had got her face buried in a drawer as she spoke, and they could not see its shivering whiteness.

They went in to breakfast. When it was over, Mr. Lyvett rose. "Now, Sophy, this key."

"I will look for it by-and-by."

"But I want it now. I want to arrange my things at once."

She rose and left the room. But the moment she was in the bedroom, far from searching for the key, she sank down on a chair wringing her hands, her whole appearance, her face, her attitude, bespeaking a state of wild alarm. Mr. Lyvett suddenly opened the door, and saw her.

"My dear Sophia, what is the matter?" A fit of trembling, violent as that of the previous evening, was shaking her now.

"What can it possibly be? You must have medical advice. When was it you experienced these seizures before?"

"It is nothing—nothing," she panted. "I did have them, some years ago. Frederick——"

"My love?"

"Do not tease me to look just now for the key. I will get it for you by this evening."

"Oh, never mind the key. My things will do any time. Think of yourself. I'll ask Mrs. Cooke to recommend a medical man, and we will have him in at once. She is sure to employ one in the neighbourhood."

He was hastening from the room, but Mrs. Lyvett arrested him by a gesture and a groan—for it could not be called a word. "Call no one," she murmured. "Let me only be quiet, and it will pass away. It is an attack of the nerves, brought on by fatigue."

He stood and watched her, and presently she arose, languid but composed. She took his arm, and they went back to the breakfast-room. Two dark circles were round her eyes, and altogether she looked as her husband had never seen her look. He gently put her into the easy-chair, and drew a footstool before her.

"Now I tell you what, Sophy, don't you stir out of that chair all day. And if the trembling comes on again, take some brandy-and-water immediately. It did you good last night. You must not go travelling again, if this is to be it. Shall I remain at home with you?"

"No, oh no," she eagerly answered, "you could do me no good. I only want quiet. You know you have a deal to arrange to-day, and several people to see. Pray do not neglect it."

"Well, I shall not go home this evening."

"You must go—you shall go!" she exclaimed, with a vehemence that positively startled Mr. Lyvett. "I tell you, Frederick, any worry would only make me worse, and it would worry me dreadfully to know that you neglected this first invitation of your father's. It might render the breach irrevocable."

"Good-by, then," he said, stooping to take his farewell. "But I can tell you it depends upon whether you are better."

Mr. Lyvett passed down the stairs, and as he was crossing the hall, met Mrs. Cooke. He had known her many years. Her son, now dead, had been articled to his father's house. He stopped to shake hands.

"I am sorry to hear Mrs. Frederick Lyvett is not well," she said.

"Not very. From fatigue of travelling, I believe. She says it will soon pass off. I wish you would go up and see her, Mrs. Cooke. And," he added, dropping his voice to a whisper, "if you think it anything serious, just send for a doctor, and say nothing about it to my wife till he is here."

In a short time Mrs. Cooke went up-stairs. Mrs. Lyvett seemed very well then. She received her haughtily, not to say ungraciously; and spoke in a resentful tone of her husband's having thought she needed assistance.

"Did the countrywoman take away the child yesterday?" asked Mrs. Cooke, in a friendly tone.

"Of course she did," was Mrs. Lyvett's reply, looking steadily at her, but she was taken directly with a fit of coughing, and had to rub her handkerchief over her face.

"So Ann brought me word, when I sent up to ask if you would like some food for him. But—I do not know how my sight could so have deceived me. I saw her go away, and it seemed she had nothing with her. Where he was hidden, will, to me, always be a mystery."

"He was asleep in her arms under her shawl."

"Well, no, that could hardly be. Both her arms were hanging down. I noticed her hands: she had one glove on, and was carrying the other."

"She would scarcely leave her child a present for me," returned Mrs. Lyvett, with a forced, repelling laugh.

Mrs. Cooke cleared her throat, and looked another way, speaking hurriedly. "The woman mentioned to me some particulars; and said she had brought the child home; to leave him. I regret much that she should have spoken, for of course it is no business of mine, but I beg to assure you that I shall never think of mentioning to any one what she said."

"I'm sure I don't know what she said to you," was the answer, delivered in a curt, discourteous tone. "And it is of no consequence. She is a woman who is deranged at times, and is then given to say strange things: but nobody notices her. I have occasionally given her charity,

and that is what she wanted yesterday. The child is her own, her youngest; but when the mania is upon her she disowns him."

Mrs. Cooke found much food for reflection that day. Was she to believe the countrywoman's tale, or Mrs. Frederick Lyvett's? She inclined to that of the former, who not only appeared perfectly sane and sensible, but she had honesty written on her face, which Mrs. Lyvett had not. In the next place, she could almost swear, if necessary, that the woman had *not* the child when she departed. Carrying it, she certainly was not, yet where could it have been hidden? Under her petticoats? No. She was of slender make, and her lavender cotton gown hung down, flat and scanty, as peasants' gowns generally do. Yet it was equally certain that the child had gone, for Mrs. Lyvett could not have got him hidden in the house. However, as she repeated to herself, it was no business of hers, so she would not wonder any more about it. But the more she strove to follow this resolve, the less was she able to do it. The affair was determined to haunt her.

Mr. Frederick Lyvett came home in his cab to dress. He found the closet open, and his things placed nicely in it. His wife had done it. She appeared to have recovered, and insisted that he should not hurry home: she should not wish to see him one moment before eleven. He was elated at her being so well, and descended at half-past six to his cab, which had waited for him.

It was the dusk hour of the same evening. That is, nine o'clock had struck, when a figure wrapped in a large shawl, and carrying what seemed a heavy, cumbersome bundle under it, stole down the stairs at Mrs. Cooke's; stealthily, slowly, cautiously, as if she dreaded even the creaking of a board; stole across the hall, whose lamp was not yet lighted, and noiselessly out at the front door. She pulled it to, but did not close it after her, probably dreading the sound, sped through the gate, and turned to the left. The road-lamp flashed on her face, its colour, as seen through her veil, was white as death, and her mouth opened with every laboured breath she drew.

She bore steadily on her road, but with difficulty, for she was not accustomed to heavy burdens. The road is tolerably lonely there, and every now and then, when not a soul was in sight, she leaned against a dead wall, or a railing, or a stone gate-post for rest. Once, when she was well-nigh exhausted, she sat down on a garden step. An unintentional movement partially displaced the shawl and exposed the bundle. A curious looking bundle it was, wrapped up in what seemed to be flannel, clumsy, and tied round with much string. She had not sat a minute when a policeman appeared, coming round the corner she had passed. She sprang up and darted away, helped on by unnatural strength.

She came to the Regent's Park; it was no great distance; and was entering it, when another policeman appeared, coming from it. She turned short round, and cowered under the shelter of a dark wall. He went the other way, and as the echo of his footsteps died on her ear, she came out of hiding and stole on again. Scarcely any people were in the Park at that hour, and she chose a path which took her to the water. She soon came near it: it looked dull and dark, not glimmering, and

she stood still. Some railings intervened: she got over them, and approached it.

A few moments, and she reappeared. Extending her head over the railings, she peered cautiously, this way and that, in the dusky night. Nothing, human or animal, was near, and she tumbled over them in haste and confusion, and sped back the way she had come. Ever and anon, as she tore along, her head was turned back over her shoulder, as if she were fleeing from some darksome thing, and feared its following her. Her movements were free now, and her step was lighter. Yes, surely; for the burden was no longer with her. Where had she left it?

A cab was passing as she emerged from the Park by the nearest gate. She hailed it, and got in, giving the driver only a word of direction: that of the road where her house was situated.

"What part of it?" he inquired.

"Drive on. I'll tell you when to stop."

She sat in it, panting and breathless, shaking as she had shaken at home. She let the man drive past her house some slight distance, and then stopped the cab. The fare was very trifling, but she put half a crown into his hand, and walked on, away still from home. Cabmen are suspicious men, remarkably wide awake. This one glanced keenly at her face through her veil, and stood watching her. Then he turned his cab, and drove slowly back, looking out for a fare.

When the cab was out of sight she turned and approached her home. No lights were in the drawing-room, so her husband had not returned. That was fortunate, but another circumstance was less so. The door, which she had hoped to find on the jar, as she left it, was closed, and she could not get in unseen. The hour she did not know, but thought it might be half-past ten.

What should she do? She scarcely dared to knock and enter, and face the surprise as to her proceedings at so late an hour. The parlour shutters were closed, so no prying eyes were on her, and she paced back to the gate in indecision, and paused there, in the full light of the gas-lamp. At that moment a cab drove past. She did not recognise it, but the driver recognised her as the liberal fare he had recently set down. He had met another fare, a cab full, whom he was driving home. He turned round on his box, and noted the house: no fear that he would not know it again.

Another cab came up, a private one, and stopped at the gate. Mr. Lyvett jumped from it, and his groom drove off immediately.

"Why, Sophia!" he exclaimed, in the very excess of astonishment, as he entered the gate and encountered her. "Is it you?"

She laughed loudly. "I put on my great shawl, and came out to walk up and down before the gate, waiting for you. It was hot in-doors, and the night air is pleasant."

But he seemed rather cross, seemed to think the proceeding an extraordinary one, and recommended her not to do it again. She thought the servants stared curiously at her, but they ventured no remark. Both were there; one opened the door, the other was in the hall. Mrs. Cooke was sitting in her parlour as they passed it, the door being put back.

"Good night," said Mr. Lyvett to her. "A warm night, is it not?"

Mrs. Cooke came forward. "Yes it is, very warm. You gave us a fright," she added to Mrs. Lyvett, who was hastening up the stairs, but at these words felt compelled to turn. "When Ann came up to light the hall-lamp, she found a beggar-boy in the hall: a young man, indeed, a great, strong, ill-looking fellow. He pretended to ask for bread, but it is a mercy she saw him, or we might all have been murdered in our beds to-night."

"How did he get in?" exclaimed Mr. Lyvett.

"We could not imagine how, till we found Mrs. Lyvett was out. You must have left the door open," she added, looking at the lady. "If you will kindly take the trouble to ring when you are going out, one of the servants will be at hand to show you out and close the door after you. Perhaps," she continued, smiling, "Mrs. Lyvett is not accustomed to London, and little thinks that the streets are infested with thieves and vagabonds, ever on the watch for plunder."

"Oh, Mrs. Lyvett has lived in London all her life," was Mr. Lyvett's reply. "Had you much trouble in getting rid of him?"

"No. I thought it best to conciliate the gentleman, and called the cook to give him some broken victuals. He then asked for old shoes, and I threatened him with a policeman unless he quitted the house."

"It is the police who are to blame," returned Mr. Lyvett. "What right have they to suffer these sort of fellows to be prowling about the roads at eleven o'clock at night?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Cooke, "it is an hour and a half ago."

"I hope you will not be troubled again with such a customer," he concluded. "Good night, ma'am."

His wife had run up-stairs, and he followed her. The servant had also gone up with lights. "Sophy," he said, as the girl withdrew, "you must have been out a long while. Where can you have been?"

"Only walking about, watching for you. I told you so."

"Don't go letting yourself out again, my dear, in that odd sort of clandestine way. Ring them up and let them wait upon you. It is different here from that place you were in at Brompton. Mrs. Cooke is a gentlewoman, you know, and accustomed to proper ways. Besides, you are Mrs. Frederick Lyvett now: don't be afraid of giving trouble."

Mrs. Lyvett had no further attack of trembling that night. But she tossed and turned from side to side; and, when she did get to sleep, moaned and started so repeatedly that her husband obtained no rest.

A day afterwards, London was ringing with the news of a dreadful crime. A child was dragged out of the water in the Regent's Park, foully strangled, the cord and its fatal knot being still tightened round its neck. And the police were throwing out all their energies to discover where the child had come from, and who had committed the murder.

## SAINT SIMON'S MEMOIRS.\*

MR. BAYLE ST. JOHN tells us that a friend of his, talking to a literary man the other day on the subject of Saint Simon, was informed that the Duke in question was "a great republican, a friend of Robespierre, who left very voluminous memoirs;" and that a person of cultivated mind and wide reading, on hearing of this present translation, asked: "Why did they make him a saint?" We are also told that an amusing article was once written in France, called "The Two Saint Simons," in which a disciple of the new religion and an admirer of the Memoir-writer are made to talk for hours in rapturous tones of their idols without ever discovering their mistake.

And yet with equal propriety might we identify the Sydney Smith of St. Paul's Cathedral, Green-street, and the *Edinburgh Review*, with his namesake, the hero of Acre; or the D'Aubigné who fought for and quarrelled with Henri Quatre, with the D'Aubigné who writes the history and romance of the Reformation; or Sir Robert Peel  *fils*, ex-Lord of the Admiralty, with Sir Robert Peel  *père*, sometime First Lord of the Treasury. But we will not pay our readers so poor a compliment as to suppose them unaware of the distinction, not only chronological but political, social, personal, in one word, total, between the two Saint Simons. At any rate the chances are, we take it, that if the reader be unacquainted with either, he is so with both. In which case he now enjoys an opportunity, thanks to Mr. Bayle St. John, of coming into close, familiar, and profitable contact with the illustrious writer of the Memoirs.

No one can come to know much about Louis XIV. and his times, without *ipso facto* knowing a good deal about the Duke of Saint Simon. The Duke's Memoirs are an indispensable condition to our acquaintance with the Grand Monarque. But the Memoirs as they come undocked, uncurtailed, unpruned from the pen of their ready writer, are far too diffuse for the general reader. Abridgments, indeed, always have their evil; but there are cases, and Saint Simon's appears to be one, where they become a necessary evil—where we must have them, or nothing. Of course the student of history will still resort to the original work, in its twenty large octavo volumes of some 450 pages each. But whoso reads without a purposeat—any rate, without *that* purpose—will be glad of a condensation so judiciously managed as the present, wherein the clever translator reduces the given quantity to its lowest terms, while carefully on his guard against unduly impairing its quality; endeavouring in effect to supply us with the concentrated essence of a too bulky original. The entire abridgment, in four volumes, will be equal to about one-sixth of that original. Of course it is the spirit rather than the substance that is here reproduced, the Duke's scattered facts being so collected together as to form one continuous narrative. The translator's aim has been to let Saint Simon "retain as much as possible some of his French garments with-

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\* The Memoirs of the Duke of Saint Simon on the Reign of Louis XIV. and the Regency. Abridged from the French. By Bayle St. John. First Series. In Two Volumes. London: Chapman and Hall. 1857.

all his French ways and peculiarities. Whenever practicable," he adds, "I have exactly translated his expressions; when they were untranslatable I have rendered them into the language that seemed best to express his meaning—without being troubled with the idea of elegance. Always, too, I have adhered rigorously to my text. Not a thought, not a reflection, not a phrase, have I willingly given that Saint Simon's words do not justify. . . . Except in the notes it is Saint Simon who speaks throughout." Of a portion of these notes we shall have a word to say presently; meanwhile the translator may be congratulated on the tact, the spirit, and the judgment with which he has (thus far) half-accomplished his task.

Mr. St. John has done well in making short work of the Duke's long-winded digressions on the subject of "precedence," and his prolixity on whatever related to the order to which he belonged, and to all the rights of which he was so touchily sensitive. The dissertations on matters of this kind are the duller part—and a very large part too—of the original Memoirs; to reproduce them for the general reader in this country, would be reproductive industry of a most unprofitable sort. Quite sufficient is retained in the present volumes to give a taste of Saint Simon's quality in this respect—as for example, the account of M. de Luxembourg's claim of precedence, which interested the Duke so nearly, and aggravated him so entirely; and that of the quarrel about precedence between his mother and another duchesse at the funeral of Madlle. de Condé—or that other quarrel, on the same sore question, between M. de Coislin and the president of the parliament; or, again, the conflict at Court as to precedence at the Communion Table, and at the King's dinner-table, and at the After-Suppers—each feud, sacred or profane, being contested with a tenacity, violence, and rancour that will rather repel than repay study. Saint Simon had a very cordial contempt for parvenus, and lost no opportunity of giving it practical expression. Deploable in his eyes was the fact, to which those eyes could not be shut, that "there are in all Courts persons who, without wit and without distinguished birth, without patrons or service rendered, pierce into the intimacy of the most brilliant, and," he continues, "succeed at last, I know not how, in forcing the world to look upon them as somebody." A *brave* Cavoye, of this class—a truckling Saumery—a Duc de Gesvres, grandson of a "pedlar, or something worse"—a Maréchal de Villeroy, grandson of a "dealer in fresh fish at the markets"—a Secretary Vovain, blessed with "the one indispensable quality for admission into the councils of Louis XIV.—not a drop of noble blood in his veins"—fugh! these creatures are an offence to the nostrils of Saint Simon. He has no patience with the King's sanction of any such method of rise and progress. He is all indignation at the King's patronage of his own illegitimate children. The Montespan pretenders he cannot away with; he will go all lengths to crush their claims, and uphold the cause of legitimate primogeniture. And oh the scorn he cherishes for your supple courtiers—for the race of toad-eaters in ordinary, tuft-hunters of every complexion, lickspittles of every degree!—whether it be the "infamous act of personal adoration" by which Alberoni won the heart of Vendôme, or the intrigues of the cabal which beslaved the heir-apparent—or the Duchesse de Bourgogne herself, "crawling before that creature" Madlle. Chein,

Monseigneur's favourite—or the truckling mob who deserted and derided Chamillart, when it became the policy of De Maintenon to turn the minister out of office. Not that Saint Simon, after all, was himself sublimely superior to the charm of Court existence. It was the potency of that charm which gave such intensity to his interest in whatever concerned the “dignity” of his order, and the “respectability” of its environments. And when was man more keenly interested in every topic of the kind—in all the highways and byways of the subject—in all its branch lines, ramifications, offshoots, subdivisions, subsections, and most distant relationships? He was conscious of the keenness of his spirit of curiosity, and avows it once and again in the course of these Memoirs. Thus, when the Court witnessed the sham fight at Compiègne, “the most beautiful sight that can be imagined”—the Duke breaks off from his description of the military display, to observe: “But a spectacle of another sort, that I could paint forty years hence as well as to-day, so strongly did it strike me, was” the manner of the King as he every now and then stooped to speak to Madame de Maintenon in her sedan-chair: “Each time that he did so she was obliging enough to open the window four or five inches, but never half way; for I noticed particularly, and I admit that I was more attentive to this spectacle than to that of the troops.” So again when Madame de Lude brought word to the King, as he amused himself at the carp basin, of the accident that had happened to the young Duchesse de Bourgogne—and when Louis had exhibited in most unseemly fashion his selfishness, choler, and utter want of feeling, and then, after a while, left the astounded courtiers to themselves—“as soon,” says the Duke, “as we dared look at each other out of his sight, our eyes met and told all. . . . However distant may be that scene, it is always equally present to me. . . . I myself examined everybody with my eyes and ears, and was satisfied with myself for having long since thought that the king loved and cared for himself alone, and was himself his only object in life.” Very characteristic, too, is Saint Simon's exclamation, when reporting the King's decision that the Duc de Berry should marry the daughter of Orleans: “What must have been the state of Madame la Duchesse [de Bourbon, whose daughter was thus set aside]! I never knew what took place in her house at this strange moment; and would have dearly paid for a hiding-place behind the tapestry.” And once more, take Saint Simon's account of his feelings and demeanour on learning the death of Monsiegnur: “Thus answered, I tried not to be glad. I know not if I succeeded well, but at least it is certain, that neither joy nor sorrow blunted my curiosity, and that while taking due care to preserve all decorum, I did not consider myself in any way forced to play the doleful. . . . I felt under no constraint, and followed every face with my glances, and tried to scrutinise them unobserved.” With almost rapture he then dilates upon the sensations enjoyed during such an inquest of human faces—the absorbing gratification he then and there derived from watching, like a spy whom nothing escapes, the signs and wonders expressed on the visages that surrounded him—whether the expressions were assumed or genuine, involuntary or put on; a true thing, that did not lie, or a hollow sham, that might deceive others, but could hardly impose upon him.

A special characteristic, indeed, of Saint Simon, is the attention he



habitually pays to physiognomical details. The outside of a man rivets his gaze—for a time at least—as a preliminary towards turning the man inside out, or looking him through and through. The portrait of Chief President Harlay seems to stand out from its frame: “He was small, vigorous, and thin, with a lozenge-shaped face, a long aquiline nose—fine, speaking, keen eyes, that usually looked furtively at you, but which, if fixed on a client or a magistrate, were fit to make him sink into the earth. He wore narrow robes, an almost ecclesiastical collar and wrist-band to match, a brown wig mixed with white, thickly furnished but short, and with a great cap over it. He affected a bending attitude, and walked so, with a false air, more humble than modest, and always shaved along the walls to make people make way for him with greater noise; and at Versailles worked his way on by a series of respectful and, as it were, shame-faced bows to the right and left.” The account of Harlay’s wife does not omit to mention, that, “in effect, she was extremely fat, and of a very high colour.” We see in Madame de Montespan a “tall creature, meagre and yellow, who laughed sillily, and showed long and ugly teeth; who was extremely devout, of a compassed mind, and who only wanted a broomstick to be a perfect witch.” M. Monaco “was almost blind in both eyes, and had a huge pointed belly, which absolutely excited fear, it jutted out so far.” Rose, the artful and adroit secretary in the King’s cabinet, who died in 1710, after having held for half a century the office of “the pen”—an office which consisted in forging or imitating so exactly the King’s handwriting, that the real could not be distinguished from the counterfeit, and so saving his majesty the trouble of writing letters with his own hand—was “a little man, neither fat nor lean, with a tolerably handsome face, keen expression, piercing eyes sparkling with cleverness; a little close, a satin skull-cap over his grey hairs, a smooth collar, almost like an abbé’s, and his pocket-handkerchief always between his coat and his vest. He used to say that it was nearer his nose there.” Monsieur (Philippe of Orleans, the King’s brother) was “a little round-bellied man, who wore such high-heeled shoes that he seemed mounted always upon stilts; was always decked out like a woman, covered everywhere with rings, bracelets, jewels; with a long black wig, powdered, and curled in front; with ribbons wherever he could put them; steeped in perfumes, and in fine a model of cleanliness. He was accused of putting on an imperceptible touch of rouge. He had a long nose, good eyes and mouth, a full but very long face. All his portraits resembled him. I was piqued to see that his features recalled those of Louis XIII., to whom, except in matters of courage, he was so completely dissimilar.” The Duchesse de Gesvres “was a sort of witch, tall and lean, who walked like an ostrich.” The Princesse d’Harcourt—Madame de Maintenon’s favourite—though once beautiful and gay, lost all her grace and beauty while still in the prime of life: “The rose had become an ugly thorn. At the time I speak of, she was a tall, fat creature, mightily brisk in her movements, with a complexion like milk-porridge; great, ugly, thick lips, and hair like tow, always sticking out and hanging down in disorder, like all the rest of her fittings out. Dirty, slatternly, always intriguing, pretending, enterprising, quarrelling

\* “The King signed all the letters Rose wrote, and the characters were so alike it was impossible to find the smallest difference.”—(I. 272-3.)

—always low as the grass or high as the rainbow, according to the person with whom she had to deal: she was a blonde Fury, nay more, a harpy: she had all the effrontery of one, and the deceit and violence; all the avarice and the audacity; moreover, all the gluttony, and all the promptitude to relieve herself from the effects thereof; so that she drove out of their wits those at whose house she dined." The Duchesse de Nemours, again, had a "strange look, and a droll way of dressing—big eyes with which she could scarcely see, a shoulder that constantly twitched, grey hairs that she wore flowing, and a very imposing air." Of the Prince de Conti we are told that "his face had been charming; even the defects of his body and mind had infinite graces. His shoulders were too high; his head was a little on one side; his laugh would have seemed a bray in any one else." Père le Tellier's "exterior kept faith with his interior. He would have been terrible to meet in a dark lane. His physiognomy was cloudy, false, terrible; his eyes were burning, evil, extremely squinting; his aspect struck all with dismay." Commend us to Saint Simon for detecting a twist in the mouth of a parvenu, a twitch in the shoulder of an adventuress, or a cast in the eye of a Jesuit. Here, again, is M. le Duc, grandson of the great Condé: "He was a marvellously little man, short, without being fat. A dwarf of Madame la Princesse [his mother, Anne of Bavaria] was said to be the cause. He was of a livid yellow, nearly always looked furious, and was ever so proud, so audacious, that it was difficult to get used to him." The old Maréchale de la Meilleraye married her page, Saint Ruth—of whom we read, "Saint Ruth was a very honourable gentleman, very poor, tall, and well made, whom everybody knew; extremely ugly—I don't know whether he became so after his marriage." Heudicourt was not only a scurrilous wretch, a great drunkard, and a debauchee, but he "had a face hideous as that of an ugly satyr." Monseigneur, the Dauphin (as we should call him, though his father did not), was "rather tall than short; very fat, but without being bloated; with a very lofty and noble aspect without any harshness; and he would have had a very agreeable face if M. le Prince de Conti had not unfortunately broken his nose in playing while they were both young. He was of a very beautiful fair complexion; he had a face everywhere covered with a healthy red, but without expression; the most beautiful legs in the world; his feet singularly small and delicate. He wavered always in walking, and felt his way with his feet; he was always afraid of falling, and if the path was not perfectly even and straight, he called for assistance." Such is the style of Saint Simon's observations on the outward show of the men and women he marshals before us.

Of their inward and spiritual grace, or lack of it—and he has vastly more to do with negatives than with positives in this respect—he proceeds to take account, and form his calculations, in a similar spirit of peering scrutiny. He would rede the riddle, an he might, of every man and woman's mystery—pluck out the heart of it, rip up the artificial network of it, gloat on its free and full and flagrant exposure to the light of common day, and to the eyes of common men. His pages teem with character-sketches, generally malicious and unsparing in the tone which pervades them. Now and then, indeed, he may speak in terms of eulogium; of an Abbé de Rance, for instance (M. de la Trappe), to whom

he declares himself strongly and reverently attached; of the Bishop of Orleans, "whose face spoke at once of the virtue and benignity he possessed," who "in youth was so pious, that young and old were afraid to say a foul word in his presence," and who, "although very rich, appropriated scarcely any of his wealth to himself, but gave it away for good works;" of Madame de Guise, that severe stickler for etiquette, but "in other things an entirely good and sensible woman;" and of Madame de Sévigné, to whose amiable and social character he pays willing homage: "This woman, by her natural graces, the sweetness of her wit, communicated these qualities to those who had them not; she was besides extremely good, and knew thoroughly many things without ever wishing to appear as though she knew anything." La Bruyère, too, he praises, not only as an author who had surpassed Theophrastus in his own manner, but as "a very honest man, of excellent breeding, simple, very disinterested, and without anything of the pedant;" while of Racine he says, "No one possessed a greater talent or a more agreeable mien. There was nothing of the poet in his manners: he had the air of a well-bred and modest man, and at last that of a good man;" and, again, of Le Notre, the Gardener, that he had "a probity, an exactitude, and an uprightness which made him esteemed and loved by everybody. He never forgot his position, and was always perfectly disinterested. He worked for private people as for the King, and with the same application—seeking only to aid nature, and to attain the beautiful by the shortest road. He was of a charming simplicity and truthfulness." Saint Simon does full justice, too, if get something more, to the natural endowments and studious accomplishments of the Princesse des Ursins, who played so important a part in the politics of Spain; nor let us forget the civil things he says of Père la Chaise, "just, upright, sensible, prudent, gentle, and moderate, an enemy of informers, and of violence of every kind;" or of Maréchal Boufflers, who "watched over all, and attended to all, in a manner that gained him all hearts." But it would almost seem as if Saint Simon said a good word for Père la Chaise that he might heighten the effect of the bad ones he heaps upon Père le Tellier; and that the eulogy of Boufflers is implicitly designed to intensify, by contrast, the *acharnement* of his attack on Vendôme. Indeed, he does explicitly contrast the two marshals—the one raised by force of trickery, piling up mountains like the giants, leaning on vice, lies, audacity, on a cabal inimical to the state and its heirs,\* a factitious hero, made such by will in despite of

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\* *L'Etat et ses héritiers.* Mr. St. John calls attention, in a note, to this curious identification of the State and the King, as illustrating "the probably apocryphal, saying—'*L'Etat c'est Moi*.'"

Propos of his foot-notes, we may remark that the translator is a little demonstrative, not to say obtrusive, with his very *pronounced* republicanism. He is ironical when Saint Simon speaks in detestation of the threatening letter which hinted regicide, during the disasters and sufferings of 1709: "The mind recoils with horror from the wretch to whom such an idea could have presented itself amidst the blessings which the absolute authority of Louis XIV. was showering upon the country."—(Vol. ii. p. 223.)

Again, where Saint Simon concludes an animated passage with the reflection, "so true it is that nothing approaches the strength which is found in the heart of a nation for the succour and re-establishment of kings!"—his ungenial, or rather un-congenial translator takes occasion to remark: "This is a wiser observation, perhaps, than Saint Simon thought. Human nature is too apt to attribute its

truth;—the other, without cabal, with no support but virtue and modesty, was inundated with favours, and the applause of enemies was followed by the acclamations of the public, so that the nature of even courtiers changed, and they were happy in the recompenses showered upon him. Vendôme is certainly one of the most distinguished of the many who put to the test Saint Simon's powers as a good hater. The hatred comes out, in his instance, with a depth of colour, and a sort of blistering white heat, that establish beyond dispute the exceeding capabilities of the hater. Long is the list, however, of the notables upon whom the caustic Duke expends his stores of bitterness—often in flights, as it were, of sharp arrows, with coals of juniper. There is a large ascending scale of degrees in the strength of his strictures—from an almost lambent irony to fell and furious denunciation. Now the "subject" on whom his scalpel operates is the President Harlay—"a perfect hypocrite; without faith, without law, without a God, and without a soul; a cruel husband, a barbarous father, a tyrannical brother, a friend of himself alone, wicked by nature—taking pleasure in insulting, outraging, and overwhelming others, and never in his life having lost an occasion to do so." Now it is the Abbé d'Auvergne, who "by his stupidity published his bad conduct, his perfect ignorance, his dissipation, his ambition; and to sustain himself he had only a low, stinking, continual vanity—which drew upon him as much disdain as did his habits—alienated him from all the world, and constantly subjected him to ridicule." Now it is the Prince d'Harcourt, "a great liar, and a libertine in body and mind; a great spendthrift, a great and impudent swindler, with a tendency to low debauchery, that cursed him all his life;" and who, having fluttered about abroad and at home, and found it impossible either to live with his wife—the ill-favoured,

degradation to external violence, and to forget that the strongest allies of those that enslave it are found within its own breast."—(Vol. ii. p. 345.)

Elsewhere the Duke narrates the course adopted by Louis for calming his scruples as to the imposition of new taxes—viz., by consulting his confessor, Le Tellier, and certain doctors of the Sorbonne, on the casuistry of the subject. Whereupon Mr. Bayle St. John observes—glancing from this particular monarch to the very principle and universal practice of monarchy itself—"The consultation related in the text is of course only astonishing from the clear manner in which the monarchical theory is propounded, and from the semi-hypocritical conduct of the King. Imagine a royal personage having scruples at such an age, and under such circumstances! It is interesting to compare this anecdote with the invectives of Estienne de la Boétie, who accuses monarchy of this very assumption that all property belongs to it."—(Ibid. p. 357.)

Once more. Mr. Bayle St. John "cannot refrain," and we are a little concerned at his incontinence, from "referring to the trite observation," that Saint Simon's narrative sufficiently explains not only the occurrence, but also the "horrors," of the French Revolution. Nay, he avows himself "astonished" at the mild measures of the Reign of Terror, and expects his readers to be so, assumes that they will be so, too. "A calculation has been made that six thousand persons perished by executions of various kinds during the French Revolution. If we compare this number with the multitude who suffered each famine brought on by the arrangements of the King and his ministers and the connivance of the nobility, we shall be astonished at the clemency shown by the people in the hour of vengeance and triumph."—(Ibid. p. 361.) Perhaps whatever astonishment Mr. St. John's readers have to spare, will be devoted to something else, on coming to the close of his marginal comment. Not but that the kind of astonishment he bespeaks may be had, and to any amount, payable on demand, among the believers in M. Felix Pyat, and, we suppose, the advanced staggers who swear by Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds.

ill-savoured intimate of Madame de Maintenon—or to accommodate himself to the Court or to Paris, “set up his rest at Lyons with wine, street-walkers, or society to match, a pack of hounds, and a gaming-table.” Then, again, we have Pontchartrain, the naval secretary, “a man who, with some amount of ability, was disagreeable and pedantic to an excess; who loved evil for its own sake; who was jealous even of his father; who was a cruel tyrant towards his wife, a woman all docility and goodness; who was in one word a monster, whom the King kept in office only because he feared him.” The Grand Prieur (Vendôme’s brother)—stigmatised as a poltroon as well as debauchee—who “never went sober to bed during thirty years, but was always carried thither dead drunk: was a liar, swindler, and thief; a rogue to the marrow of his bones, rotted with vile diseases; the most contemptible and yet most dangerous fellow in the world.” Courtenvaux, eldest son of M. de Louvois—a man “fond of obscure debauches; with a ridiculous voice, miserly, quarrelsome, though modest and respectful; and in fine a very stupid fellow.” The Prince de Conti, who, although “so amiable, so charming, so delicious, loved nothing,” but only “had and desired friends, as other people have and desire articles of furniture. Although with much self-respect, he was a humble courtier, and showed too much how greatly he was in want of support and assistance from all sides; he was avaricious, greedy of fortune, ardent, and unjust.” M. le Prince (Condé, son of *le Grand*), than whom “no man had ever more ability of all kinds—extending even to the arts and mechanics—more valour, and, when it pleased him, more discernment, grace, politeness, and ability. But then”—fatally significant is Saint Simon’s *but then*, and perpetually recurrent, in spirit, if not to the letter; essentially, if not verbally—“But then no man had ever before so many useless talents, so much genius of no avail, or an imagination so calculated to be a bugbear to itself and a plague to others. Abjectly and vilely servile even to lackeys, he scrupled not to use the lowest and paltriest means to gain his ends. Unnatural son, cruel father, terrible husband, detestable master, pernicious neighbour [verily the *but then* is not a passage that leads to nothing!]; without friendship, without friends—incapable of having any—jealous, suspicious, ever restless, full of slyness and artifices to discover and to scrutinise all (in which he was unceasingly occupied [here Saint Simon might be supposed to describe himself], aided by an extreme vivacity and a surprising penetration), choleric and headstrong to excess even for trifles, difficult of access, never in accord with himself, and keeping all around him in a tremble; to conclude, impetuosity and avarice were his masters, which monopolised him always. With all this he was a man difficult to be proof against when he put in play the pleasing qualities he possessed.” Madame la Princesse, his wife and “continual victim,” is described, in genuine Saint Simonian spirit and Saint Simonian diction, as “disgustingly ugly, virtuous, and foolish;” a lady of sweetness, piety, and novice-like submission, who was “a little hump-backed, and stunk like a skunk, even from a distance.” Saint Simon knew how to mix his colours, so as to produce certain glaring effects; his sketches often have the breadth of caricature, but seldom if ever its unreality.

A glimpse of two other noteworthy persons must not be foregone, ere we leave the Duke’s portrait-gallery. One is the heir to the throne, Monseigneur, whose death was hailed by Saint Simon as so opportune for

himself. "As for his character, he had none; he was without enlightenment or knowledge of any kind, radically incapable of acquiring any; very idle, without imagination or productiveness; without taste, without choice, without discernment; neither seeing the weariness he caused others, nor that he was as a ball moving at haphazard by the impulsion of others; obstinate and little to excess in everything; amazingly credulous and accessible to prejudice, keeping himself, always, in the most pernicious hands, yet incapable of seeing his position or of changing it; absorbed in his fat and his ignorance, so that without any desire to do ill he would have made a pernicious king."

The other is the King's father-confessor, Père le Tellier, who "was chosen as successor of Père de la Chaise, and a terrible successor he made. Harsh, exact, laborious, enemy of all dissipation, of all amusement, of all society; incapable of associating even with his colleagues, he demanded no leniency for himself and accorded none to others. His brain and his health were of iron: his conduct was so also; his nature was savage and cruel. He was profoundly false, deceitful, hidden under a thousand folds; and when he could show himself and make himself feared, he yielded nothing, laughed at the most express promises when he no longer cared to keep to them, and pursued with fury those who had trusted to them. He was the terror even of the Jesuits, and was so violent to them that they scarcely dared approach him." Saint Simon's sketch of the Father's physiognomy we have already given.

So ruthless an anti-Jansenist as Le Tellier could hope for scanty ruth from the philo-Jansenist Duke. Saint Simon somewhere defines Jansenism an "ideal heresy," invented by the Jesuits solely for the purpose of weakening the adversaries of Molina. To oppose Molina's doctrine was to be a Jansenist. That in substance, says the Duke, was what was meant by Jansenism. In which sense the Duke himself was one of these ideal heretics.\* His narrative of the proceedings taken against Port

\* Rarely, perhaps, did his feelings approach nearer to bitter disdain of the Grand Monarque himself, than when Louis, by word or deed, sought to "put down," snub, scarify, or stifle, the cause or the disciples of Jansenism. Here is a pertinent illustration, highly characteristic of all parties:

"When M. d'Orléans [the future Regent] was about to start for Spain, he named the officers who were to be of his suite. Amongst others was Fontpertius. At that name the King put on a serious look.

"'What! my nephew,' he said. 'Fontpertius! the son of a Jansenist—of that silly woman who ran everywhere after M. Arnauld! I do not wish that man to go with you.'

"'By my faith, sire,' replied the Duc d'Orléans, 'I know not what the mother has done; but as for the son, he is far enough from being a Jansenist, I'll answer for it; for he does not believe in God.'

"'Is it possible, my nephew?' said the King, softening.

"'Nothing more certain, sire, I assure you.'

"'Well, since it is so,' said the King, 'there is no harm: you can take him with you.'

"This scene—for it can be called by no other name—took place in the morning. After dinner M. d'Orléans repeated it to me, bursting with laughter, word for word, just as I have written it. When we had both well laughed at this, we admired the profound instruction of a discreet and religious King, who considered it better not to believe in God than to be a Jansenist, and who thought there was less danger to his nephew from the impiety of an unbeliever, than from the doctrines of a sectarian. M. d'Orléans could not contain himself while he told the story, and never spoke of it without laughing until the tears came into his eyes.

Royal is warmly toned with indignation against the oppressor, and sympathy with the oppressed.

Noway inferior to his talent for personal portraiture of a particular kind, is Saint Simon's skill in the construction, or rather the grouping and presentment, of dramatic *tableaux vivants*, taken from life, from the acted history of his own time, played out under his own eye, or detailed to him by actual witnesses, whom, we may be sure, he examined and cross-examined with all the tact and urgency of a lynx-eyed inquisitor. As examples of this graphic art in depicting a "situation," managing a crisis, and getting up a scene, we may refer to his narrative of the sudden illness and death of Monsieur, the King's brother—the hubbub and disorder there was that night at Marly, the horror at St. Cloud, that palace of delights—the courtiers jostling one another—the King weeping "a good deal"—Monsieur dying, stretched on a couch in his cabinet, exposed to the scullions and grooms of the household, whilst the women who were at St. Cloud, and who lost their consideration and their amusement, ran hither and thither, crying, with dishevelled hair, like bacchantes. Or to the account of Louis at the carp basin, receiving intelligence that the Duchesse de Bourgogne, then *enceinte*, "was hurt;"—or that of the behaviour of Louis and Madame de Maintenon in her sedan-chair, at the sham siege of Compiègne;—or, most striking and memorable of all, the elaborate description of Monseigneur's decease, with all that preceded, accompanied, and ensued upon it, in the shape of court intrigue, court excitement, court suspense, court hopes and fears, court hypocrisy, and court heartlessness. The blundering, obstinacy, and dissension of the doctors—the King supping tranquilly while *they* were losing their wits, and "pouring down physic on physic, without leaving time for any to work"—then the abrupt intimation to the King that all was lost—the confusion of high and low—the rush to the new heir-apparent—the constrained groans and sighs of the valets, "grieving for the master they had lost as well as for the master that had succeeded"—the real sobs of the discomfited cabal, and the crocodile tears of the triumphant—nothing is overlooked, nothing modified or softened, for indeed in his portrayal of such scenes we may say of Saint Simon that he

Nothing extenuates, but sets down all in malice.

In this last instance, the candour with which he avows his pleasure at the death of Monseigneur, because it came at the nick of time to save him from an impending scrape, is curious enough. When there seemed a prospect of the sick man's recovery, he and the Duchesse d'Orléans condoled with each other in a beautiful spirit: "To speak frankly, and to our shame, she and I lamented together to see Monseigneur, in spite of his age and his fat, escape from so dangerous an illness. She reflected seriously but wittily, that after an illness of this sort [small-pox], apoplexy [upon which their charitable hopes had been founded] was not

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It ran all through the Court and all over the town, and the marvellous thing was, that the King was not angry at this. It was a testimony of his attachment to the good doctrine which withdrew him further and further from Jansenism. The majority of people laughed with all their heart. Others, more wise, felt rather disposed to weep than to laugh, in considering to what excess of blindness the King had reached."—(II. 147-8.)

to be looked for; that an attack of indigestion was equally unlikely to arise, considering the care Monseigneur had taken not to overgorge himself since his recent danger; and we concluded more than dolefully, that henceforth we must make up our minds that the Prince would live and reign for a long time." But Monseigneur died. He was, or might become, a thorn in the side of Saint Simon. It made the Duke wince. "This thorn in my side was cruelly sharp." But relief came. "At the moment the most unlooked for it pleased God to deliver me from it." The Duke is full of thanksgiving for Heaven's special interposition, for a particular providence, vouchsafed in his behalf at so critical a juncture. He joins the mourners (by courtesy, and as courtiers), and is saddened for a moment—by what? By the thought, hear him, "that I myself should find myself some day at the gates of death." But this is transitory; and he continues: "Joy, nevertheless, found its way through the momentary reflections of religion and of humanity, by which I tried to master myself." And he adds—for Monseigneur was not yet a dead man, but only in *articulo mortis* or thereabouts, "And with these thoughts I felt, in spite of myself, a lingering fear lest the dead man should recover, and was extremely ashamed of it."

It is at this turning-point in the reign of Louis that the present instalment of Mr. St. John's translation comes to an end. Two volumes, forming a second series, are to follow, the subject of which will be the last days of the old King, and the state of France under the Regency of his able and adroit but profligate nephew.

## THE ADVENTURES OF A ROVING DIPLOMATIST.\*

THE "Adventures of Roderick Random and Strap the Barber" were written pretty much in the strain of the usual run of similar works of fiction in their time, a little vein of caricature running through all. In the present volume the adventures are the random portion, and we take it the hero reflects his exact nature—a photographic portrait—not a fold of his dress-waistcoat omitted, not a straggling curl of his diplomatic locks but is exactly portrayed. His sayings and doings remind us of Kite's hussar, who could "eat a ravelin for his breakfast, and pick his teeth with a palisado." He has but to say "Presto, fly, Jack, and begone!" and the French press falls flat before him, as the walls of Jericho fall before the ram's horns of the Jewish cohorts. His magic power, bent on mightiest labours, changed the antipathies of the *Sixième* into the most rapturous affection for *perfide Albion*, subduing into the softest and most soothing language those fierce political diatribes which had before come across the Channel with an aspect which threatened England to its deepest foundation in the abysses of the ocean. It was a

\* The Adventures of a Roaming Diplomatist. By Henry Wikof. New York. 1887.



gigantic task to master the "Age" in this way, and lay England under such a heavy obligation to a scion of her American descendants. M. Lamarche, of the *Siècle*, softened under Mr. Wikof as the rocks of the Alps melted under the vinegar of Hannibal. Like Alexander and all great conquerors, Mr. Wikof then aspired to new victories. He determined to bring *La Presse* to obedience. The subjugation of this adversary must have been more formidable still than the envious *Siècle*. How shall we designate that soaring spirit which, not content with its triumph over the "Age," would fain lead captive the "Press." M. de Girardin listened to the soft impeachment as a lady half tempted to be frail listens to a captivating lover, hesitates, and is undone. Just so it was with M. de Girardin. At first *mille et mille raisons* stood in his way. The power of Mr. Wikof's eloquence changed Lord Palmerston's rough treatment of France into the most agreeable cordiality as far as related to the misconstrued conduct of the noble lord. M. de Girardin, who, with his brother editors, had "fretted like gummed velvet" at the name of the foreign secretary of England, now "took up the cudgels in his behalf." The "Age" and the "Press" subdued (*Le Siècle et La Presse*), Mr. Wikof determined to go on conquering and to conquer. Having been so far victorious, he resolved, in the spirit of him of whom it was said, "Give him all England and he would ask Ireland for a potato-garden," to bring M. Achard, of the *Assemblée Nationale*, to his feet, a writer who, in his Anglophobian hostilities, had not spared even the cut of Lord Normanby's coat—"think of that, Master Brook!" He, too, fell by degrees before Mr. Wikof, who set all the Parisian press quite right about our foreign secretary, and wrote a matchless dialogue of a conversation between himself and Lord Palmerston in the way of Landor. It was to be anonymously published, and inserted in nearly all the Paris journals and those of the vicinity. It was cautious, from all accounts, faithful, and overpowering, but his diplomatic *surveillant*, his evil genius, Mr. Edwardes, pooh-poohed it, as absurd and irrelevant. The glorious results he anticipated were clipped in the bud, while the hero of his own tale, after such achievements, was recommended to correspond directly with the Foreign Office. But we have commenced somewhat irregularly.

Mr. Henry Wikof is by birth an American, and by profession a "wandering diplomatist." He became known in Paris about 1850 to a gentleman attached to the British embassy named Edwardes, who discovered something in him, "when caught young," as Johnson said of Scotchmen, that omened well for a life amidst the concoction of protocols and the deciphering of despatches. He gave him an introduction to Lord Palmerston, by whom he was well received, and invited to meet the noble lord at Broadlands. The reception was courteous as that which an Englishman of distinction could not fail to give. We learn, too, that Mr. Wikof could not ride a few miles with Lord Palmerston from a dread of sundry bruises, and that his lordship sent away his own horse in kind consideration for the "wanderer," together with the horse he had ordered for his accommodation, which Mr. Wikof mistook for a Bucephalus, he being no equestrian son of Philip. Mr. Wikof had witnessed the political struggles of 1848 in France, and was well known to the President Louis Napoleon, whom he visited. He seems to have had an acquaintance with many of the leading characters who figured in the extraordinary events which

occurred at that epoch, and this it was, no doubt, which struck Mr. Edwards with an idea that Mr. Wikof might be useful to the British foreign department. He was soon afterwards enrolled among the *employés* in that department, having had a second interview with Lord Palmerston at Broadlands, where his lordship happened to be at the moment. There he presented his lordship with a document drawn up in relation to France, entitled "*La France, que veut-elle ?*" He is then referred to Mr. Addington, the under-secretary of state, as to his duties, and proceeded again to Paris, full of the idea that he had not only a mission to fulfil there in the British diplomatic service, but that he was competent at the same time to render England and America considerable service by the superiority of his abilities and his knowledge, beyond that of English officials, of the best policy to be pursued to keep the two nations in harmony. At the same time Mr. Wikof was determined, like a good American citizen, to do nothing to prejudice his country. In this respect never was Roman patriotism in later days preserved more unblemished than throughout his narration.

After Mr. Wikof returned from London to Paris, his first essay was made to subjugate the French press, which was then virulent on the subject of England. We have shown his own account of his successes in this way. Nothing could be more conclusive of his talents on his own representation of things, and his rescue of Lord Palmerston from the continued attacks of those who wholly misunderstood his lordship's character and policy. Such a champion must have been invaluable to the British foreign secretary, after he realised the *veni, vidi, vici* of anti-quity with a celerity no doubt quite astounding at the Foreign Office. Gallic ideas changing their side so satisfactorily, in other words, France being politically subdued by Mr. Wikof, he turned to his native land in order to reconcile the two countries by means of his own patriotic views and superior knowledge of the interests of both. This rendered any instructions useless, even from the foreign secretary, so lofty was Mr. Wikof's consciousness of his own powers. How he subdued the press of France, his cogent arguments, his particular logic, and his ultimate triumph, which he seems to have thought must have laid Lord Palmerston under heavy obligations, he fully details. To us it seems marvellous that what he details effected such wonders, unless some latent influence, some supernatural charm, were secretly acting at the same time upon the spirit of the French journals. We cannot see how else the wondrous change thus effected could have been brought about. The French papers averred that Lord Palmerston "*travaille toujours et partout contre la France,*" and with such feelings on the part of their journalists the potent reasoning and prevailing eloquence of Mr. Wikof worked a change equal to that of making them eat their own words, thus surpassing in his labours the most renowned necromancers, who never pretended to make people devour invisibilities. There are various episodes in our author to show how much the writer was acquainted with French society. Thiers comes in for his share of the "*Roving Diplomatist's*" censures, for the press of Paris could not have been bridled without a reference to those connected with it. It is true the world may chance to think the better of the little diatribist Thiers for Mr. Wikof's calumination, which is unfortunate.

In the midst of his services and his handling the reputations of others

so tenderly, his connexion with the press of France—perhaps we should say its subjugation—his victory over the Gallic broadsheets, Mr. Wikof is at a loss to know what further services Lord Palmerston supposed he could do him. It was evident enough, it may be thought, that as to France this was no difficult question upon the achievements we have recorded, but his lordship, it was presumed by Mr. Wikof, counted upon a more gigantic exploit on his part, namely, using his vast experience to support the policy of the British foreign minister in the United States; having subdued the press of France, he was expected to add to his diplomatic glory the conquest of that of America. This expectation of chaining to his chariot-wheels the Transatlantic as well as the Gallic press, was much relished by Mr. Wikof. He felt it a task worthy of his sublime aspirations to dare the enemies of the placability of England and America, the vast territory of which, from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, no doubt lay maplike before his imaginative vision in all its vastness, and “spurred the sides of his intent.” The aristocracy of England, he informs us very untruly, view the United States with distrust and aversion. The English press had handled most rudely the reputation of that of America, and though he does not particularise, slave dealing was no doubt included in the causes of censure. The English aristocracy at length gave up detraction regarding America. Lord Palmerston declared for a pacific policy in her regard. Any other instruction his lordship did not, very wisely, we think, vouchsafe. The ministers of England, by journalism and the windings of diplomacy, had for years endeavoured to arrest American expansion (*qv. Filibusterism?*). This was a most unjust policy. Why should not the United States have Cuba, and Walker Costa Rica? But here Mr. Wikof does not particularise. His main charge is that the aristocracy of England saw with distrust the democratic institutions of the American States—a fearful thing, had not the English commercial classes forced the aristocracy to reason, which at length abandoned its virulence against the zealous heaven-born Yankee. Lord Palmerston gets the credit for causing the abandonment of this detestative policy. Still, our wandering diplomatist had a superior knowledge of his own country, and set about proving it by a fascinating support of the English government in the American press. Out of a thousand and more papers published in America, we are left in the dark as to those particular papers in which Mr. Wikof wrote. These, we presume, were to convert their brethren, thus soothing the Americans, sustained by the hope to remove causes of difference and live with Englishmen like brothers. About the end of 1850, Mr. Wikof began his operations on the papers of America, whose names were legion. North and South were subjected to his expositions of what he styles English policy. He thus realized the labours of Hercules, in coping with such numerous and such varied elements as the bland and calmly reasoning newspapers of America. How he intended to do what he succeeded in doing in France, if he is to be credited, we do not know. The task was not the subjugation of three or four well-educated French gentlemen, it was the change of opinion among a thousand Federalists, Democrats, Know-Nothings, Monomaniacs, and their organs. Perhaps he designed ultimately to follow the example of the Hibernian soldier, who took a vast number of prisoners by surrounding them himself. Mr. Wikof did not trouble the Foreign Office

with specimens of his inflections, but he exhibited them to Mr. Edwardes, in Paris, who was astonished at their tone and manner. These distiches were some of them submitted to Mr. Crampton, who happened to visit Paris at the time, and that exiled diplomatist, it would appear probable, made a joint report upon them with Mr. Edwardes, afterwards sent to Lord Palmerston. Soon after this, Mr. Wikof was recommended by Mr. Edwardes to resign. His correspondence, framed to prevent his committing himself in his native land, was no doubt the cause of this hint. Mr. Wikof would not take it, while he was conscious that his countrymen might regard him as a British spy. The hint was nominally grounded on the expectation, at that time, of Lord Palmerston's going out of office and not liking to bequeath so valuable a servant to his successor—a servant who might show, perhaps, by whose assistance the noble lord himself acquired his new Parisian influence, and might, of course, have secured the United States, from Lake Erie to Galveston, by taking Mr. Wikof's opinion, through his superior knowledge of the people. Meanwhile he went to Lille, in company with a French deputation, to examine into the state of the poor. He next visited London to receive his salary, and found he could learn nothing there of his being wished to resign. He was still in his post. If it was desirable he should resign a little time before, the storm, he thought, had blown over. He called at the Foreign Office in 1851, and did not see Lord Palmerston, who was engaged. His lordship, by note, announced his presence at a given hour the next day at the Foreign Office. Mr. Wikof went, but his lordship was gone. Mr. Wikof returned to Paris, and there found a note fixing another day for an interview, despatched to France after him. He heard no more about resigning, and shrewdly conjectured his official life was for a short time prolonged. It was soon evident a misconception had taken place about America, the blame of which was by Mr. Wikof thrown upon the Foreign Office. He now had notice that his engagement must terminate at the end of the year. Mr. Wikof then appealed for support to the somewhat notorious Peter Borthwick, who got into parliament for Evesham through Sir Bethel Codrington, having been imagined by Sir Bethel as profound in state policy as in divinity, and styled by Mr. Wikof "a very amiable and most sagacious gentleman." Peter contrived to get Lord Palmerston to consent to see Mr. Wikof in Carlton-gardens, but his lordship was not at home, and ultimately declined all further interviews with him. At this the reader need not feel much surprise. Wikof was retained in the Foreign Office until the end of June, 1851, when he was finally paid off. Thus Lord Palmerston lost America, and that country, as well as Great Britain, was abandoned to its doom, at least as far as Mr. Wikof's saving influence could intervene. It would have been a happy thought to have got Peter Borthwick to move the House of Commons for the impeachment of the foreign minister, on the ground of his damaging British interests, and running the risk of war, by the rejection of Mr. Wikof's professed policy regarding America.

There can be no doubt that the ministers of a nation must encounter strange persons, and see themselves sometimes mistaken in judging characters. There is so much effrontery which makes its way in the world beyond merit, which is generally retiring, it is not wonderful errors in estimating it are continually committed. Servants and agents

must be employed, while the heart of man is fearfully hypocritical. Pretension is ever busy even among the more ignorant, and the chiefs of office are too much occupied to be able to observe narrowly the character of those whom necessity requires them to employ. Lord Palmerston, in the present case, employed an instrument who undertook to effect certain objects, and ran counter to the mode of thinking of the heads of the office that employed him. He was then discharged, after being retained months beyond his time. No harshness was exhibited towards him, and Lord Palmerston's conduct was exceedingly kind and considerate, worried as he was. His lordship *will* have the duty he wishes duly performed: very rightly, as regards the public as well as himself. He knows his own duties and performs them, and so must those under him. No man in England works harder, or is more considerate to those he employs; and Mr. Wikof, did the tale end here, made out no case in his own behalf. A little more modesty, too, in his character and conduct, would have done good even to the victor intoxicated with his glory over the French.

We have had the sublime, next comes the ridiculous. This same soother of the political acerbities of nations had made love to an American lady in Russell-square, named Gamble. For five or six long years their cooing and billing had lasted. After such a deliberate courtship—modern love gets chill soon, like iron kept long out of the fire—they still pledged each other to be true as magnetic needles. The marriage was fixed upon, but postponed because the lady wished to pass the winter in Italy. Mr. Wikof was no diplomatist in love affairs, it is very clear. The lady, on her solitary way to Italy, repented of her caprice towards her Romeo. This fact was communicated to him. At once he flew on enraptured pinions after the fair Jane Gamble. No sooner did he reach the place where his true love was to be found, than the fitful lady again showed she loved the absent, not the present, swain. He sought to remonstrate, and the lady refused to receive him. He had recourse to a stratagem once more to behold her, again carried his point, and she forgave his devotion. No sooner had the interview ceased, than the fickle Jane Gamble jilted her lover again, "and, by a series of acts, totally unpremeditated," lodged Mr. Wikof in an Italian prison, he being charged with abduction. The lady, an American by birth, now again repented, but her Romeo was consigned to a miserable cell in Genoa. She had made her complaint to the British consul there, who, by obtaining an order of arrest, got him thrown into prison. In vain the relenting lady appealed to this official; he would not hear her pleadings, having a flinty heart. Wikof was imprisoned in all fifteen months. The lady let it out to Brown that Wikof had been an *employé* of the Foreign Office. No matter, nothing would pacify Brown. Now comes the main point: to fix on Lord Palmerston and the Foreign Office the blame of this harsh treatment, and all the cruel usage the conqueror of the Parisian press had received. Mr. Hudson, our ambassador at Turin, he charged with influencing the Sardinian government against him, of which we do not believe one word. After his incarceration he came to England, and demanded justice against Mr. Consul Brown in vain. Lord Clarendon justified Mr. Hudson; and we do not even see, when Miss Gamble's solicitor

acted for her, and Brown was only a witness, what any one but the United States ambassador or consul had to do with the case, either in Genoa or England. As to Lord Palmerston's conduct, it appears to us that at first he imagined Mr. Wikof might have been of service to his department; that he was really of very little use indeed; and therefore his lordship parted with him on the score of economy, as he had a right to do, especially when Wikof set out with the Quixotic idea of controlling the American press. Bocolini tells us of a traveller who, annoyed by grasshoppers, got off his horse to kill them all. It seems to us just as bright an idea as that of Mr. Wikof, that one writer could render the Yankee newspapers unanimous in praise of brother Bull. As is natural, the present work closes with denunciations of the British Foreign Office, sneers at John Bull for torture in India to balance slave torture in America, and *quant. suff.* of that recriminative spirit which people, when forgetting they are the sons of their own actions, employ to gratify their disappointed feelings. It is pretty clear, from the tendency of the present volume, that the writer would be a dangerous ally or confidant. Of his high feeling and discretion we have another instance in the fact that he actually published in England a work, entitled "My Courtship and its Consequences," which preceded the present.

If she be not fair for me,  
What care I how fair she be?

should have been the burden of his song; but love is as blind now as of yore, and a diplomatist in love not a jot more sagacious in such unhappy circumstances than any other animal.

Mr. Wikof's pertinacity as a lover seems to resemble that he displayed as a diplomatist, and makes us suspect that Miss Gamble must have had an attractive purse, or Mr. Wikof must have been a swain of no common perseverance after a capricious lady.

We should hardly have noticed this book, but copies are continually coming over, and the heads of our departments are often assailed for that to which no blame attaches. Of all men, Lord Palmerston, when foreign secretary, was least open to such charges as this disappointed American brings against him. It therefore becomes us to be awake to similar works when abroad, which, however unjust, are applied by disappointed natives and foreigners as censures upon public men.

Mr. Wikof has the boldness to claim English copyright as well as American. This is not sustainable. It must be regarded as a bit of the author's diplomacy. We referred the case to Mr. H. G. Bohn, of York-street, Covent-garden, who perfectly well comprehends the law upon that point, and he informs us there is no validity in the assertion, no international treaty being in existence between England and America. It would be well there were, for very weighty reasons in relation to authors and publishers. By this claim it is very probable the author contemplates an English edition. It can hardly be expected to pay if the attempt be made, for it is a work of little general interest, however it may display the animus of the writer towards the Foreign Office, the heads of which must be continually exposed to similar complaints from those whose *amour propre* they may happen to scarify a little.

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X

## THE QUEEN OF SPADES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF PROSPER MÉRIMÉE.

BY WILLIAM BATES.

## I.

It was high play at Naroumoff's, a dashing lieutenant of the Horse Guards. A long winter evening had glided away, but the guests were unconscious of the progress of time, and it was five o'clock in the morning when supper was announced. The winners, with keen appetites, eagerly took their places at the table; while those whom fortune had not favoured, gazed at their plates in gloomy silence. Gradually, however, the genial champagne had its usual kindly effect, and the conversation became animated and general.

"How have *you* fared this evening, Sourine?" asked the master of the house of one of his guests.

"Lost, as usual. Indeed, I've not a grain of luck. I play the *mirandole*; you know my *sang-froid*; I'm the most systematic of players; I never change my game, and yet I always lose!"

"What! through all the evening have you not ventured once upon the *red*? Your constancy is indeed astonishing."

"Now, what think you of our friend, Hermann?" cried one of the guests, pointing to a young officer of the Engineers. "He has never made a bet, or touched a card in his life, and he watches us while we play till five o'clock in the morning."

"The game interests me," said Hermann; "but I do not feel inclined to risk the necessaries of life to gain the superfluities."

"Hermann is a German, and therefore economical and prudent," cried Tomski; "but what *does* astonish me, is my grandmother, the Countess Anna Fedotovna."

"Why so?" asked one of his friends.

"Have you not noticed that she never plays?" replied Tomski.

"Verily," said Naroumoff, "a lady of eighty never to touch a card is wonderful indeed."

"Do you know the reason?"

"No. Has she a reason for such a determination?"

"That she has, indeed. You shall hear. You must know that my grandmother visited Paris some sixty years ago, and there created quite a *furor*. She was the lioness of the day, and every one raved about the *Moscovite Venus*. Richelieu himself was among her adorers, and, to listen to my grandmother, he was within an ace of blowing out his brains in despair at her severity. In that day, all the women gambled, and *far* was the fashionable game. One night, at a court ball, my grandmother lost a fearful sum to the Duke of Orleans. She returned to her hotel, stripped off her patches, threw her hoops aside, let her hair fall dishevelled over her shoulders, and in this tragic costume rushed into the apartment of my grandfather, and relating her ill-luck to him, asked him for money to dis-

charge the debt of honour she had contracted. Now my grandfather was a sort of steward to his wife ; he feared her like the very deuce, but the sum that she mentioned was a trifle too much for him ; he fell into a rage, sat down to his accounts, and showed my grandmother that in six months she had run through some half million of roubles. He told her quietly that his estates were not at Paris, and finished by firmly refusing the required subsidy. You may imagine the rage and despair of my grandmother ; she soundly boxed his ears, and manifested her indignation by leaving him that night to solitary slumbers. In the morning she returned to the charge. For the first time in her life she condescended to reason and to explain. In vain she strove her utmost to demonstrate to her obtuse husband the distinction between debt and debt, and that it would never do to act to a prince as if he were only a vulgar tradesman. All her arguments went for nothing ; my grandfather was inflexible. What to do she did not know. Luckily, she was acquainted with an individual of great celebrity at that time. You have all heard talk of the Comte de Saint Germain, and the marvellous doings that are attributed to him. You know that he professed to be a sort of Wandering Jew, a discoverer of the *elixir vitae*, and the philosopher's stone. Some folks laughed at him as a mere charlatan. Casanova, in his Memoirs, says that he was a spy. But however this might be, and in spite of the mystery in which his life was enveloped, Saint Germain was received in good society, and was really a man of elegant manners. Even to this moment my grandmother has preserved a warm affection for him, and is terribly offended when she hears him spoken of without due respect. She had a vague idea that he might, perhaps, advance her the sum she required, and despatched a billet, entreating him to favour her with a call. The venerable *thaumaturgus* lost no time in coming, and found her in an abyss of despair. In two words she laid the state of the case before him ; her run of ill-luck, and the barbarity of her husband, and that now her only hope lay in his friendship and willingness to serve her. Saint Germain listened with attention, and after a few moments of reflection, said, 'Madame, it would be easy for me to advance you the sum you require, but I know that you would not feel comfortable till you had repaid me, and I do not wish to extricate you from one embarrassment only by involving you in another. There is another mode of release. You must win back the sum you have lost.'

"But, my dear count," replied my grandmother, 'I've told you already that I've not a louis d'or left.'

"You have no need of one," answered Saint Germain ; 'listen to what I say.'

"He then put her in possession of a secret, which, each of you, I warrant, would pay a pretty sum to learn."

The young officers were all attention. Tomski suspended his narration while he lighted his *écume*, puffed forth a volume of odorous vapour, and thus continued :

"That very evening my grandmother repaired to Versailles to a gambling party given by the queen. The Duke of Orleans held the bank. My grandmother made some excuse or other for not having liquidated her debt, took her seat among the players, and commenced to stake. She took *three* cards ; won on the *first* ; doubled her stake on



the *second*; won again; doubled on the *third*; in short, cleared herself triumphantly."

"Mere luck," cried one of the officers.

"What a story!" said Hermann.

"The cards must have been made right," suggested a third.

"I believe nothing of the kind," said Tomski, gravely.

"What!" cried Naroumoff, "your grandmother knows three winning cards, and you have never persuaded her to teach them to you?"

"Ah, there's the deuce of it!" replied Tomski. "She had four sons, of whom my father was one. Three of them were inveterate gamblers, but neither of them ever succeeded in getting the secret from her, notwithstanding the value it would have been to them, and to me as well. But listen to what my uncle, the Count Ivan Ilitch, once related to me, and I have his word of honour for its truth. Tchaplitzki—who died, you know, in misery, after running through millions—one day in his youth lost to Zoritch something like three hundred thousand roubles. He was in despair. My grandmother, not the most indulgent to the follies of young men, made an exception, I know not why, in favour of Tchaplitzki; she gave him three cards to play, one after the other, exacting his word of honour never to touch a card again. Upon this, Tchaplitzki went in search of Zoritch, and demanded his revenge. On the first card he put fifty thousand roubles, won, betted as well, and having played his three cards, rose from the table, his debt annihilated, and money besides in his pocket. But it's striking six! *ma foi*, it's time to go to bed."

The guests emptied their glasses and separated.

## II.

THE aged Countess Anna Fedotovna was seated before a mirror in her dressing-room. She was assisted in the mysteries of her *toilette* by three *femmes de chambre*; one handed her a pot of rouge, another a case of black pins, and the third an enormous turban of lace decorated with brilliant red ribbons. Not that the countess could boast of the slightest relics of beauty; but she preserved all the habits of her youth, dressed herself in the fashion of fifty years ago, and bestowed upon her *toilette* the time and attention of a *petite maîtresse* of the bygone generation. Her *demoiselle de compagnie* was engaged at her work in a recess of the window.

"Good day, grandma!" exclaimed a young officer, as he entered the cabinet; "good day, Mademoiselle Lise. Grandmamma, I am come to ask you a favour."

"What is it, Paul?"

"To allow me to introduce one of my friends to you, and to beg you to give him an invitation to your ball."

"Bring him with you to my ball, and present him to me there. Were you last night at the princess's?"

"Oh yes; and a delightful affair it was. We danced till five o'clock. Mademoiselle Eletzki was divine."

"*Ma foi*, mon cher, you are easily pleased. Talk of beauty, indeed; you should see her grandmother, the Princess Daria Petrowna. *Mais dis donc*, she must now be growing very old, the Princess Daria Petrowna?"

"What, old!" cried Tomski, mystified; "why, she has been dead these seven years at least."

The *demoiselle de compagnie* raised her head, and made a sign to the young officer. This brought to his recollection that it had been agreed upon to conceal from the countess the death of her contemporaries. He bit his tongue; but the intelligence that her old friend had departed from this world did not seem to produce much effect upon the aged countess.

"Dead?" cried she; "tiens, this is the first time I have heard of it. We were both chosen maids of honour at the same time, and when we were presented, the empress——"

The old countess here related, for the hundredth time, an anecdote of her youthful days. "Paul," said she, as she finished, "assist me to rise. Lisanka, where is my snuff-box?" And followed by her three *femmes de chambre*, she retired behind a large screen to finish her toilette. Tomski remained tête-à-tête with the *demoiselle de compagnie*.

"Who is this gentleman you wish to present to madame?" asked Lisabeta Isanovna in a low tone.

"Naroumoff. Do you know him?"

"No. In the army?"

"Yes."

"In the Engineers?"

"No, in the Horse Guards. What made you think that he was in the Engineers?"

The *demoiselle de compagnie* smiled, but did not answer.

"Paul!" cried the countess from behind the screen, "send me a new novel; no matter what, so that it's *not* in the style of the day!"

"What kind of one must it be then, grandmamma?"

"A novel where the hero neither strangles his father nor his mother, and where there is no one drowned. Nothing frightens me like a drowning."

"Pray, where am I to find such a one as you want? Shall it be a Russian novel?"

"Bah! is there such a thing as a Russian novel? But send me one of your own choosing, if you like. Don't forget."

"I will not forget. Adieu, grandma, I'm in a terrible hurry. Adieu, Lisabeta Isanovna. How came you to think that Naroumoff was in the Engineers?" And Tomski, humming an opera air, left the cabinet.

Lisabeta Isanovna, left to herself, took up the work she had laid down, and seated herself, as before, in the embrasure of the window. Just at that moment a young officer made his appearance in the street at the corner of an adjoining house. The moment the eyes of the *demoiselle de compagnie* lighted upon his form, she blushed to her very temples. She bowed her head, and almost concealed it beneath the canvas which she was embroidering. At that moment the countess entered, completely dressed.

"Lisanka," said she, "tell them to put the horses to; we will take a ride."

Lisabeta instantly rose, and began to arrange her tapestry.

"Well! don't you hear? Petite, are you deaf? Tell them to put the horses to directly."

"I'm going," replied the *demoiselle de compagnie*. And she left the ante-chamber.

A servant entered with a parcel of books from the Prince Paul Alexandrovitch.

"My best thanks.—*Lisanka! Lisanka!* where in the world are you running to?"

"I'm going to dress myself, madame."

"We've plenty of time, petite, for that. Sit down, and begin to read the first volume to me."

The *demoiselle de compagnie* took the book, and read a few lines.

"Louder," said the countess. "What is the matter with you?—are you hoarse? Wait—give me that *tabouret*—nearer still—now then."

*Lisabeta Isanovna* read two pages more. The countess yawned.

"*Quel fatras!*" cried she; "throw the stupid stuff away. Return them to the Prince Paul, with my thanks. And the carriage, is it never coming?"

"Here it comes," replied *Lisabeta Isanovna*, as she saw it pass the window.

"Eh bien, you are not dressed yet. One has always to wait for you. It is really unbearable."

*Lisabeta* ran to her chamber. She had scarcely been there two minutes, when the countess pulled the bell with all the strength she could muster; her three women rushed in at one door, and the valet de chambre at another.

"It seems that I can make no one hear!" cried the countess. "Do tell *Lisabeta Isanovna* that I am waiting for her."

At that moment the latter made her appearance, hastily attired in riding costume.

"At last, mademoiselle!" said the countess. "But what dress is that? Why have you put that on? Whom do you wish to captivate to-day? Let us see what sort of weather it is—I'm afraid it is windy."

"No, your excellency," said the valet; "on the contrary, it is very mild."

"You never know what you are saying. Open the *vasistas*—I said so—a terrible wind, and freezingly cold! Take the horses out! *Lisanka*, ma petite, we will not go out. It was hardly worth the trouble to make yourself so charming."

"What an existence!" said to herself the *demoiselle de compagnie*.

Indeed, *Lisabeta Isanovna* was a girl to be pitied. "The bread of the stranger is bitter," says Dante; "the stone of his threshold is high to step over." But who can chronicle the annoyances of the poor companion of an old lady of quality? The countess, nevertheless, was not a bad sort of woman; but she was full of the caprices of a spoiled child of the world. She was avaricious, opinionated, and selfish; as women often become who have ceased to play an active part in society. Never did she miss a ball; and there, painted to the eyes, and dressed in the fashion of a bygone day, she never left her corner, and seemed intentionally placed there as a scarecrow. Each guest, as he entered, made her a profound salutation; but, that ceremony over, no one took further notice of her. She received the world of fashion at her own house, observing etiquette with the utmost scrupulousness, but not able to designate her guests by name. Her numerous domestics, grown grey and

obese in her service, did just as they liked, and wasted her substance as if she were already dead. The life of her young companion, Lisabeta Isanovna, was a series of unceasing mortifications. She presided at the tea-table, and was blamed for the mysterious disappearance of the sugar; she read novels to the countess, who held her responsible for all the absurdities of the authors. She was the companion of the noble lady in all her promenades, and the unevenness of the road and the badness of the weather were alike charged to her account. Her salary, more modest even than those which usually fall to the lot of humble dependants, was never regularly paid; and she was expected to dress "*comme tout le monde*;" that is to say, as a very small portion of the world *can* dress. In society, too, her position was equally pitiable. Known to all, she was taken notice of by none. It is true that she danced at balls—but only when a *vis-à-vis* was wanted; and if anything went wrong in the toilette of a lady, it was always Lisabeta who was sought for, and hurried away to the ante-chamber to effect the requisite alteration or addition. But the poor girl had sufficient self-esteem to thoroughly appreciate the misery of her position; and anxiously awaited the moment when some generous Theseus should break her gilded shackles; but the young men, prudent in the midst of their affected recklessness, took good care not to go too far; yet Lisabeta Isanovna was a hundred times more charming than the bold or silly girls before whom they prostrated themselves. Oftentimes, stealing away from the glitter and wearisomeness of the salon, would she shut herself up in the solitude of her little chamber, with the old screen, the patched carpet, the chest of drawers, the little mirror, and the bed of painted wood which served for furniture; and there, in the dim light of her bed-candle, would enjoy the luxury of unchecked and unnoticed tears.

Once—it was two days after Naroumoff's card party, and a week before the scene we have described—upon a morning, Lisabeta was seated at the window, before her tapestry frame, when, chancing to turn her abstracted gaze into the street, she perceived an officer of the Engineers, standing motionless, with his eyes fixed upon her. She averted her head, and applied to her work with redoubled application. In five minutes she again mechanically looked down into the street; the officer was still in the same place. Not being in the habit of indulging in flirtations with the young men who passed by her window, she did not remove her eyes from her work-frame for two hours, at the end of which time she was summoned to dinner. It was then necessary to rise and lay aside her work, during which operation she again perceived the officer, who had not moved from the spot. This appeared very strange. Dinner over, she approached the window, not without a certain emotion; but the officer of Engineers was no longer to be seen, and the matter soon passed away from her mind.

Two days after, as she was entering the carriage with the countess, she again saw the young officer standing before the door, his face half concealed by the fur collar of his cloak, and his black eyes glancing from beneath his cap. Without knowing why, Lisabeta experienced an emotion of fear, and tremblingly took her seat in the carriage.

Upon her return from the ride she ran to the window with a beating heart; the officer was in his usual place, his ardent gaze fixed upon her.

She immediately drew back, but burning with curiosity, and experiencing a strange emotion now known to her for the first time.

Since that time not a day passed without bringing the young officer to haunt her window, and speedily a sort of unspeaking acquaintance became established between them. While seated at her work she was conscious of his constant presence; she raised her head, and day by day her gaze became more prolonged. The young man seemed grateful for this innocent mark of favour, and she observed, with the keen and rapid perception of her sex and youth, that, whenever their eyes met, the pale cheeks of the officer became crimsoned with a warm blush. At the end of a week she ventured to smile upon him.

When Tomski requested his grandmother to allow him to introduce one of his friends to her, the heart of the poor girl throbbed with emotion, and when she learned that Naroumoff was in the Horse Guards, she repented bitterly that she had thus compromised her secret, in partially betraying it to an *étourdi*.

Hermann was the son of a German who had established himself in Russia, and recently died, leaving his son a modest independency. With the firm determination of maintaining the position in which this placed him, he had made the resolution not to encroach upon his income from this source, but to live upon his pay, and to deny himself the more imaginary gratifications of life. Sanguine and ambitious, his manners were taciturn; and the reserve which he maintained allowed his comrades but few opportunities of amusing themselves at his expense. Beneath an apparent equanimity of temperament he concealed ardent passions, and an imagination which knew no bounds; but he had, nevertheless, acquired a mastery over himself which had hitherto preserved him from the customary follies of youth. Thus, with the very soul of a gambler, as it were, he had never touched a card, fully conscious that his position did not allow him—to use his own words—to risk the loss of necessities in the hope of acquiring superfluities, and yet night after night found him before the green cloth, watching with feverish anxiety the varying chances of the game.

His imagination had been vividly impressed by the story of the three cards of the Count de Saint Germain, which haunted his memory through a sleepless night. "What!" said he to himself, as he sauntered through the streets of St. Petersburg—"what, if this old countess should confide her secret to me! if she would but whisper to me the three winning cards! . . . I must obtain an introduction to her; ingratiate myself; gain her confidence; pay court to her. . . . Yes! but eighty-four years of age! She may die this very week . . . perhaps to-morrow. . . . Besides, this wonderful story! . . . is there a word of truth in it after all? No; economy, temperance, industry—these are my three winning cards! It is with them that I must seek to increase—ah! even tenfold, my capital. They alone will ensure me independence and prosperity."

Thus soliloquising, he found himself in one of the more important streets of the capital, before a mansion of somewhat antiquated architecture. The street was crowded with carriages, defiling one by one before a brilliantly illuminated façade. Now he saw descend from the vehicle, as the door was opened by an obsequious lacquey, the *mignon* foot of a young lady—now the spur-armed boot of a general—now came

an open-worked stocking—now a diplomatic slipper. Pelisses and mantles passed in rapid procession before a Swiss of gigantic stature, who guarded the entrance. Hermann paused. "To whom does this house belong?" asked he of a *boudoutchnik*, ensconced in his sentry-box.

"To the Countess Fedotovna."

It was the grandmother of Tolski.

Hermann trembled. The story of the three cards again flashed before his imagination. He wandered round about the mansion, thinking upon its occupant, her vast riches, and the mysterious power which she possessed. When at length he returned to his quarters it was long before he fell asleep, and when uneasy slumber took possession of his senses, packs of cards, the green table, and heaps of ducats and bank-notes danced before his eyes in mazy procession. In imagination he made bet after bet, and stake upon stake, always winning, loading his pockets with piles of gold, and cramming his pocket-book with bank-notes. When he awoke he sighed with regret to find that these imaginary treasures had vanished, and by way of distracting his mind betook himself once more to wander about the city. Presently he found himself again before the mansion of the countess. A mysterious but unconquerable power seemed to master him. He arrested his steps, and gazed at the windows. Behind a curtain he perceived the head of a lady; the luxuriant raven locks which adorned it bespoke the youth of her to whom it belonged, as it gracefully inclined, doubtless over a book or a work-frame. The head was raised; he saw black eyes, and a fresh and blooming countenance. That moment had decided his fate.

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## ABSENS—PRÆSENS.

VERSION OF GOETHE'S "ICH DENKE DEIN."

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN.

Te memini, rediens quom primo, stella diei

Luce coronat aquas.

Sum memior atque tui, quom Lunæ pallida imago

Marmore picta tremit.

Tu venis ante oculos quom longo in tramite pulvis

Se levat, orbe rotans.

Tu, quom noctivagus, prope montis triste cacumen

Stat, tremit atque loco.

Audio te, quando minitanti, flumina surgunt

Murmure, rauca sono.

Cum nemus omne silet, vado auscultare per umbras

In loca sola silens.

Sum prope semper ego et tibi quom procul ipsa, propinqua

Tu procul esque mihi.

Sol cadit. Heu quonam tardas? Modo sidera lucent.

Cara veni! O venias!



## THE BATHS OF LUCCA.

BY FLORENTIA.

## VIII.

The Amphitheatre—Examination at the College.

On our way to the Circus we were joined by that adorable youth B, himself quite tamed and quiet, and as obsequious to the old cavaliers as possible. These Italians are really so strangely excitable, and so different from us in their violent displays of sudden passion, that I confess I am quite at a loss to understand them.

The Circus was of immense size, erected just under the raised esplanade bordering the walls that surround the city. At one end a handsome triumphal arch was erected opposite a spacious covered tribune, or gallery, supported by numerous rows of pillars and ornamented with sculptures, divided into three distinct compartments, the rest of the space being enclosed by open seats for the mass of the spectators. A broad course for the racing, strewed with gravel, encircled the interior; this was bordered on the inner side towards the centre by a low balustrade of wood, the inner portion prettily edged and ornamented with box and laurel. The immense central space, one moving mass of spectators, was broken by pillars and altars placed at intervals, decorated with vases, urns, and statues, producing a classical and agreeable effect, and varying the uniformity of the large and otherwise monotonous enclosure. Altogether, the whole scene looked perfectly antique, and precisely recalled the gladiatorial representations of the ancient amphitheatre. Yet although the general effect was strikingly good, nothing could be more simple than the materials. On examination I discovered that the solid-looking tribune was only painted wood; that the massive Corinthian pillars were of the same materials; and that the vases and statues that gave the centre so graceful an appearance were simply covered over with painted calico. But in all these arrangements the directing hand of taste was visible; and out of Italy one would vainly look for so classical a *coup d'œil*, produced at such an exceedingly minute damage to the civic purse. Imagine how such an affair would be managed—or rather mismanaged—in London. Thousands of pounds would be spent in building solid galleries and heavy, dropsical pillars; real statues and vases, and lions and unicorns, and other nameless monsters, would be procured out of the magazines in the New-road—that dolorous receptacle of statuary and masonry; no end of bricks and mortar, and turning over the sacred soil of one of the Parks, would make every one grumble; then, after two or three years, a clumsy, heavy affair would be completed that all the world would vote a complete and palpable failure, and about which the *Times* would fulminate belligerent correspondences for six months at least. But here, under this happy sun and amid these poor but classical Italians, a splendid amphitheatre rises in a few days as if by magic, decorated with a magnificence worthy of ancient times, and disappears as suddenly when no longer required, to reappear on the follow-

ing year, costing the good town of Lucca such a trifle that no one bears a word about it. Would that England could take a lesson!

We took our places in the centre gallery between the pillars, and looked out on the animated scene below. To the left an ample grove of lofty aspen-trees bordering the esplanade fluttered their grey leaves in the evening breeze, cooling the air after the heat of the day had somewhat subsided. The setting sun "shot showering through their leaves" in radiant streams of yellow light, and cast a golden haze over the immense crowds assembled below—a perfect sea of human beings talking, laughing, and smoking. The tribune in which we stood leaning over the balustrade was carpeted and fitted up with great elegance. Our party had now increased, and consisted of the cavaliere, who, fresh as a lark, would not hear of sitting down, but supported himself on his trusty stick; B., who for the occasion had donned a superlative jockey cap, pirouetted about in all directions, hoping to attract universal attention; and Mr. B., whose quiet, well-bred English manners offered a marked contrast to the burlesque grimaces of the young Italian. Group after group of elegant, well-dressed Italian ladies entered the gallery in quick succession, the *beau monde* of Lucca forming a small circle sacred to themselves and exclusiveness. Among these was the Countess O., ever the leader of the *haut ton*; the Marchesa B., and the pretty, modest-looking Baronessa, her niece, whose only reproach is that she had issued from such a brood. Prince B. fluttered about poking his empty noddle into every circle, and well received by all; now he addressed us, then he approached the Marchesa B., who, all smiles and nods, endeavoured to retain him. But no; he was off in a moment to another Fair, whom report says does exercise some power over his sprightly nature.

Our old cavaliere, with his calm, benign countenance, passed from group to group welcomed by all, his mild and amiable character and harmless love of enjoyment making him a universal favourite. Our friend P., with warlike moustaches, appeared, escorting two handsome Wallachian ladies just arrived from Bucharest, whose high-arched eyebrows, fine hair, lustrous eyes, and Oriental complexion, reminded one of flowers stolen from some Turkish harem.

It did not take long to make these observations on the company. A trumpet sounding soon called universal attention to the course, very different indeed from that of Ascot Heath, but to me infinitely more amusing from its novelty. The broad sweep round the amphitheatre was now cleared, and the crowd restrained within proper limits by the vehement efforts of the *reale gendarmi*, who were, of course, found here, or strange indeed would it have been. When they had somewhat diminished the crowd, some men, dressed as Turks, ran round the course to assure themselves that all was right. The horses then made their appearance from under the triumphal arch at the opposite end of the amphitheatre. They were tall, lanky-looking beasts, such as would be denominated "weeds" by cavalry officers, all bone and legs, with empty, crumpled-up bodies really quite wretched to see. These unpromising animals were mounted by little urchins apparently not more than eight years old, habited as Turks, in gay-coloured turbans and full, fluttering trousers—a pretty-looking dress, but strikingly unsuited for the purpose, as was soon demonstrated by their all subsequently losing the said tur-



bans. These little creatures—in number six now—walked their horses round the arena, being greeted with shouts and acclamations, and *Largos*, and *Bravos*, and *Vivas*, and every other word in the expressive vernacular indicative of rapturous delight. The jockeys were preceded by the before-mentioned grown-up Turks, holding a slender strip of white ribbon before the horses by way of restraining their ardour. Vain device! the horses, alarmed at the noises, excited by the scene, and terrified at the foolish strip of ribbon that fluttered before their eyes, not in the slightest degree caring for the powerless little jockeys on their backs, who tugged and tugged at the reins in futile efforts, soon began to kick and plunge most tremendously. Some set off full gallop, others tried to rush into the centre enclosure, and all were in a state of absolute insubordination. A scene of inexpressible confusion ensued, truly Italian in its noise and grotesqueness. The two Turks, doing no earthly good, rushed about in frantic agitation, screaming, swearing, and shouting; now seizing one horse, then another, stamping, roaring, and increasing the general uproar. The skinny racers became more and more terrified and excited at the increasing noise and confusion, and every moment threatened to precipitate their baby riders under their hoofs. When the hubbub had reached its grand climacteric, an officer, dressed in full uniform, rushed from a little box placed at one side of the course, and striding furiously towards the horses and the Turks, commenced a series of gesticulations indicative of anger, such as never, I think, was witnessed before or since. His arms and legs partaking of his internal emotions, seemed to revolve round his body like a windmill. His indignation at the horses, at the Turks, and at the white ribbon, exceeded all utterance or description. This last very inoffensive and useless article he seized and flung on the ground, then with a stick he held in his hand he commenced belabouring the elder Turks without mercy, who scudded away right and left; he kicked the horses, who appeared inclined to return the compliment, and stamped and talked until he was crimson. All at once, when the noise and confusion had reached its acme, he retreated into his little box as suddenly as he had emerged from it, and was seen no more.

But at this moment, when every one was on the tiptoe of expectation, the trumpet again sounded loud and shrill, and off the horses rushed without more ado. Round and round they scudded, faster than the wind, helter-skelter, casting up a whirlwind of gravel stones. The little jockeys—infants as they were—kept their seats in a marvellous manner, and urged on their steeds with frantic cries. The turbans had all fallen off on the first circuit, and lay on the ground as they flew by. Three times did they pass the gallery in a sort of devil's ride, so rapid as to make one tremble, and then, amid the applause of the multitude, clapping of hands, and all kinds of hooting, and hallooing, and screeching, the trumpet again sounded. Lo! the least of the little creatures had won! It would appear that one of the grown-up auxiliary Turks had a very strong interest in the event, for when he beheld the result he commenced cutting a variety of somersaults in the centre of the course; having given this vent to his feelings he then seized the little jockey in his arms, embraced him vehemently, ending by hugging the horse and covering him with kisses.

The winning horse was now paraded round the course, the little rider

bearing in his hands a large flag; a sum amounting to twenty pounds sterling being the value of the stakes. When, after a few minutes, the horses disappeared, all was over—the races had terminated, lasting only about an hour, one start only being attempted. It really did seem much ado about nothing, with a vengeance.

All the spectators now hastily quitted the gallery to enter their carriages; the seats round the amphitheatre were vacated in an incredibly short space of time, for every one was bent upon reaching the walls, where a grand *Passeggiata* always takes place on the conclusion of the *Corso dei Cavalli*. Here, indeed, appeared a motley scene—crowds of elegant equipages, worthy of the ring in Hyde Park, side by side with extraordinary old vehicles, that must have seen many centuries at least; attempts at English dog-carts; and Prince R. driving in what actually pretended to be an Irish car! B. made his appearance in a sort of large cab, intended to be something exquisitely singular, and saluted us as he passed with a look of gratified importance. Then there were gay barroccini, and riders on horseback, and crowds of peasants wearing their white embroidered handkerchiefs gracefully thrown over their heads, their bosoms decorated with immense golden crosses, and huge earrings descending to their shoulders. Troops also of pretty grisettes belonging to the city, their hair nicely braided, wearing the black lace veils universal among the bourgeoisie of Lucca, tripped it along the footpaths, accompanied by handsome youths, bearded and moustached in the most tremendous style, all laughing, smiling, and coquetting in the prettiest manner, their brilliant eyes radiant with pleasure, every countenance beaming with enjoyment. They had said their prayers in the morning to the *Volto Santo*, and had confessed and got absolution, and were now ready for any wickedness their merry little hearts could devise. It was a charming scene that Tuesday evening, as we drove up and down the fashionable portion of the esplanade, bordered and belted with lofty trees—"a world of greenery"—which, almost concealing the city, gave the promenade the appearance of a great raised terrace rising out of the surrounding verdant plain. The mountains that completely enclosed the level ground were tinged with the rich shades cast by the setting sun. A delicate hue of pink, blended with yellow, lingered in the east, while the more distant summits had already assumed the deep violet shadows of evening. The hum of the merry pedestrians, the rolling of the carriages as they rushed by, the murmurs from the various groups formed along the ramparts, were the articulate voices speaking in this autumn evening. Signor Trenta was greatly pleased at our reiterated admiration of the scene. "Yes," said he, "Lucca is a fine city, too little regarded by the general traveller, who seems to fancy we can afford no attraction worthy the attention, because our walls do not cover so large a space as Florence or Sienna; but I console myself with the observation of that wise sovereign Charles V., when he visited Lucca, which I have often heard the late duke my master quote with great satisfaction. 'This,' said the emperor, when riding around the walls, 'does not appear to me a small city, as was represented, but so powerful that, when well fortified and garrisoned, it would require considerable time and great forces to conquer it.' The emperor did us no more than justice, as our history shows."

Our drive was too brief in duration for anything so pleasant; but the

cavaliere, scrupulous, as became an old courtier, in all matters of *étiquette* and *avoir faire*, would not allow our carriage to linger after the leaders of fashion—the Countess O. and Mademoiselle de L. had disappeared—and peremptorily ordered our coachman to drive into the streets. Our somewhat choleric Italian Jehu, Prospero, not relishing the notion of any one but myself assuming the command, commenced a dispute with Trenta, of a most violent nature, plainly informing him that he was not his *padrone*, and that he had no intention of obeying *him*. The polite old cavaliere looked aghast, and appealed to me with a blank look of astonishment I shall not easily forget. I at once interfered, and ordered the rebellious Prospero forthwith to obey the cavaliere and to be silent—an order he was some time in complying with, long muttering between his teeth curses not loud but deep.

We did not, however, prolong our drive, as we had to dress for the theatre, which being on this occasion “illuminated,” all the world was expected to appear *en grande tenue*. Conducted by our usual duo of youth and age, in the shape of B. and Trenta, we made our appearance in the same box we had occupied the previous night. Going to the play in Italy is a mere excuse for conversation: one receives in one’s box instead of one’s drawing-room, that is the only difference. I should have been sadly *ennuyé* had not Count M. undertaken my amusement. He discoursed in the most rapid and excited way on every conceivable subject, informing me he was a poet, and lived only for the arts and the imagination; that for years he had been keeping a diary, in which he entered all and everything that occurred to him. He spoke of his uncles, and abused them heartily for liking the Jesuits; said he could not bear to go to Rome and see all the inhabitants sunk in such abject superstition, which I told him was a shocking sentiment in a Catholic; then he burst out on quite a new theme, declared he had never met with any nation who had delighted him so much as our own, and praised English ladies generally to the skies. Never was such a strange jumble of a man. He reminds me of the contents of some old cabinet, crowded with gems and rarities, jewels and pearls, hid among faded flowers, old dresses, tinsel, and tawdry reliquaries, crosses, and loads of modern French gimcracks—a pile of everything most incongruous. Our conversation, which raised the utmost ire of poor dear Trenta, who considered that the play was “the thing,” ended by his extracting a promise from me that I would remain longer at Lucca, and allow him to act next day as my *cicerone*. When this was settled he rushed suddenly into the next box, occupied by some ladies of his acquaintance, where he rattled on, quite unconscious of the *bouleversement* his abruptness had occasioned. No one can deny his countenance is eminently poetical and handsome—singularly like Byron, too, about the eyes—but he is so excitable and abrupt that he seems capable of any imprudence, were he not restrained by the most scrupulous good breeding. He visited England, in company with his aunt, the Princess T., and his reminiscences are of the most delightful kind; and no wonder, for the whole time was passed between Warwick Castle, Arundel Castle, Alton Towers, and the palace; and who, seeing England under such auspices, could be aught but enchanted?

I was very tired, and therefore retired early; but we could not return

to the hotel without a dispute again recommencing between our escort. The attendants at the doors must have been extremely edified by the vehemence of Bakassare and the quiet contempt of Signor Trenta, for the flames of discord again burst forth, and, while the cavaliers led me out by one door, insisting it was the proper exit, the young doctor marched out my sister by the other, in ostentatious opposition. But I was really too tired to listen, and crept to bed, well-nigh worn-out with our long and fatiguing day. Our hotel had been once a palace, and was about as mysterious-looking an old place as could be imagined, the rooms, of immense size, painted and gilded in what had been once a style of great magnificence. Many of the huge doors had been closed up, but those that remained were more suited for the introduction of giants of the build and size of Goliath of Gath than such pigmy creatures as ourselves. The windows, too, were on the same immense scale; and altogether, late at night, it was far from an enlivening abode. Our apartment consisted in a long, straggling suite, at one extremity of the building; my room was the last of all, and there were so many doors in it that I always felt in a fidget, which was rather increased by the sinister countenance of the master, an individual who looked capable of doing a great deal in the dark. The others went quietly to bed, and as I cared not to trouble them with my fancies, I sat down alone in my spacious chamber, uncertain if I should follow their example or not. The moon shone into the room so brightly that I could have seen to read; there was a large cracked looking-glass on the toilet, which played many an odd trick with the moonlight falling on it from the window, while, all around, old, blackened portraits, set in the wall in circular compartments, surrounded by faded gilding, seemed to keep watch in the silent room. Close to my bed—a huge pile of antique damask crowned with feathers, more like a bier than a place for a living being to occupy—was a door in the thickness of the wall, and this door had neither lock nor key, but jammed to and fro, as the wind rustled in the passage beyond. I could not surmount a foolish feeling of terror as I looked round—the various corners and recesses being in deep shade and defying examination—but, after a while, sheer fatigue led me to the suspicious-looking catafalque of a bed, and, once laid down, sleep overcame me. Many strange and distorted dreams agitated me that night. I thought, after a confused jumble of persons and things, a figure entered by the side-door, dressed in the long, flowing robes worn by the nobles in the time of the republic. I could not distinguish the face as it was covered with a black silken mask, such as were then in vogue. By gestures this figure invited me to follow it, and I obeyed. A long passage extended from the door, which ended in a steep stair, winding up a tower. I followed the form, as it mounted the stairs, without fear, for in dreams one is always bold. It glided on until we reached a small chapel, where lights were burning on the altar, and incense perfumed the air. A lady, habited as a nun in white, knelt before the altar. When we entered, she saluted the figure I had followed, but seemed not to see or notice me. A black priest, dressed exactly like the figure of the Volto Santo, now approached, and, with looks of anger, drove us from the chapel. We seemed again in darkness; but the figures still glided on up the interminable stairs, and I followed. At last we arrived on a castellated platform on the summit;

all Lucca, or some great city, was visible beneath, under the pale rays of the moon. The figure with the mask, whom I had first followed, embraced the nun, and seemed to point out to her the height at which we stood. She leaned over the castellated walls, and her white garments floated in the silvery moonlight. I now saw that her face, which had become ghastly white, was sprinkled with large drops of blood.

She also now, for the first time, appeared to observe me, and, with speaking gestures, beckoned me to approach, when suddenly the male figure advanced, unobserved, from behind, and in an instant seized and flung me over the battlements. I awoke in the terror of the fall, and found myself in the same room on the huge bed, with the pale moon lighting the room as before.

When I awoke in the morning the sun had replaced the moon, and was shining glorious through the window, illuminating the whole apartment; so, shaking off the foolish qualms of the night, I rose hastily and dressed.

At eleven o'clock we went to the college where all the well-born youth are educated, to "assist" at the yearly examination, which invariably takes place during the week of the *fête*. The college, which has been an extensive monastery, is entered by the spacious cloister, surrounding a cortile of large size. Mounting a staircase, we were then conducted into an immense saloon, where the company sat ranged on rows of chairs, leaving an open passage in the centre for the passage of the young collegians. At one end was a semicircular theatre raised on steps above the level of the floor, surrounded by seats, and backed with draperies, behind which all kinds of mysterious movements appeared to be going forward. At the opposite extremity of the hall, on a raised dais surmounted by a canopy, was a vacant chair of state, intended for the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who, when at Lucca, always presides at this examination. On another chair of humbler pretensions, placed lower down, now sat his representative, the prefect of the city, a respectable-looking old gentleman in full uniform, wearing a pair of spectacles—a somewhat incongruous addition to his martial attire. A band placed under the raised stage flourished out lively airs from time to time. When all the company was assembled, the business of the day began by the appearance on the stage of the young collegians, habited in a kind of uniform of dark-blue cloth with gold buttons, who advanced by twos and threes to the front, where, making an operative obeisance to the company in time to the music—something indeed between dancing and hopping—they retired to the forms at the back. As there were a great number of young aspirants for the honour of prizes, this ceremony became very wearisome, as did that also which followed; the second act of the educational drama consisting in the young gentlemen one by one descending from the stage into the passage left open to the dais at the upper end. Arrived in this open space, they advanced with a series of bows, quite rococo in their stiff precision, and executed with extraordinary evolutions of the feet, to the chair of the prefect. Here they again made deep obeisance, and received from him a printed paper containing their name and specifying the particular prize they had merited. At the side of the prefect stood a priest, director of the establishment, who appeared to impart to him their various merits—

information the jolly old spectacled gentleman made use of to praise many a trembling, agitated-looking youth, who, during the excruciating trial of the bowing evolutions while passing through the double file of ladies, had looked ready to faint with bashfulness. I am certain that no English young gentleman would on any terms have gone through such an ordeal as was imposed on these unfortunates. Dr. Blimber himself could not have forced them. The little boys seemed rather to like it, but the elder ones, verging from fifteen to eighteen, were evidently in a high state of nervous excitement, which evinced itself in the most extraordinary and grotesque contortions and grimaces imaginable. After the prizes were all delivered, the various accomplishments of the collegians were exhibited. Some read Italian sonnets of their own composition with tremulous voices, suiting the action to the word by certain stiff gesticulations, evidently as much laboured as the metre had been studied; legs and arms popped up and down as if their owners had been made of iron and moved on springs. When the poetry expressed love, they kneeled and clasped their hands; when the theme changed, and war's alarms became the burden of the song, the little fists were clenched, the head thrown back, and one leg planted forward in an attitude of defiance, their countenances expressing terror and anxiety little in keeping with the defiant attitude. When any particular sonnet pleased the audience, rounds of applause were showered on the fortunate youth, who blushingly acknowledged the compliment with the everlasting operatic obeisances, and then hurried off to take his place on the form.

When the Italian poetry and the gesticulation were over, a tall and most unhappy-looking lad, about eighteen years of age, advanced, flute in hand, looking like a criminal going to be hung, and, standing before a desk opposite the audience, executed a solo of the most tremulous description on that instrument. Under other circumstances he might have been able to play well enough, but who could expect aught but meagre and shaking quiverings, placed as he was—the observed of all observers—before the crowd? After him, two small young gentlemen performed a duet on the piano, intended to convey an idea of the airs from Verdi's opera of "Macbeth;" but the bass was so extraordinarily prominent and loud, that what the treble ought to have expressed of the different melodies was quite a mystery; and the sole idea one could form of "Macbeth" consisted in a regular and monotonous thumping of the bass notes, much resembling the distant murmur of artillery.

Reading English followed: a sonnet of Lady Blessington's, "I'll think on Thee," being selected as the poetry, and a chapter on the American war for the prose. The sonnet was just comprehensible, but such prose, if spoken at Dover, would certainly be mistaken for Chaldee or Hebrew. How astonished the young gentleman would look who, deluded into imagining he could speak English, uttered such gibberish.

But where ignorance is bliss let people enjoy it: the company set it down as all very excellent, and loudly applauded his exertions. Then came Spanish readings and French dialogues, where the little boys faithfully followed the advice of Hamlet, speaking all that was set down for them, and very particular trash it seemed to be. After this display of languages, which comprised nothing connected with classical literature,

or one word of Greek or Latin, came the fencing, which was quite a relief after the Babel of modern tongues to which we had listened.

Two young champions dressed in white, one wearing a blue, the other a pink scarf twisted round his body, advanced to the centre of the stage. We had a display of all the mysteries of fencing, the *stoecado*, the *passada*, with many a "palpable hit," for the young gentlemen acquitted themselves *con amore*, or rather *furor*, in this dangerous science. It certainly did appear to me rather an unnecessary branch of education, somewhat a work of supererogation, teaching them to murder each other *scientifically*, seeing that the Italians are, as is well known, far too well versed in the art of killing in their normal state to require any further incitement for perfecting this dangerous knowledge. But such reflections are the business of their parents and guardians and of the priestly director of the establishment, who, as they all appeared delighted with the prowess of the combatants, and encouraged them by repeated rounds of applause to hit each other *scientifically*, have, I suppose, reconciled such a course of instruction to their consciences. Polkas, waltzes, and polka-mazurkas were now danced by the younger gentlemen, with great hilarity, the dancing department being decidedly the most perfect among their various accomplishments. Here was no bungling or awkwardness, such as English schoolboys would have shown, but, on the contrary, the young collegians might consider themselves, after this exhibition, desirable partners even at the Countess O.'s elegant reunions. An attack between two other boys with the broad sword followed, when both appeared so afraid of their weapons and of each other, and maintained such a respectful distance, that they might have continued until doomsday sparring in that style before the fight would be concluded. Their want of skill was, however, compensated by tremendous stampings on the wooden floor, which I expected to see give way under their merciless blows.

A grand *ballet d'action*, danced by about twenty young gentlemen, concluded these somewhat effeminate performances, altogether one of the most absurd exhibitions I ever beheld. To see these blue-uniformed boys poised on one leg, attitudinising like Fauny Elsler or Ferraris, then floating along like Cerito in the *pas de l'ombre*, or cutting *entrechats* of prodigious height, landing on their toes with extended arms and fascinating smiles directed to the company, was one of the most ludicrous sights imaginable. To me it appeared almost improper, and I could by no means applaud the judgment which instructed youths in all the blandishments of ballet dancers. *Pas seuls* were performed and attitudes executed worthy of the opera stage, the whole concluding with a grand *tableaux d'action*, the twenty boys, twisted into the most absurd contortions, being grouped into an astonishing *ensemble*, which was loudly applauded by the audience.

I confess the exhibition appeared to me disgusting and contemptible, and I left the college impressed with but a poor idea of the national education of the rising generation of Lucca, whose only acquirements seemed to be bowing, fencing, and dancing. No wonder the *modern Italians* are so contemptible a race when such is the instruction they receive.

## NOTES ON NOTE-WORTHIES,

OF DIVERSE ORDERS, EITHER SEX, AND EVERY AGE.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

.... And make them men of note (do you note, men?)—*Levi's Labour's Lost*, Act III. Sc. 1.

*D. Pedro.* Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,  
Do it in notes.

*Balth.* Note this before my notes,  
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

*D. Pedro.* Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,  
Notes, notes, forsooth, and noting!

*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act II. Sc. 3.

And these to Notes are frittered quite away.—*Dunciad*, Book I.

Notes of exception, notes of admiration,

Notes of assent, notes of interrogation.—*Amos Corner*, c. iii.

## VIII.—CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

THE days of Charlotte Brontë were drawing to a close—and her last days were her only bright ones (not that these indeed were bright absolutely, but comparatively only)—when she talked, in one of her distant walks with Mrs. Gaskell across the sweeping moors, about the different courses through which life ran. She said, in her own composed manner (as her loving and beloved biographer tells us\*), as if she had accepted the theory as a fact, that she believed some were appointed beforehand to sorrow and much disappointment; that it did not fall to the lot of all to have their lives fall in pleasant places; that it was well for those who had rougher paths, to perceive that such was God's will concerning them, and try to moderate their expectations, leaving hope to those of a different doom, and seeking patience and resignation as the virtues they were to cultivate. Her companion took a different view—holding that human lots were more equal than she imagined; that to some happiness and sorrow came in strong patches of light and shadow (so to speak), while in the lives of others they were pretty equally blended throughout. But when the genial author of "Cranford" had said her say, the unhopeful author of "Jane Eyre" smiled, and shook her head, and said she was trying to school herself against ever anticipating any pleasure; that it was better to be brave and submit faithfully; there was some good reason which we should know in time, why sorrow and disappointment were to be the lot of some on earth. And surely—be her tenet a truth or a fallacy—never was child of earth more justified by the conditions of her earthly lot, in taking this view of a subject wherein, from infancy upwards, she had been "exercised" with so ruthless a discipline, and had undergone a schooling so stringent and severe. What she had seen and felt—with reverence be it spoken—that she testified; and we know that her testimony was true.

\* Life of Charlotte Brontë, by E. G. Gaskell, vol. ii. ch. xiii.



Constitutionally frail in health, and of unhopeful temperament,—with a body and mind which, girt about with the most cheering associations, would still have retained within, and revealed without, their native hue of sadness,—she was doomed, instead of enjoying the solacing and softening influences of external prosperity, to undergo crosses and vexations of the cruellest kind, to cope with difficulties and solitudes quite exceptional in their degree, to suffer privations, to pine under disease, to writhe under agonising bereavements, such as the Common Lot of man knoweth not of, though man *be* born to trouble as the sparks fly upward. All these things were against her. But over all these things she was more than conqueror. Hardly, however, is the conquest assured, ere the victor is summoned hence. Scarcely has Charlotte Brontë bloomed from opening blossom into full flower, when an icy hand that may not be stayed plucks her away. In the words of the man of Uz, She cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: she fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

Her girlish correspondence was marked by that absence of hopeful feeling which so impresses her biographer. At an age when girls, in general, says Mrs. Gaskell, “look forward to an eternal duration of such feelings as they or their friends entertain,” Charlotte Brontë had no confidence in the future. To her the optative mood was almost unknown—its future tense wanting. In doors and out of doors there was so much to depress, so little to gladden and cheer that young wistful spirit. Take, for instance, the winter of 1833-4, which was a more than usually wet season, and productive accordingly of increased mortality in the village: “A dreary season it was to the family in the parsonage: their usual walks obstructed by the spongy state of the moors—the passing and funeral bells so frequently tolling, and filling the heavy air with their mournful sound—and, when they were still, the ‘chip, chip’ of the mason, as he cut the gravestones in a shed close by. In many, living, as it were, in a churchyard—for the parsonage is surrounded by it on three sides—and with all the sights and sounds connected with the last offices to the dead, things of every-day occurrence, the very familiarity would have bred indifference. But it was otherwise with Charlotte Brontë. One of her friends says, ‘I have seen her turn pale and feel faint when, in Hartshead church, some one accidentally remarked that we were walking over graves.’”<sup>\*</sup> Another friend—who gives a graphic sketch of the

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<sup>\*</sup> She was keenly susceptible to impressions of what may be called a superstitious character. A weird legend, a ghost story, was at times too much for her overstrung nerves—nerves which were so morbidly sensitive that, at one period, she would turn sick and trembling at any sudden noise, and could hardly repress her screams when startled—a state which showed, as her biographer remarks, a fearful degree of physical weakness in one who was generally so self-controlled. “One night,” elsewhere says Mrs. Gaskell, referring to the visit Miss Brontë paid her in 1853, “I was on the point of relating some dismal ghost-story, just before bed-time. She shrank from hearing it, and confessed that she was superstitious, and prone at all times to the involuntary recurrence of any thoughts of ominous gloom which might have been suggested to her. She said that on first coming to us, she had found a letter on her dressing-table from a friend in Yorkshire, containing a story which had impressed her vividly ever since;—that it mingled with her dreams at night, and made her sleep restless and unrefreshing.”

We may here add, as something germane to the subject, that when some one objected to that part of “*Jane Eyre*” in which Jane hears Rochester’s voice

country around Haworth, of the "dreary black-looking village" itself, and the large and crowded churchyard, "a dreary, dreary place, literally paved with rain-blackened tombstones," and the parsonage-house adjoining, "a small, oblong stone house, with not a tree to screen it from the outting wind,"—this friend, recording a first visit, goes on to say: "Miss Brontë put me so in mind of her own 'Jane Eyre.' She looked smaller than ever, and moved about so quietly, and noiselessly, just like a little bird, as Rochester called her, barring that all birds are joyous, and that joy can never have entered that house since it was first built; and yet, perhaps, when that old man married, and took home his bride, and children's voices and feet were heard about the house, even that desolate crowded graveyard and biting blast could not quench cheerfulness and hope. Now there is something touching in the sight of that little creature entombed in such a place, and moving about herself like a spirit, especially when you think that the slight still frame encloses a force of strong fiery life, which nothing has been able to freeze or extinguish." But if ever there *was* cheerfulness in the Haworth rectory-house, at the time and for the cause here suggested, brief must have been its duration, and almost utter its extinction amid the glooms that so soon and so sternly gathered round and eclipsed it. The mistress of the house died—died too without being "very anxious to see much of her children, probably because the sight of them, knowing how soon they were to be left motherless, would have agitated her too much." An intimation fraught with painful significance! So the little things, it is added, clung quietly together, for their father was busy in his study and in his parish—and they took their meals alone—sat reading, or whispering low, in the "children's study," or wandered out on the hill-side, hand in hand. Mr. Brontë was bent on inuring them to a Spartan hardihood of physical education; he would fling into the fire the coloured boots that "offended his antique simplicity," and cut into shreds the silk gown that either in make or material failed to conciliate his austere fancy. "His strong, passionate, Irish nature was, in general, compressed down with resolute stoicism; but it was there notwithstanding all his philosophic calm and dignity of demeanour. He did not speak when he was annoyed or displeased, but worked off his volcanic wrath by firing pistols out of the back-door in rapid succession. Mrs. Brontë, lying in bed up-stairs, would hear the quick explosions, and know that something had gone wrong; but her sweet nature thought invariably of the bright side, and she would say, 'Ought I not to be thankful that he never gave me an angry word?' Now and then his anger took a different form, but still was speechless. Once he got the hearth-rug, and stuffing it up the grate, deliberately set it on fire, until it had smouldered and shrivelled away into uselessness. Another time he took some chairs, and sawed away at the backs till they were reduced to the condition of stools." Owing to some dyspeptic complaint, it further appears that Mr. Brontë was obliged to be very punctilious in the matter of diet, and that, in order to avoid temptation, and to secure the quiet necessary for digestion,

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crying out to her in a great crisis of her life, he being many, many miles distant at the time,—the objector was answered by Miss Brontë's rejoinder, in a low voice, drawing in her breath, "But it is a true thing; it really happened."

he had begun, before his wife's death, to take his dinner alone—a habit which he always retained. Society there was none, or next to none, in the “bare parlour” of that bleak moorland home. And thus his daughters “grew up out of childhood into girlhood bereft, in a singular manner, of all such society as would have been natural to their age, sex, and station.” But they were tenderly attached to each other, and desired no other companionship. Then came, however, the miserable episode of Cowan's Bridge School—the death of her two elder sisters, Maria and Elizabeth—and the consequent “loving assumption” by Charlotte of “duties beyond her years.” Henceforth the house circle is contracted to the three sisters whose writings were one day to set the world a-wondering, when put forth under the cognate pseudonyms of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell,—and the one brother, Patrick Branwell Brontë, whose tragic career cast so black a shadow over the household. The *res augusta domi* constrains the sisters to separate, and seek a livelihood by teaching—irksome and ungrateful toil, to which one of them at least, Emily, could never become reconciled. Tearful and troubled were the counsels they took together when the holidays once more reunited them. Charlotte was suffering in health and spirits, yet bore up, and made no sign. “But Emily—that free, wild, untameable spirit, never happy nor well but on the sweeping moors that gathered round her home—that hater of strangers, doomed to live amongst them, and not merely to live but to slave in their service—what Charlotte could have borne patiently for herself, she could not bear for her sister. And yet what to do? She had once hoped that she herself might become an artist, and so earn her livelihood; but her eyes had failed her in the minute and useless labour which she had imposed upon herself with a view to this end.\*

“It was the household custom among these girls to sew till nine o'clock at night. At that hour, Miss Branwell [their maternal aunt] generally went to bed, and her nieces' duties for the day were accounted done. They put away their work, and began to pace the room backwards and forwards up and down—as often with the candles extinguished, for economy's sake, as not—their figures glancing into the fire-light, and out into the shadow, perpetually. At this time they talked over past cares, and troubles; they planned for the future, and consulted each other as to their plans. In after years this was the time for discussing together the plots of their novels. And again, still later, this was the

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\* The way she weakened her eyesight, we learn, was this: while in her teens she was bent on learning draughtsmanship, and, with this view, would copy out of annuals such copper-plate engravings as took her fancy, putting in every little point, day by day, week after week, month upon month, until a facsimile of the original was finished off. At that time she wanted to be able to make drawing the vehicle of her ideas. After she had tried, in Mrs. Gaskell's words, “to draw stories, and not succeeded, she took the better mode of writing; but in so small a hand, that it is almost impossible to decipher what she wrote,” unless with the aid of a magnifying glass—as the specimen page in the first volume of the biography sufficiently attests. The whole family had a remarkable longing to be able to draw. Branwell's destination was the Royal Academy. Mr. Brontë himself was anxious to further their wishes. He provided them with a drawing-master, whose instructions they received with zealous interest; evidently, says Mrs. Gaskell, “from an instinctive desire to express their powerful imaginations in visible forms. Charlotte told me, that at this period of her life, drawing and walking out with her sisters, formed the two great pleasures and relaxations of her day.”

time for the last surviving sister to walk alone,\* from old accustomed habit, round and round the desolate room, thinking sadly upon the 'days that were no more.' "

Who shall gauge the depth of the desolation which preyed on Charlotte Brontë's heart, and fretted away those heartstrings already so rudely strained in the battle of life—when thus, sole survivor of the gifted family, she paced to and fro the cheerless room, where ghostly echoes yet lingered, to make doubly and trebly sad the tread of her lonely footfall? "My life is what I expected it to be," she writes in 1849, to an old schoolfellow, trusty, tender, and true: "Sometimes when I wake in the morning, and know that Solitude, Remembrance, and Longing are to be almost my soul [sole?] companions all day through—that at night I shall go to bed with them, that they will long keep me sleepless—that next morning I shall wake to them again—sometimes, Nell, I have a heavy heart of it. But crushed I am not, yet; nor robbed of elasticity, nor of hope, nor quite of endeavour. I have some strength to fight the battle of life. I am aware, and can acknowledge, I have many comforts, many mercies. Still I can *get on*. But I do hope and pray, that never may you, or any one I love, be placed as I am. To sit in a lonely room—the clock ticking loud through a still house—and have open before the mind's eye the record of the last year, with its shocks, sufferings, losses—is a trial." Painfully applicable is the motto from Mrs. Browning's last poem—

O my God, my God . . .  
 "My Father!"—Thou hast knowledge, only Thou,  
 How dreary 'tis for women to sit still  
 On winter nights by solitary fires,  
 And hear the nations praising them far off.†

Family prayers in the parsonage were at eight o'clock, and as soon as they were concluded the aged rector retired to bed, and was speedily followed by the two domestics. "But Charlotte could not have slept if she had gone‡—could not have rested on her desolate couch. She stopped

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\* An incidental illustration of this occurs in a letter describing the biographer's visit to Haworth, in the autumn of 1853: "By nine, all the household are in bed, except ourselves [*i. e.* Charlotte and her guest]. We sit up together till ten, or past; and after I go, I hear Miss Brontë come down and walk up and down the room for an hour or so."—(Vol. ii. p. 300.)

† "Aurora Leigh." Book V.

A poem, this, by the way, which would have exercised a strong attraction over the spirit of Charlotte Brontë—nor would the attraction have been impaired by the use it makes, or seems to make, of a main incident in the catastrophe of "*Jane Eyre*." She would have left to the critics the right or duty of waxing wrath at such "palpable plagiarism." Especially as she more than once found, to her perplexity, that *she* too had been an unconscious plagiarist. She once declared to Mrs. Gaskell her acute dread of a charge of plagiarism, when, after she had written "*Jane Eyre*," she read the thrilling effect of the mysterious scream at midnight in Mrs. Marsh's story of the "Deformed." She also said that, when she read Miss Bremer's "*Neighbours*," she thought every one would fancy she must have taken her conception of *Jane Eyre*'s character from that of *Francesca*. Mrs. Gaskell avowed that she could not herself see the slightest resemblance between the two characters; but *Jane Eyre*'s creator would have it that *Francesca* was that identical *Jane* married to a good-natured "bear" of a Swedish surgeon.

‡ Sleeplessness was one of the earliest, and most formidable, indications of a disordered frame, by which Charlotte Brontë was troubled. She had never been

up—it was very tempting—late and later, striving to beguile the lonely night with some employment, till her weak eyes failed to read or to sew. No one on earth can even imagine what those hours were to her. All the grim superstitions of the North had been implanted in her during her childhood by the servants who believed in them. They recurred to her now—with no shrinking from the spirits of the Dead, but with such an intense longing once more to stand face to face with the souls of her sisters, as no one but she could have felt. It seemed as if the very strength of her yearning should have compelled them to appear. On windy nights, cries, and sobs, and wailings seemed to go round the house, as of the dearly-beloved striving to force their way to her.” And then again, what of relief would the morrow bring forth? Should she wander alone on the moors? Then everything reminded her, she said, of the times when others were with her, so that the moors became a wilderness, featureless, solitary, saddening. “My sister Emily had a particular love for them, and there is not a knoll of heather, not a branch of fern, not a young bilberry-leaf, not a fluttering lark or linnet, but reminds me of her. The distant prospects were Anne’s delight, and when I look round, she is in the blue tints, the pale mists, the waves and shadows of the horizon. In the hill-country silence, their poetry comes by lines and stanzas into my mind: once I loved it; now I dare not read it, and am driven often to wish I could taste one draught of oblivion, and forget much that, while mind remains, I never shall forget. Many people seem to recal their departed relatives with a sort of melancholy complacency, but I think these have not watched them through lingering sickness, nor witnessed their last moments: it is these reminiscences that stand by your bedside at night, and rise at your pillow in the morning.” “The reading over of papers,” she writes again in 1850, “the renewal of remembrances, brought back the pang of bereavement, and occasioned a depression of spirits well-nigh intolerable. For one or two nights, I scarcely knew how to get on till morning; and when morning came, I was still haunted with a sense of sickening distress. I tell you these

a good sleeper. But when she removed to the *pension* at Brussels she could not sleep at all.

“All night she lay in agony,  
In anguish dark and deep;  
Her fever’d eyes she dared not close,  
But stared aghast at Sleep.”

Whatever, says her biographer, narrating this portion of her history—to which we owe her last work of fiction, “*Villette*”—whatever had been disagreeable, or obnoxious to her during the day, was presented when it was over with exaggerated vividness to her disordered fancy. “There were causes for distress and anxiety in the news from home, particularly as regarded Branwell. In the dead of the night, lying awake at the end of the long deserted dormitory”—this was during the *grandes vacances*—“in the vast and silent house, every fear respecting those whom she loved, and who were so far off in another country, became a terrible reality, oppressing her and choking up the very life-blood in her heart. Those nights were times of sick, dreary, wakeful misery; precursors of many such in after years.

“In the daytime, driven abroad by loathing of her companion [a cold, profligate Frenchwoman—her fellow-teacher in the *pensionnat*] and by the weak restlessness of fever, she tried to walk herself into such a state of bodily fatigue as would induce sleep. . . . The shades of evening made her retrace her footsteps—sick for want of food, but not hungry; fatigued with long continued exercise—yet restless still, and doomed to another weary, haunted night of sleeplessness.”—(I. 297-8.)

things, because it is absolutely necessary to me to have some relief." And later, during her stay with Miss Martineau, she writes: "I never shall forget last autumn! Some days and nights have been cruel; but now, having once told you this, I need say no more on the subject. My loathing of solitude grew extreme; my recollection of my sisters intolerably poignant. I am better now."

The deaths of her brother and two sisters had occurred in rapid succession. Branwell died in the September of '48. Emily in the December, and Anne in the May following. It was the deathbed of Emily that mainly harrowed her feelings, and haunted her memory. Emily's death was in keeping with her life—marked by strange tokens of independence of character, and resolute, wayward strength of will. Our impression is that, had life and opportunity been granted her, this younger sister would have achieved in literature some feat of surpassing power. There was a world of latent force in that reserved and somewhat forbidding recluse—a volcanic energy, a pent-up fire, of which only some boding sparks and arrowy flames might be seen to shoot forth, in the wild, rough, seemingly reckless pages of "Wuthering Heights." Mrs. Gaskell fairly owns, that all that she, a stranger, had been able to learn about Emily Brontë, has not tended to give herself, or her readers, a pleasant impression of this remarkable girl. But then again she reminds us that the character of Shirley is Charlotte's representative of her sister, bidding us remember how little we are acquainted with Emily compared with Charlotte, "who, out of her more intimate knowledge, says that she 'was genuinely good, and truly great,' and who tried to depict her character in Shirley Keeldar, as what Emily Brontë would have been, had she been placed in health and prosperity." According to a good old nurse, Emily was the prettiest of the children, at the time they were six in number, and used to walk out together, hand in hand, towards the glorious wild moors, which in after days they loved so passionately. A schoolfellow of Charlotte's describes Emily as "a tall, long-armed girl, more fully grown than her elder sister; extremely reserved in manner." Mrs. Gaskell correctly distinguishes reserve from shyness—believing that shyness would please, if it knew how; whereas, reserve is indifferent whether it pleases or not. Accepting which distinction as a just one, Charlotte and her youngest sister Anne were shy, Emily was reserved. "Emily and Anne were bound up in their lives and interests like twins. The former from reserve, the latter from timidity, avoided all friendships and intimacies beyond their family. Emily was impervious to influence; she never came in contact with public opinion, and her own decision of what was right and fitting was a law for her conduct and appearance, with which she allowed no one to interfere. Her love was poured out on Anne, as Charlotte's was on her. But the affection among all the three was stronger than either life or death."

When Charlotte went as teacher to Miss Wooler's, in the summer of 1835, Emily accompanied her as a pupil. But a single quarter sufficed to shatter the home-sick girl's health and spirits, and the less unpliant Anne came in her stead. "My sister Emily loved the moors," writes Charlotte, referring to this part of their lives. "Flowers brighter than the rose bloomed in the blackest of the heath for her;—out of a sullen hollow in a livid hill-side, her mind could make an Eden. She found in the bleak solitude many and dear delights; and not the least and best—

loved was—liberty. Liberty was the breath of Emily's nostrils; without it she perished. The change from her own home to a school, and from her own very noiseless, very secluded, but unrestricted and unartificial mode of life, to one of disciplined routine (though under the kindest auspices), was what she failed in enduring. Her nature proved here too strong for her fortitude. Every morning, when she woke, the vision of home and the moors rushed on her, and darkened and saddened the day that lay before her. Nobody knew what ailed her but me. I knew only too well. In this struggle her health was quickly broken: her white face, attenuated form, and failing strength, threatened rapid decline. I felt in my heart she would die, if she did not go home, and with this conviction obtained her recall. She had only been three months at school; and it was some years before the experiment of sending her from home was again ventured on.\* The first renewed experiment of the kind was when she went as teacher to a school in Halifax for six months. The second, when she accompanied Charlotte to Brussels. Here, we are told, the two sisters invariably walked together, generally keeping a profound silence during the hours of recreation, which were always spent in the garden; Emily, though so much the taller, leaning on Charlotte, who would always answer when spoken to, taking the lead in replying to any remark addressed to both; Emily rarely speaking to any one. M. Héger, it should be mentioned, the head of the *pensionnat* (and in certain "accidentals" the prototype of M. Paul Emanuel, in "Villette"), seems to have rated Emily's genius as something even higher than Charlotte's: she had a head for logic, and a capability of argument, unusual in a man, and rare indeed in a woman, according to M. Héger. "Impairing the force of this gift, was a stubborn tenacity of will, which rendered her obtuse to all reasoning where her own wishes, or her own sense of right, were concerned. 'She should have been a man—a great navigator,' said M. Héger, in speaking of her. 'Her powerful reason would have deduced new spheres of discovery from the knowledge of the old; and her strong, imperious will would never have been daunted by opposition or difficulty; never have given way but with life.' And yet, moreover, her faculty of imagination was such that, if she had written a history, her view of scenes and characters would have been so vivid, and so powerfully expressed, and supported by such a show of argument, that it would have dominated over the reader, whatever might have been his previous opinions, or his cooler perceptions of its truth. But she appeared egotistical and exacting compared to Charlotte, who was always unselfish (this is M. Héger's testimony); and in the anxiety of the elder to make her younger sister contented, she allowed her to exercise a kind of unconscious tyranny over her."\*

Many traits in the character of Shirley were avowedly taken from that of Emily—her way of sitting on the rug reading, with her arm round her rough bull-dog's neck—her calling to a strange dog, running past, with hanging head and lolling tongue, to give it a merciful draught

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\* The following excerpt is taken from the notes of Mrs. Gaskell's visit to Hawthorne: "We talked . . . of her going to Brussels; whereupon I said I disliked Lucy Snowe, and we discussed M. Paul Emanuel; and I told her of —'s admiration of 'Shirley,' which pleased her, for the character of Shirley was meant for her sister Emily, about whom she is never tired of talking, nor I of listening. Emily must have been a remnant of the Titans,—great granddaughter of the giants who used to inhabit earth:"—(II. 299.)

of water, its maddened snap at her, her nobly stern presence of mind, going right into the kitchen, and taking up one of Tabby's red-hot Italian irons to sear the bitten place, and telling no one, till the danger was well-nigh over—"all this, looked upon as a well-invented fiction in 'Shirley,' was written down by Charlotte with streaming eyes; it was the literal true account of what Emily had done. The same tawny bull-dog (with his 'strangled whistle'), called 'Tartar' in 'Shirley,' was 'Keeper' in Haworth parsonage; a gift to Emily. With the gift came a warning. Keeper was faithful to the depths of his nature as long as he was with friends; but he who struck him with a stick or whip roused the relentless nature of the brute, who flew at his throat forthwith, and held him there till one or the other was at the point of death. Now Keeper's household fault was this. He loved to steal up-stairs, and stretch his square, tawny limbs, on the comfortable beds, covered with delicate white counterpanes. But the cleanliness of the parsonage arrangements was perfect, and this habit of Keeper's was so objectionable, that Emily, in reply to Tabby's remonstrances, declared that, if ever he was found again transgressing, she herself, in defiance of warning and his well-known ferocity of nature, would beat him so severely that he would never offend again. In the gathering dusk of an autumn evening, Tabby came, half triumphantly, half tremblingly, but in great wrath, to tell Emily that Keeper was lying on the best bed, in drowsy voluptuousness. Charlotte saw Emily's whitening face and set mouth, but dared not speak to interfere; no one dared when Emily's eyes glowed in that manner out of the paleness of her face, and when her lips were so compressed into stone. She went up-stairs, and Tabby and Charlotte stood in the gloomy passage below, full of the dark shadows of coming night. Down stairs came Emily, dragging after her the unwilling Keeper, his hind legs set in a heavy attitude of resistance, held by the 'scuff of his neck,' but growling low and savagely all the time. The watchers would fain have spoken, but durst not, for fear of taking off Emily's attention, and causing her to avert her head for a moment from the enraged brute. She let him go, planted in a dark corner at the bottom of the stairs; no time was there to fetch stick or rod, for fear of the strangling clutch at her throat—her bare clenched fist struck against his red fierce eyes, before he had time to make his spring, and, in the language of the turf, she 'punished him' till his eyes were swelled up, and the half-blind, stupefied beast was led to his accustomed lair, to have his swollen head fomented and cared for by the very Emily herself.\*

A fragment from a letter of Charlotte's to Miss Wooler, respecting the selling of some railway shares, as to the expediency of which Emily's opinion ran counter to her sister's, is a suggestive aid towards our appreciation of her character: "Disinterested and energetic she certainly is; and if she be not quite so tractable or open to conviction as I could

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\* "The generous dog," adds Mrs. Gaskell, "owed her no grudge; he loved her dearly ever after: he walked first among the mourners to her funeral; he slept moaning for nights at the door of her empty room, and never, so to speak, rejoiced, dog fashion, after her death. He, in his turn, was mourned over by the surviving sister. Let us somehow hope, in half Red Indian creed, that he follows Emily now: and, when he rests, sleeps on some soft white bed of dreams, unpunished when he awakens to the life of the land of shadows."—(I. 308 sq.)

The death of poor old Keeper took place three years after that of his mistress:



wish, I must remember perfection is not the lot of humanity: and as long as we can regard those we love, and to whom we are closely allied, with profound and never-shaken esteem, 'it is a small thing that they should vex us occasionally by what appear to us unreasonable and headstrong notions."

Had Emily but lived—her sister with well-grounded confidence affirms, in the touching preface to her poems and her one novel—her mind would of itself have grown like a strong tree—loftier, straighter, wider-spreading—and its matured fruits would have attained a mellow ripeness and sunnier bloom; but on that mind time and experience alone could work; to the influence of other intellects it was not amenable. In that preface, when touching on the composition and character of "*Wuthering Heights*," Charlotte Brontë plainly avowed that Emily had scarcely more practical knowledge of the peasantry amongst whom she lived, than a nun has of the countrypeople that pass her convent gates. Constitutionally reserved, circumstances favoured and fostered her tendency to seclusion. "Though her feeling for the people round her was benevolent, intercourse with them she never sought, nor, with few exceptions, ever experienced; and yet she knew them, knew their ways, their language, their family histories; she could hear of them with interest, and talk of them with detail, minute, graphic, and accurate; but *with* them she rarely exchanged a word."\* In this respect she was the same to the last. Her sisters saw her dying before their eyes, dying daily, but she would not speak of her condition, nor be spoken to concerning it. Charlotte writes in October (1848): "Her reserved nature occasions me great uneasiness of mind. It is useless to question her; you get no answers. It is still more useless to recommend remedies; they are never adopted." A month later: "I told you Emily was ill, in my last letter. She has not rallied yet. She is *very* ill. I believe, if you were to see her, your impression would be that there is no hope. A more hollow, wasted, pallid aspect, I have not beheld. . . . In this state she resolutely refuses to see a doctor; she will give no explanation of her feelings, she will scarcely allow her feelings to be alluded to. Our position is, and has been for some weeks, exquisitely painful. God only knows how all this is to terminate." God only knew; but *they* could only too accurately guess. "More than once, I have been forced boldly to regard the terrible event of her loss as possible, and even probable. But nature shrinks from such thoughts. I think Emily seems the nearest thing to my heart in the world." A doctor was at last called in. But Emily refused to see him. She protested that "no poisoning doctor" should come near her. The only thing they could do was to describe to a medical man what symptoms they had observed: the medicines he sent she re-

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"He had come to the parsonage in the fierce strength of his youth. Sullen and ferocious, he had met with his master in the indomitable Emily. Like most dogs of his kind, he feared, respected, and deeply loved her who subdued him. He had mourned her with the pathetic fidelity of his nature, falling into old age after her death. And now [1851], her surviving sister wrote: 'Poor old Keeper died last Monday morning, after being ill one night; he went gently to sleep; we laid his old faithful head in the garden. . . . There was something very sad in missing the old dog; yet I am glad he met a natural fate. People kept hinting he ought to be put away, which neither papa nor I liked to think of.'—(II. 238-9.)

\* Preface to "*Wuthering Heights*" (ed. 1851).

fused to take, denying that she was ill. Meanwhile she was rapidly growing worse. Mrs. Gaskell recalls with vivid feeling Charlotte Brontë's shiver as she described the pang she felt, when, after having searched in the little hollows and sheltered crevices of the moors (it was December now) for a lingering spray of heather—just one spray, however withered—to take in to Emily, she saw that the flower was not recognised by the dim and indifferent eyes. “Yet, to the last, Emily adhered tenaciously to her habits of independence. She would suffer no one to assist her. Any effort to do so roused the old stern spirit. One Tuesday morning, in December, she arose and dressed herself as usual, making many a pause, but doing everything for herself, and even endeavouring to take up her employment of sewing: the servant looked on, and knew what the catching, rattling breath, and the glazing of the eye too surely foretold; but she kept at her work; and Charlotte and Anne, though full of unspeakable dread, had still the faintest spark of hope. On that morning Charlotte wrote thus—probably in the very presence of her dying sister:

“ ‘Tuesday.

“ ‘I should have written to you before, if I had had one word of hope to say; but I have not. She grows daily weaker. The physician's opinion\* was expressed too obscurely to be of use. He sent some medicine, which she would not take. Moments so dark as these I have never known. I pray for God's support to us all. Hitherto He has granted it.’ ”

Moments so dark as these, Charlotte Brontë had never known. Yet she had known darker moments than fall to the lot of many a sorely-tried sufferer. Only a month or two ago she had stood beside her brother's deathbed, and had then felt, and said, that the final separation, the spectacle of his pale corpse, gave her more acute, bitter pain than she could have imagined. It was, up to that time, the culminating point of many dark moments—dark with a darkness that might be felt—a palpable obscure. But now was about to strike the hour of the power of darkness—the full power, hitherto unfathomed in its awful possibilities.

It was the same Tuesday in December. “The morning drew on to noon. Emily was worse. Now, when it was too late, she said to Charlotte, ‘If you will send for a doctor, I will see him now.’ About two o'clock she died.

“ ‘Dec. 21st, 1848.

“ ‘Emily suffers no more from pain and weakness now. She never will suffer more in this world. She is gone, after a hard, short conflict. She died on *Tuesday*, the very day I wrote to you. I thought it very possible she might be with us still for weeks; and a few hours after she was in eternity. Yes; there is no Emily in time or on earth now. Yesterday, we put her poor, wasted, mortal frame quietly under the church pavement. We are very calm at present. Why should we be otherwise? The anguish of seeing her suffer is over; the spectacle of the pains of death is gone by; the funeral day is past. We feel she is at

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\* In a previous letter of Charlotte's occurs this passage (December 10th, 1848): “I have written, unknown to her, to an eminent physician in London, giving as minute a statement of her case and symptoms as I could draw up, and requesting an opinion. I expect an answer in a day or two.”—(II. 82.)

peace. No need now to tremble for the hard frost and the keen wind. Emily does not feel them. She died in a time of promise. We saw her taken from life in its prime. But it is God's will, and the place where she is gone is better than that she has left.\*

Alas, the anguish of seeing her suffer was not over. The spectacle of the pains of death was not gone by. Again and again, to her own dying day, must Charlotte see renewed with frightful accuracy,

In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain was on the roof, that harrowing scene of the final struggle, that freezing spectacle of the last agony. Take one extract from her subsequent correspondence: "I cannot forget Emily's death-day; it becomes a more fixed, a darker, a more frequently recurring idea in my mind than ever. It was very terrible. She was torn, conscious, panting, reluctant, though resolute, out of a happy life. But it *will not do* to dwell on these things." When Charlotte wrote that, Anne was still alive. Six weeks more, and she had lost Anne too. All, all were gone, the old familiar faces.

Emily's strong unbending will, her determined habit of independence, so characteristically asserted in her act of rising and dressing herself, and trying to sew as usual, after the death rattle might already be heard in her throat,—though it was, perhaps, more prominently exemplified in her than in any other member of the family, was yet not peculiar to herself alone. It was inherited direct from Mr. Brontë. The aged clergyman caused Charlotte deep anxiety during her last two or three years by the pertinacity with which, in spite of serious illness and the infirmities of his prolonged years, he persisted in undertaking the same toils as when he was so much younger and stronger. He would wend his way, as of yore, to distant hamlets belonging to his cure, and would come back "utterly fatigued, and be obliged to go to bed, questioning himself sadly as to where all his former strength of body was gone to. His strength of will was the same as ever. That which he resolved to do he did, at whatever cost of weariness." Nor must we omit to note what Mrs. Gaskell heard from one who attended the unhappy son, Branwell, in his last illness,—that he resolved on standing up to die. He had repeatedly said, that as long as there was life there was strength of will to do what it chose; and when the last agony began, he insisted on assuming the position just mentioned.\*

There can be little doubt that to Branwell and his companionship may be traced that element of "coarseness" which has repelled so many readers of the fictions alike of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, when men and their manner of conversation are introduced upon the scene. Such "coarseness" was, all things considered, almost inevitable, if men, and their common talk, were to be admitted at all into the story. Whom else of the other sex did the sisters at that time see anything of, but their only brother? And this brother had fallen into evil courses; and though, of course, as Charlotte's biographer observes, he was careful enough not to reveal anything before his father and sisters of the pleasures he indulged in, yet his tone of thought and conversation became gradually coarser, and, for awhile, his sisters tried to persuade themselves that such coarseness was a part of manliness. Mrs. Gaskell's verdict on the general charge is worthy of the spirit in which she has conceived and executed

this biography. "I do not deny for myself," she says, "the existence of coarseness here and there in her works, otherwise so entirely noble. I only ask those who read them to consider her life—which has been openly laid bare before them—and to say how it could be otherwise. She saw few men; and among these few were one or two with whom she had been acquainted since early girlhood—who had shown her much friendliness and kindness—through whose family she had received many pleasures—for whose intellect she had a great respect—but who talked before her, if not to her, with as little reticence as Rochester talked to Jane Eyre. Take this in connexion with her poor brother's sad life, and the outspoken people among whom she lived,—remember her strong feeling of the duty of representing life as it really is, and not as it ought to be,—and then do her justice for all that she was, and all that she would have been (had God spared her), rather than censure her because circumstances forced her to touch pitch, as it were, and by it her hand was for a moment defiled. It was but skin-deep. Every change in her life was purifying her; it hardly could raise her. Again I cry, 'If she had but lived!' " And that cry will find an echo—a longing, lingering one—a sigh from the depths, sorrow-fraught and long-drawn-out—in every generous and believing heart.

There needed no biography of Charlotte Brontë to rivet a world-wide interest in the writings of Currer Bell. But the interest in those writings is materially enhanced, and so is the admiration they command, by the contents of that biography. We marvel the more at the genius which cut out for itself a pathway through such labyrinthine obstacles, and bravely asserted its might and maintained its right in despite of hindrances so many, and discouragements so severe. That dreary dwelling-house in Haworth churchyard is now one of the most noteworthy spots this nineteenth century in England has to show.

When "*Villette*" was passing through the press, a letter from one of Miss Brontë's London publishers—whose names will long be honourably associated with her own—expressed an opinion that the character of Lucy Snowe would be thought morbid and weak, unless the history of her life were more fully given. The author replies: "I consider that she is both morbid and weak at times; her character sets up no pretensions to unmixed strength, and anybody living her life would necessarily become morbid." Anybody? How then could a Charlotte Brontë escape? Once again let us put together a few scattered intimations that bear on this personal question. As to her health, for instance. She suffered from a deranged condition of the liver—of itself, under any circumstances, a cause of depressed spirits. We are told that mere bodily pain, however acute, she could always put aside; but too often ill-health assailed her in a part far more to be dreaded. "Her depression of spirits, when she was not well, was pitiful in its extremity. She was aware that it was constitutional, and could reason about it; but no reasoning prevented her suffering mental agony, while the bodily cause remained in force." This is not an unfrequent case, especially with otherwise elastic, buoyant temperaments: they can reason about the evil, but cannot reason themselves out of it. Here is one, out of many similar passages in the course of her correspondence: "That depression of spirits which I thought was gone by when I wrote last, came back again with a heavy recoil; internal congestion ensued, and then inflam-

mation. I had severe pain in my right side, frequent burning and aching in my chest; sleep almost forsook me, or would never come, except accompanied by ghastly dreams; appetite vanished, and slow fever was my continual companion." At another time: "For a month or six weeks about the equinox (autumnal or vernal) is a period of the year which, I have noticed, strangely tries me. Sometimes the strain falls on the mental, sometimes on the physical part of me; I am ill with neuralgic headache, or I am ground to the dust with deep dejection of spirits (not, however, such dejection but I can keep it to myself)." The least excitement brought on headache—blinding, prostrating headache—from which she suffered in particular while writing "*Villette*;" the more interested she grew in her characters, the surer and severer were the headaches that ensued. Stoutly, nevertheless, she resisted the importunities of her friends to leave home for awhile, when "these constitutional accesses of low spirits preyed too much upon her in her solitude." Unless absolutely necessary, to ward off positive illness in an acute or aggravated form, she would not allow herself any such indulgence. "She dreaded the perpetual recourse to such stimulants as change of scene and society, because of the reaction that was sure to follow. As far as she could see, her life was ordained to be lonely, and she must subdue her nature to her life, and, if possible, bring the two into harmony. When she could employ herself in fiction, all was comparatively well. The characters were her companions in the quiet hours, which she spent utterly alone, unable often to stir out of doors for many days together. The interest of the persons in her novels supplied the lack of interest in her life; and Memory and Imagination found their appropriate work, and ceased to prey upon her vitals. But too frequently she could not write, could not see her people, nor hear them speak; a great mist of headache had blotted them out; they were non-existent to her.\*

And then as for entering into society,—although far removed from Emily's degree of absolute reserve, she was constitutionally shy, and was rendered painfully averse to intercourse with strangers by the established habits of her retired life, and the nervous sensitiveness of her poor frail *physique*. During the lifetime of Emily and Anne, the three sisters in their daily walks seldom went downwards through the village: "they were shy of meeting even familiar faces"—"never faced their kind voluntarily, and always preferred the solitude and freedom of the moors." An English lady at Brussels who used to ask Charlotte and Emily to spend Sundays and holidays with her, until she found that they felt more pain than pleasure from such visits, reports that Emily hardly ever uttered more than a monosyllable, while Charlotte was sometimes excited sufficiently to speak eloquently and well—on certain subjects; but before her tongue was thus loosened, she had a habit of gradually wheeling round on her chair, so as almost to conceal her face from the persons to whom she was speaking. A letter written home by Mrs. Gaskell from Sir James Kay Shuttleworth's place at the Lakes, where the authoress of "*Ruth*" first made acquaintance with Currer Bell, contains this passage: "We

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\* "The conclusion of this third volume [of '*Villette*']," she writes, for instance, to Mr. Smith of Cornhill (Nov. 1852), "is still a matter of some anxiety: I can but do my best, however. It would speedily be finished, could I ward off certain obnoxious headaches, which, whenever I get into the spirit of my work, are apt to seize and prostrate me."—(Cf. vol. ii. pp. 245-6, 265-6.)

were both included in an invitation to drink tea quietly at Fox How [the residence of Dr. Arnold's widow]; and I then saw how severely her nerves were taxed by the effort of going amongst strangers. We knew beforehand that the number of the party would not exceed twelve; but she suffered the whole day from an acute headache brought on by apprehension of the evening." Again, when Charlotte was a visitor at Mrs. Gaskell's own house, the presence of a young lady, though "gentle and sensible after Miss Brontë's own heart," was enough to create a nervous tremor. "I was aware," says the hostess, "that both of our guests were unusually silent; and I saw a little shiver run from time to time over Miss Brontë's frame. I could account for the modest reserve of the [other] young lady; and the next day Miss Brontë told me how the unexpected sight of a strange face had affected her."\*

All this sadly marred the pleasure she reckoned upon, and indeed usually received, from her visits to the great metropolis. She longed to know this celebrated man and that, but the ordeal of a formal introduction was a terrible penalty to pay for the dear delight. From little girlhood upwards she had been a hero-worshipper after her kind. Wellington was once the god of her idolatry. When the children of the parsonage, in full and nightly conclave assembled, chose each an island of his or her own, and the chief men who should inhabit them,—Branwell's choice fell on John Bull, Astley Cooper, and Leigh Hunt; Emily's on Walter Scott, Mr. Lockhart, and Johnny Lockhart; Anne's, on Michael Sadler, Lord Bentinck, Sir Henry Halford; while Charlotte made election of the

\* "It was now two or three years," says Mrs. Gaskell, in continuation of this subject, "since I had witnessed a similar effect produced on her, in anticipation of a quiet evening at Fox How; and since then she had seen many and various people in London: but the physical sensations produced by shyness were still the same; and on the following day she laboured under severe headache. I had several opportunities of perceiving how this nervousness was ingrained in her constitution, and how acutely she suffered in striving to overcome it. One evening we had, among other guests, two sisters who sang Scottish ballads exquisitely. Miss Brontë had been sitting quiet and constrained till they began 'The Bonnie House of Airlie,' but the effect of that and 'Carlisle Yetta,' which followed, was as irresistible as the playing of the Piper of Hamelin. The beautiful clear light came into her eyes; her lips quivered with emotion; she forgot herself, rose, and crossed the room to the piano, where she asked eagerly for song after song. The sisters begged her to come and see them the next morning, when they would sing as long as ever she liked; and she promised gladly and thankfully. But on reaching the house her courage failed. We walked some time up and down the street; she upbraiding herself all the while for folly, and trying to dwell on the sweet echoes in her memory rather than on the thought of a third sister who would have to be faced if we went in. But it was of no use; and dreading lest the struggle with herself might bring on one of her trying headaches, I entered at last and made the best apology I could for her non-appearance. Much of this nervous dread of encountering strangers I ascribed to the idea of her personal ugliness, which had been strongly impressed upon her imagination early in life, and which she exaggerated to herself in a remarkable manner. 'I notice,' said she, 'that after a stranger has once looked at my face, he is careful not to let his eyes wander to that part of the room again!' A more untrue idea never entered into any one's head. Two gentlemen who saw her during this visit, without knowing at the time who she was, were singularly attracted by her appearance; and this feeling of attraction towards a pleasant countenance, sweet voice, and gentle timid manners, was so strong in one as to conquer a dislike he had previously entertained to her works."—(II. 289-90.) And, moreover, at this time, already had she declined three offers of marriage.

Duke of Wellington and his two sons, Christopher North and Co., and Mr. Abernethy. This was in the summer of 1829. Then, and long afterwards, the name and fame of Wellington were a mighty magnet to the spirit of the elder sister—and sufficed to ennoble and transfigure all that were near of kin to him. The Duke's meritorious works of supererogation were enough to impart grace of condignity as it were even to his "two sons." Mr. Brontë was fond of politics, and talked them freely before his children—inasmuch that politics became "evidently their grand interest; the Duke of Wellington their demi-god. All that related to him belonged to the heroic age. Did Charlotte want a knight-errant, or a devoted lover, the Marquis of Douro or Lord Charles Wellesley came ready to her hand.\*" Fourteen years later, the *devoir* she wrote for M. Héger, at the Brussels *pensiennat*, "On the Name of Napoleon," shows how tenacious she was of the old prepossession. *Son caractère égale en grandeur et surpasse en vérité*, thus writes the English pupil (further inspired perhaps by her vicinity to Waterloo), of the Iron Duke, *celui de tout autre héros ancien ou moderne*. And when in 1850 she visited London, and wrote to a friend to notify what she deemed the three chief incidents of that sojourn, the first on the list is, "a sight of the Duke of Wellington at the Chapel Royal (he is a real grand old man)."

The third of these memorable incidents, thus exceptionally registered, —and indeed pronounced "last, not least," is, "an interview with Mr. Thackeray." Every one remembers the farvid panegyric passed on the author of "Vanity Fair," as the great moralist of the age, in the dedication prefixed to "Jane Eyre"—and of all with whom Miss Brontë came in contact in London, he it is that seems most to have attracted her to the last, albeit the attraction might be occasionally deemed to act by repulsion. Her comments on the man—who appears to have more than a little puzzled her, she knew not where to have him,—and on his fictions—which seem to have often provoked and disquieted her,—are always remunerative reading, not without a sort of piquant simplicity at times, such as occurs in no other of her allusions to literary men. She was also interested beyond the ordinary in Mr. G. H. Lewes, one of her critics†

\* "There is hardly one of her prose writings at this time in which they are not the principal personages, and in which their 'august father' does not appear as a sort of Jupiter Tonans, or Deus ex machinâ.

† As one evidence how Wellesley haunted her imagination, I copy out a few of the titles to her papers in the various magazines:

"'Liffey Castle,' a Tale by Lord C. Wellesley.

"'Lines to the River Aragua,' by the Marquis of Douro.

"'An Extraordinary Dream,' by Lord C. Wellesley.

"'The Green Dwarf, a Tale of the Perfect Tense,' by the Lord Charles Albert Florian Wellesley.

"'Strange Events,' by Lord C. A. F. Wellesley."—(I. 94.)

The magazines here referred to form part of twenty-two volumes of densely written MSS., the whole written in about fifteen months, and catalogued as complete in the month of August, 1830.

† Naturally she was sore at the treatment her works received at the hands of many of her critics. It is observable that the critique on "Shirley" which pleased her most, appeared in a foreign periodical, the *Revue des deux Mondes*, from the pen of M. Eugène Forcade. Of this critic she says, in a letter to an old school-fellow, "Eugene Forcade [sic]; the reviewer in question, follows Carver Bell through every winding, discerns every point, discriminates every shade, proves

and correspondents, who alternately, or simultaneously rather, irritated and pleased her. With Miss Martineau she became affectionately intimate, and continued so despite the Letters on the Nature of Man, though a "short, sorrowful" misunderstanding afterwards occurred, respecting the tone of propriety in "Villette." To her friendship with Mrs. Gaskell we need no more than allude: manifestly, it was sweet and solacing to her that is gone, and doubtless the memory of it is precious to her that remains. Happy it is for her readers that that friendship was ever formed, and, during its brief earthly limit, flourished fresh and fair.

From Miss Brontë's growing experience with the world—small as it might seem, at the most, to those who are of the world, worldly—every additional work she wrote, had her life been spared, would probably have made, in some material particulars, an obvious advance on its forerunners—even though never again she might equal the rugged power and pathos of "Jane Eyre." Wonderful it is, to ordinary intelligence, how a girl situated as we have seen her to be—and in this rambling notice the drawbacks and disqualifications attached to her position in life have been especially dwelt upon, simply with a view to bring out in stronger relief the triumph of that cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, but irrepressible genius—how a girl so hampered by hard conditions, so utterly excluded from the novelist's common ways and means, should have created a Rochester as well as a Jane Eyre, and succeeded, to the extent she did succeed, with the hard realism of life as well as with the imaginative and the ideal. It is interesting to note, so far as explicit avowals and indirect hints and feasible conjectures will allow, the instances in which she drew from actual models, or based her incidents on actual events. *Miss Scatcherd*, the heartless teacher at the Lowood Asylum, in "Jane Eyre," is said to be a too true study of an unenviable original. *Helen*

himself master of the subject, and lord of the aim. With that man I would shake hands, if I saw him. I would say, 'You know me, Monsieur; I shall deem it an honour to know you.' I could not say so much to five hundred men and women in all the millions of Great Britain. That matters little. My own conscience I satisfy first; and having done that, if I further content and delight a Forsarde, a Fonblanque, and a Thackeray, my ambition has had its ration; it is fed; it lies down for the present satisfied; my faculties have wrought a day's task, and earned a day's wages."—(II. 130.)

The review given in the *Times* of "Shirley" wrung from her some scalding tears. That in the *Edinburgh Review* roused her to an indignant personal remonstrance. The critic who, of all others, appears eventually to have afforded her the amplest and least alloyed gratification, was Sydney Yendys (Mr. Dobell), subsequently (and consequently) one of the most welcome of her correspondents.

It is worth noticing the list of magazines to which she and her sisters desired copies of their poems to be sent, when they first "came out" in triple Bell form, in 1846—as showing, in Mrs. Gaskell's words, "the ideas of these girls as to what periodical reviews or notices led public opinion." Messrs. Aylott and Jones were directed to forward a copy to (1) *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*, (2) *Bentley's Miscellany*, (3) *Hood's Magazine*, (4) *Jerrold's Shilling Magazine*, (5) *Blackwood*, (6) *The Edinburgh Review*, (7) *Tait*, (8) *Dublin University Magazine*. Also to the *Daily News* and *Britannia* newspapers. The publishers suggested that copies and advertisements should also be sent to the *Athenæum*, the *Literary Gazette*, *Critic*, and *Times*. But Currier, Ellis, and Acton Bell are satisfied with their own list. It would be curious to know what sort of list Miss Brontë would have drawn up six years later—the revolutions in the order of it, the excisions, and the substitutions.



*Burns*, we are assured, is as exact a transcript of Maria Brontë as Charlotte's wonderful power of reproducing character could give. "Not a word of that part of 'Jane Eyre' but is a literal repetition of scenes between the pupil and the teacher." *Shirley*, as we have seen, was Emily Brontë—not daguerreotyped, however, but idealised, so as to be perhaps hardly recognisable except by those who really knew her: and who *did* really know her, but Charlotte and Anne? The Curates were no imaginary creations.\* *Mrs. Pryor* was "well known to many who loved the original dearly." The family of the *Yorkes* were one and all depicted from life. Indeed, in "*Shirley*" the author is alleged to have taken from life the idea of most of her characters, although the incidents and situations were, of course, fictitious. She thought, her biographer says, that if these last were purely imaginary, she might draw from the real without detection; but in this she was mistaken, her studies being too closely accurate.† On this subject she thus writes to Mr. Williams in the autumn of 1849:

- "You asked me in one of your letters lately, whether I thought I should escape identification in Yorkshire. I am so little known, that I think I shall. Besides, the book ["*Shirley*"] is far less founded on the Real, than perhaps appears. It would be difficult to explain to you how little actual experience I have had of life, how few persons I have known, and how very few have known me. As an instance how the characters have been managed, take that of Mr. Helstone. If this character had an original, it was in the person of a clergyman who died some years since at the advanced age of eighty. I never saw him except once—at the consecration of a church—when I was a child of ten years old. I was then struck with his appearance, and stern, martial air. At a subsequent period, I heard him talked about in the neighbourhood where he had resided: some mentioned him with enthusiasm—others with detestation. I listened to various anecdotes, balanced evidence against evidence, and drew an inference. The original of Mr. Hall I have seen; he knows

\* "The very curates, poor fellows!" writes the author of "*Shirley*," in 1850, "show no resentment: each characteristically finds solace for his own wounds in crowing over his brethren."—(II. 155.)

Again, in 1853, when the bishop of the diocese (Ripon) paid a visit to the personage of Haworth, and some of the neighbouring clergy were invited to meet him at tea and supper, we find that, during the latter meal, "some of the 'curates' began merrily to upbraid Miss Brontë with 'putting them into a book;' and she, shrinking from thus having her character as authoress thrust upon her at her own table, and in the presence of a stranger, pleasantly appealed to the bishop [Dr. Longley, now translated to Durham] as to whether it was quite fair thus to drive her into a corner."—(II. 285-6.)

The "three curates" were, it appears, real living men, haunting Haworth and the neighbouring district; "and so obtuse in perception that, after the first burst of anger at having their ways and habits chronicled was over, they rather enjoyed the joke of calling each other by the names she had given them."—(II. 115.)

† "This occasionally led her into difficulties. People recognised themselves, or were recognised by others, in her graphic descriptions of their personal appearance, and modes of action and turns of thought; though they were placed in new positions, and figured away in scenes far different to those in which their actual life had been passed. Miss Brontë was struck by the force or peculiarity of the character of some one whom she knew; she studied it, and analysed it with subtle power; and having traced it to its germ, she took that germ as the nucleus of an imaginary character, and worked outwards;—thus reversing the process of analysis, and unconsciously reproducing the same external development."—(II. 115.)

me slightly ; but he would as soon think I had closely observed him or taken him for a character—he would as soon, indeed, suspect me of writing a book—a novel—as he would his dog Prince.”\* Every shire has its Mr. Halls in plenty—as unsuspicious of the capabilities of sickly stunted girls, of plain features and prim attire, who mope in a parsonage-house, and only utter monosyllables out of it, as they are of the literary pretensions of Prince yonder on the hearth-rug, or of Turk and Tartar in the kennel.

Her earliest, little-girlish compositions had been, as may well be supposed, full of “exaggerated idealisms.” But by the time she wrote “The Professor,” her taste and judgment had revolted against this system of distorted unreality, and she passed on to the opposite extreme, closely depicting characters “as they had shown themselves to her in actual life : if there they were strong even to coarseness,—as was the case with some that she had met with in flesh and blood existence—she ‘wrote them down an ass ;’ if the scenery of such life as she saw was for the most part wild and grotesque, instead of pleasant or picturesque, she described it line for line.” Of this particular fiction Mrs. Gaskell further remarks, that the grace of one or two scenes and characters, which are drawn rather from the novelist’s own imagination than from absolute fact, stand out in exquisite relief from the deep shadows and wayward lines of others, which call to mind some of the portraits of Rembrandt. This is the tale of which Charlotte herself says, when telling how “Wuthering Heights” and “Agnes Grey” at last met with a publisher to take them in—that it found acceptance nowhere, nor any acknowledgment of merit, so that something like the chill of despair began to invade the heart of Currer Bell.

But that heart was too warm and brave a heart to be chilled to despair by any set of publishers, critics, or censors. It bent itself anew to new labours, and out of its rich fulness produced a “Jane Eyre,” then a “Shirley,” and lastly a “Villette.” What might it not have produced besides, had time been granted from on high ? The spirit was willing, and able, but the flesh was weak. A few fleeting moons of wedded life—calm, and promising better things to come—and with them waned away, and disappeared from earthly gaze, all that was mortal of Charlotte Brontë. That which was not mortal—we speak not of what she was, of her immortal spirit, but of what she wrought, and by which she being dead yet speaketh—abides with us still. And long years hence, deeply-moved readers, strong impassioned men and tender women, shall say the same thing, Abides with us even to this day.

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\* To another friend she writes, about the same time: “You are not to suppose any of the characters in ‘Shirley’ intended as literal portraits. It would not suit the rules of art, nor of my own feelings, to write in that style. We only suffer reality to suggest, never to dictate. The heroines are abstractions, and the heroes also. Qualities I have seen, loved, and admired, are here and there put in as decorative gems, to be preserved in that setting. Since you say you could recognise the originals of all except the heroines, pray whom did you suppose the two Moors to represent ?”—(II. 129.)

It may be added that, before publishing “Shirley,” Miss Brontë sent those parts of the novel in which the *Yorks* are introduced, to one of the sons of the family whom they unmistakably represent; and his reply, after reading it, was simply that “she had not drawn them strong enough.” Mrs. Gaskell apprehends that from these sons she drew all that there was of truth in the characters of the heroes in her two first works.

## A SWEDISH VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD IN THE YEARS 1851, 1852, 1853.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. BUSHBY.

Sydney, October, 1852.

WE left San Francisco on the 10th of August, but were shortly after enveloped in a dense fog, and nearly driven on the rocks, so that we were obliged to come to an anchor; next day, however, we succeeded in getting through the passage, and were glad to leave the coast, with its thick veil of mist behind us, and to find ourselves after a time in the open sea, with the clear blue sky visible above us, and a pleasant breeze filling our sails. Our course was bent to the Sandwich Islands again; we were going there to obtain provisions, for the prices were too high at San Francisco. On the 25th of August we reached Honolulu, and it was not without much satisfaction that we beheld the conical volcanoes of Oahu, the cocoa-nut-trees fringing its shore, and the haystack-looking Kanak houses dotting the soft green valleys. We had been, on our former visit, much pleased with the island and the islanders, and were glad to see them again; nor were kindly welcomings wanting on the part of our old friends.

But we only remained two days at Honolulu, and then proceeded towards that "Star of the Pacific Ocean," the enchanting Tahiti (Otaheite). This island, painted by voyagers in such glowing colours, had been the fairy land of my childhood's dreams; and here it lay before me in visible reality, and soon I should wander amidst those groves and valleys which imagination had gifted with such wondrous beauty. Beautiful they were, indeed, but I had expected too much, and my first feeling was—disappointment. Yet it would be difficult to find a lovelier spot, and the eye could never weary of wandering from the green masses of foliage and the smiling valleys to the rocky cliffs, and back again to the fertile plains, revelling everywhere amidst scenery the most fascinating.

On the eastern side of this gem of the ocean is a low promontory, often covered by the sea, connected with a high rocky point of tolerably large circumference, in the centre of which project on all sides narrow, sharp, knife-like ridges, between which yawn gloomy confined gulfs, in whose depths strangely-formed and broken-looking masses of rock heave themselves up like insurmountable walls. But all these gorges, and all these, at the first glance, wild, naked-looking hills, are not covered with red, burned-up soil, or scorched grass, like the hills and dales on many other much-praised ocean isles. The hills up to the very summits are clothed in a mantle of the brightest green, and the valleys are filled with plants of such gorgeous colours, that even the rich flowers of the tropics cannot surpass them in beauty. Along the shore beneath these high ridges stretch strips of level land, where cultivated fields, bamboo houses, and groves of cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees give evidence of man's labour and comfort. And all this charming scenery, these picturesque landscapes, are encircled by a framework of low coral reefs, against which the

never silent billows dash and break, and which forms a line of defence, compared to which the most solid masonry constructed by the hand of man would be but a paltry bagatelle, and within whose shelter the calm lagoon reflects the beautiful forms of the hills, the valleys, and the shore.

We sailed round Point Venus, a spot which Cook has immortalised by his well-known observations on the planet Venus, and soon after, passing through a small opening in the coral reef, we dropped our anchor in the quiet lagoon before Papiiti, where we found stationed a French corvette, a steamer, and a brig of war. The harbour is circular in form, surrounded by walls raised by those wonderful labourers we call coral insects—which form a safe shelter against the ocean's stormy winds and waves. Within this quiet basin the coral reef rises here and there to a considerable height amidst its clear waters, and one of these elevations—Motutu—is now a beautiful little island, shaded by palm-trees: it was formerly a favourite resort of Queen Pomare, but has been latterly covered with fortifications by the French. About a cable's length from us lay the shore thickly strewed with bread-fruit and cocoa-nut-trees, amidst which were to be seen groups of houses, not indeed ranged in streets like a town, but prettily situated, and having interspersed among them some buildings in the European style, that contrasted well with the simple Kanak huts—the *tout ensemble* possessing that picturesque variety which, to the eye of a painter, gives so much character to a landscape. The whole of this narrow plain, which was partly occupied by the capital of the island, Papiiti, gave evidence of the inexhaustible fertility of the soil; and above this, as if mingling with the soft blue skies, arose rocky summits, which, issuing from a central mass of about 7500 feet in height, form a background in keeping with the lovely features which the shore and its environs present.

And this beauty—this richness of nature—is not of the kind which vanishes on nearer inspection. To wander amidst the pretty fanciful dwellings of which Papiiti is composed by the clear light of the moon—to see its beams glancing through the thick leafy arches, and streaming down in calm glory upon the groves and huts—to revel in the mild, caressing breeze which comes fraught at once with coolness and with warmth—to pause near the bamboo houses of the natives and listen to their joyous peals of laughter and artless chat—all this is an enjoyment which is not merely to be appreciated on account of its novelty.

The greater portion of the town is situated along the shore; and here and there, as has been already mentioned, is to be seen a house built somewhat in the European style, but low and small, and of wood. One large building, however, is to be observed close to the sea: it looks like a church, but it contains the bakehouses and warehouses of the French garrison; alongside of it are the barracks of the French soldiers and those of a national regiment; and lastly come the government house and the queen's palace.

But the greatest number of the houses belong to the natives, and lie, without any pretensions to architecture or arrangement, in small groups of eight or ten houses, amidst waving palm and cocoa-nut-trees, bread-fruit-trees, and many beautiful flowering shrubs. These little dwellings are generally formed of bamboo sticks, and run from two to three ell in height, and about two inches in thickness. The bamboos are stuck into

the ground in the form of an oval ring, at about the distance of an inch from each other, through which the cool air finds admittance into the interior of the huts, but it is excluded near the sleeping places by a thick mat of plaited cocoa-nut leaves. These primitive edifices are supported by larger stems of bamboo, or branches of the bread-fruit-tree, the whole bound together by ropes of rushes. The roofs are composed of leaves woven into a thick and lasting, as well as pretty, covering, and the houses are not in the haystack shape so prevalent in the Sandwich Islands, but are more light and airy, and also more graceful in appearance.

One finds oneself transported to a country which has a just claim to be called one of the most beautiful on earth; and where one can, in the fullest acceptance of the words, enjoy *il dolce far niente*, without any of those anxieties and difficulties about procuring the means of existence, with which many people are so continually tormented in other places, and which crush the spirit as well as destroy the body. Here, there is an eternal summer, where everything is replete with life and ever renovated freshness, where all flows on in a happy peaceful course—with much of uniformity, perhaps, but still of the same kind of uniformity as we fancy to belong to the realms of the blessed; here, one feels what it is to revel amidst the inexhaustible wealth of nature, and to covet nothing else, or nothing more.

In the interiors of the houses there is no great abundance found of the articles of luxury, which people living in a less favoured climate consider so necessary to the comfort of their homes. The floors are generally strewed with leaves or flowers, that fill the huts with an agreeable perfume, or covered with mats, upon which the idle occupants of these abodes slumber away their days and their lives. A few cushions of considerable dimensions, a few stools with low feet, some bowls and other simple vessels for household use, one or two chests adorned according to the fashion of Chinese workmanship, and extremely clean beds with wide curtains and gay-coloured coverlets, form their entire stock of furniture and domestic utensils. And not much more is needed to minister to the purposes of eating and sleeping, between which not very fatiguing occupations their time is divided. They cook their victuals, which consist principally of bananas, the bread-fruit, and pork, upon stones placed together in a circular shape, and standing on the outside of their huts in the open air. To enjoy their meals they squat themselves either upon the ground or on their low stools, and during the process of digestion they stretch themselves upon their beds or on the mats—*voilà tout!*

There is no want either of shops or hotels at Papiti, but the goods in the former are of no great variety or value, and the latter have by no means the style one expects to find in the capital of a country; they are all on a very small scale, and Papiti itself is nothing better than a country town, though to look at the queen's palace, and the residence of the French governor, one would be apt to fancy it a place of importance. The part of the town where these edifices are situated is enclosed on two sides by moats and ramparts, having the French barracks on the third side, and the sea on the fourth. All here wears a military aspect; sentinels stand before their sentry-boxes, the beating of drums and other martial strains are heard, detachments of soldiers marching and exercising

amidst the peaceful groves are seen, and uniforms glittering among the flowering shrubs; in short, one soon perceives that one is in a land occupied by troops, and where the sword has superseded the sceptre, and the roll of the drum is the royal ordinance.

The governor's dwelling stands in a large esplanade, which is also the drilling-ground for the soldiery. A pretty alley leads up to the house, which is a stately-looking villa with a handsome balcony; in front of it is a cool, sparkling fountain in the midst of a parterre of flowers. The governor's saloons, which with French courtesy were thrown open to us, are furnished in a luxurious style, yet with reference to the requirements of the charming climate. When one saw guards in the ante-chambers, and the governor, Monsieur Page, in quiet dignity moving about among his guests, the thought did not fail to occur that *he* was the real ruler over this "Pearl of the Ocean."

On proceeding a little to the left near the governor's mansion, the stranger finds himself in a large, ugly, square court-yard, with a few straggling cocoa-nut-trees in one corner, and just before him a long, low house of one story in height, with a roof of the same materials as the common Kanak houses. This is the residence of the queen. Here dwells that Pomare, who, however inferior her qualifications to govern as a queen may be, however little she may be revered, as she is treated rather like a prisoner than a sovereign, yet, on the score of her misfortunes, and the persecutions to which she has been subjected by the French, has obtained a degree of celebrity in Europe of which few potentates can boast.

On account of my being absent on an excursion, I was prevented from accompanying our captain and the rest of our party to the audience which had been granted them by Queen Pomare. This reception appears to have taken place without any particular ceremonies. Sitting on a sofa in a room not remarkably well furnished, surrounded by her husband—a Kanak of pleasing appearance—and her four sons, who wore uniforms, was her majesty, dressed in a Kanak garb of the same fashion as that worn by all her female subjects: she looked very indolent and indifferent, which, indeed, appears to be the mode with royalty in this part of the world. As her majesty had intimated to our worthy commander that she was fond of music, he paid her the compliment of sending the band belonging to the frigate on a couple of evenings to play before her quasi-palace; and on one of these occasions I accompanied the musicians that I might see the queen before leaving Tahiti. It was one of those mild summer evenings so delicious in these paradise isles. Men and women of all ages had gathered from all corners, and in the space before the queen's dwelling were to be seen swinging about in the most unsophisticated style, in waltz, galop, and polka, Kanaks and Europeans together, whilst the more aged individuals sat or strolled about in little groups, apparently not less gay than the more juvenile participators in the exciting scene. All was life and movement around, and the air rang with the varied tones of merriment. Pomare herself, who with her husband was sitting on a sofa under the verandah, surrounded by her attendants, seemed soon tired of being only a spectator of the amusement going on, and throwing aside her royal dignity, she got up and mingled without the slightest ceremony among the dancers—her faithful subjects. As

she was dressed in a wide yellow blouse, I could not exactly ascertain the proportion of her figure, but though not grotesquely capacious, her circumference evidently entitled her to an eminent place among large women. Her countenance had no very marked expression; it was merely good-natured, and her features were regular; upon the whole, she did not appear to be one who would oppress herself much with the cares of government—which, indeed, the French governor had taken upon his own strong shoulders—or extremely happy in her exalted position in the community, which the said Frenchman had spared no pains for a long time past to render as little agreeable as possible.

In general, Pomare does not reside at Papiti, but at a place a few miles distant from it, but she was detained there, probably against her own will, on the score of a new affair with the French. One of her sons, who had been brought up by a king of one of the adjacent islands, had been declared by him to be his successor; but the French would not allow this; they had removed the boy, and were now contending with his mother about his being delivered up.

In regard to the Kanaks—for so the native inhabitants are also called here—much the same may be said of them as of the Sandwich Islanders. They are a good-looking, good-humoured, well-disposed, happy race of people. The men are strongly built and of fine proportions, flexible figures of bronze, at whose muscular power one is astonished, and whose activity appears to be unwearied, when they choose to exert themselves, and are not lying stretched on mats in their huts. They rival in agility the wild denizens of the woods when clambering up rocks or climbing up the trunks of trees; and it is really surprising to see the heavy burdens they carry by means of a long pole which they rest on their shoulders; nor do they ever seem oppressed by the weight of these loads, for they step firmly and lightly along, humming the while their monotonous national melodies. In the town one generally meets the men equipped in linen trousers and a white or coloured upper garment; but in the country they go about almost in a state of nature, with merely a piece of partly-coloured cloth wrapped round their loins, whose light drapery in no way encumbers their active, well-turned limbs, which might serve as models for a sculptor's art.

The women are considerably smaller, and have that luxuriance of form into which the female figure expands when it is not subjected to any constraint or pressure, and is therefore in the highest degree adapted to exhibit what "the master-work of creation" should be in order to deserve that name. The comely, pleasing face, with its sparkling dark eyes, is often shaded by waving locks; others have their bluish-black hair smoothly braided, or in two thick plaits, adorned with flowers, worn either as wreaths, or in single flowers, tastefully placed where they will be most becoming. Equipped in a loose blouse, which falls down to their bare feet, there is so much freedom and natural poetry in the appearance of these females that one cannot look at them without admiration. If to all this be added an artless gaiety, an open-hearted kindness of manner, and an absence of all prudery, it may be well believed that these little Tahitians are charming creatures, though they do not seem to think anything of themselves.

One can fancy nothing more agreeable than to enter without ceremony

their simple dwellings, threw oneself on the soft mats, and fall into a conversation, which, if not very effective as far as words went, was at least carried on so well by expressive gestures and signs, that those engaged in it seemed to understand each other tolerably well. If, in these unsophisticated lands, one thought it necessary to observe the conventionalities and strict rules of etiquette prevalent at home, one would be obliged to avoid the society of one's fellow-beings, who, fair as the beams of their brilliant sun, happy as the birds, and warm as their balmy breezes, rival in beauty the lovely flowers of their charming isles.

As we were only to remain four or five days here, I hastened to make an excursion to the interior of the island; in order to become better acquainted with the country, its natural objects of interest, and its inhabitants. I hired for this purpose a Kanak as a guide, and to carry my writing materials and other little matters, and betook myself, accompanied by two men from the garrison as attendants, to the central point of the hilly parts of the island. I was only able, however, to see a portion of Tahiti, but a brief description of this may convey an idea of the general appearance of the island.

Our way at first lay along the sea-shore, where, amidst the thick bushes that concealed the adjacent somewhat swampy soil, a solitary Kanak had made its appearance here and there. The footpath farther on led over some flat ground lying between the hills and the shore, which was densely covered with guava-bushes, a plant that had only been introduced into the island about forty years before, and yet had spread so rapidly as almost to have choked up all other vegetation. It is now sought by all possible means to extirpate the guava in order to find room for more useful shrubs, but in vain. One reason of the enmity which the French occupants of the island bear towards these guava-bushes is, that during the war between the Kanaks and the usurpers, the former found protection behind their thick leafy fastnesses, from which sly shots were directed with good effect, while the soldiers, ignorant of the locality, dared not venture within these labyrinths. In the mean time the guava yields the whole year round a fruit pleasant to the taste, and forms, besides, excellent firewood. We soon reached a splendid high road—"the Broom road," as it is called—which now winds round the whole island, and affords a line of communication between all the distant places and the capital.

This "Broom road" is singular both from its beauty and the way in which it was constructed. It was undertaken by order of the Jesuits, who issued their commands that every offender against purity of morals, or temperance, was to be punished by making a portion of this road, and though it truly might be called "Sin's highway," one traverses it now not only in peace and safety, but with great comfort and pleasure. On both sides the broad leaves of the palm-tree afford a cool shade to the traveller, whilst bananas laden with fruit, and flowering hedges, charm his eyes; to whichever side he may turn a rich landscape is spread before him, or his view is bounded by majestic hills, while the clear blue skies smile over a land where all betokens happiness.

After following this road for some time, we plunged into the guava wilderness, and in the course of about an hour we found ourselves at the entrance to a valley and close to a foaming mountain stream. Vegetation



began to assume here a more magnificent aspect. Mighty trunks of that tree we knew so well in Oahu, *ALEURITES TRILOBA*, whose fruit, which resembles a walnut, is used both as an aperient medicine and as a substitute for lamps, as, when it is full of oil, it gives a clear and long-continuing flame, mingles with the tints of the citron and orange-trees, which were weighed down with their golden fruit, and with the dark-leaved fig, whose branches bending towards the earth take root there, and thus form many wide-stretched ramifications. Beneath these and several other remarkable trees the ground was covered with delicate ferns of various kinds, and many other beautiful plants. The valley became constantly narrower, the hills seemed to approach nearer and nearer to each other, until high, dark, and threatening, they seemed to bend over our very heads, and to leave scarcely as much space between them as the clear rushing stream required to flow over its rocky bed. We continued our course, waded two or three times across the rivulet, until at length we stood enchained to the spot by a view that would with reason have drawn from a German his so often misapplied exclamation, "Göttlich! wunder-schön!"

Under the shade of the trees that raised their gigantic trunks high up in the air, and there spread forth their thick leafy arches, was situated a row of houses, which in the rambling way in which they were built, and their variety of structure, as well as by the dark reddish tint of their inhabitants, reminded the spectator of the Zingari or gipsy hordes, as they might have encamped in their native land, free and happy under that sun, which had bestowed on them their dark colour, and their hot blood.

Some of these primitive abodes were composed of bamboos bound together and covered with a roof; others, in the shape of a sugar loaf, were made of the leaves of the wake robin spread over a few sticks driven into the ground; and others again only consisted of a single slanting wall, open on the other three sides; these little domiciles gave evidence of the very slight protection which was sought against the heat of day and the rains of night. On the borders of the thicket one saw little places of shelter for the children made of leaves, not much larger than rat-holes, and a heap of leaves piled up occasionally served as a dwelling-place. Men, women, and children were mingled together; some dressed, some without any clothes, some sleeping, some dancing, all basking in the sunshine on this pastoral spot, and enjoying the most uncontrolled liberty. Their employments appeared to be to repair their slight dwelling-places, fell trees, break down branches, gather leaves, roast bananas, and cook their simple yet savoury suppers; in a word, it was an encampment of people who lived for the passing day, and were satisfied with the means they had of gratifying their few wants.

I can fancy no more appropriate subject for a painter's pencil than this scene: the lofty, well-wooded hills—the dashing, foaming mountain torrent—the leafy trees, and the thick underwood—and, in the midst of all this silent solitude of nature, the small fantastic huts, with their brown and slenderly-clad occupants! Not far from thence was stationed a detachment of French soldiers under one officer, who were glad to enliven the extreme monotony of their life by associating with their neighbours, the light-hearted Kanaka.

We loitered about an hour here to admire the scenery around us, and to drink a glass of wine with the hospitable French officer, and then we resumed our journey, passing through the deep, narrow gorge, and wading several streams. At length we reached the foot of the highest hills, and after that we had to ascend by a zigzag road on the margins of yawning abysses and perpendicular walls of rock.

Which, up here, was most to be admired—the dexterity of man, that on such a place had constructed an excellent bridle-road, or the indescribably rich natural beauties in which were attired the hills up to their very summits that mingled with the skies, or filled the deep valleys beneath? Ah! however great may be the power of man, however formidable the obstacles which he can overcome, the works of the Almighty are greater far, and the pride that we may feel on contemplating the results of the skill and labour of our fellow-mortals, is but a poor reflection of the rapture and wonder with which we behold the glorious creations of God.

When I visited the Undercliff in the Isle of Wight, surrounded by such lovely scenery, or from the pinnacles which hung over Funchal looked down on Madeira's ravines, and the sea which bathed its rocky shores—when from the summit of Corcovado I gazed upon Cape Frio amidst the primeval forests of Brazil, and Rio Janeiro, of almost fabulous beauty, lay beneath me—when, on passing through the narrow, cold straits of Magellan, the eye glided over the deserted, silent, evergreen fir and pine woods—when from Santa Lorenzo my gaze rested on Callao, and that Lima where the sun-god was so naturally made an object of worship—when the heights of Panama, the many-tinted and odoriferous leafy masses of the Pearl Islands, the volcanic summits of the Galapagos, and the excavations of California astonished me; and lastly, when from Pali I took in, at one glance, the fertile plains, the busy town, the coral reefs with the billows dashing against them, and the sea with its ceaseless, hollow sound—at each new place I exclaimed: "This is the most interesting that I have seen!" Infinite as was the beauty that passed before me, scenes of still greater magnificence, landscapes of still softer loveliness, have been offered to my view—therefore I shall refrain from saying, "Tahiti is the most splendid country in the world;" but this I may safely say, no praise which can be lavished upon its scenery, no description, however flattering, of its climate and its productions, can be exaggerated; the most glowing imagination would find its brightest dreams fulfilled in the wonderful reality.

Such was the tenor of my thoughts, as half way up the steep road I cast myself, out of breath, under the shadow of the thick trees, and gazed on all the beauty around me. Yet still finer, grander scenery was awaiting me.

Bathed in perspiration, and overcome with fatigue, we at length reached the summit of the hill we had been ascending. But all weariness was forgotten in the view which then burst upon us.

From a ridge of hills which shut out any distant prospect, issued two narrow, lofty, sharp arms, which enclosed among them two deep, winding valleys. Suddenly one of these stopped, and a perpendicular mountain wall, or rather a mountain wall leaning inwardly, formed by arched, shining black, octagonal basalt pillars, that looked as if erected by the

labour of man and planned by a most skilful architect, towered a ravine, dark in consequence of its own depth. Over the upper part of this black wall dashed a waterfall of 400 feet in height, whose rays of light, about two ells broad at their commencement, hung together, looking like a wide sparkling silver belt upon the dark ground with its rich green border; half way down they dissolved into a fine white veil of vapour, which fell like dew into the depths of the ravine, and there assumed the appearance of a sort of slight mist. The sun stood at its zenith, and cast its beams perpendicularly on those falling drops; in its full brilliant light, rainbow shone over rainbow, combining in such a bright play of colours, so varying and yet so durable, that the gulf seemed wrapped in flames. Immediately around these gigantic mountain walls there was nothing to intrude on the silent and sublime majesty of nature; but on a peak above was built a French fort, and a solitary sentinel stood there in his blue and red uniform—a picturesque-looking object, who might have appeared to advantage in an artist's painting.

The little French garrison here at Fatuhua, consisting of a lieutenant and fifty men, received us kindly, and for a few days, or rather nights, we remained their guests, making various excursions by day.

It was among these heights that the natives took up their position, after having been driven foot by foot by the French from their entrenchments, and deprived of all ammunition except sticks and stones, the latter of which they hurled in large masses down on their assailants. Fatuhua is situated in the centre of the island. From it there are paths which lead to every other part of the island, and those who hold this place command not only the plains beneath, but the mountain passes—the last refuge of the Kanaks during the invasion of the usurpers. The French therefore exerted themselves to the utmost to obtain possession of this important position; and when at length the Kanaks saw that, after encountering incredible difficulties, the adventurous French soldiers succeeded, guided by a Kanak deserter, in climbing to the top of a still higher overhanging hill, where none before had ever dared to mount, they fancied that either God or the devil took part with their enemies, and they stood in much awe of both of these spiritual powers. Under this idea their courage failed them, and they retreated, leaving Fatuhua to their foes, and with it the sovereignty of their island.

The vegetation in these higher regions was very different from that in the lower tracts. Parasitical plants were more general, and the ferns, with stems of from twenty to thirty ells in height, from which crowns of fine leaves waved, like those of the palm-trees, in the air, were to be seen on all sides. The whole of the vegetable life had an extremely luxuriant and beautiful character, which harmonised well with the magnificent features of the surrounding landscape.

On the first day of my wanderings I crossed a narrow ridge of mountain—so narrow that one was sometimes obliged to creep on hands and knees not to fall into the deep abyss which gaped on either side beneath. On all sides arose fearful heights; among others, overtopping them all, the mountain Ruana, 8000 feet in elevation, whose cloud-enveloped summit had never been trod by mortal foot. Besides this were the naked rocky cliffs, whose three-peaked tops, standing out like a crown against the skies, towered high aloft, and is called "the Dindem."

In the same range stand enormous mountain masses, compared to whose colossal grandeur all else, even hills of thousands of feet in elevation, sink into total insignificance.

Another day I followed the winding of the river in the valley, almost from the large waterfall to the foot of these inaccessible mountains, whose furthest crest is the above-named "Diadem." Before the mass of waters fall over the cataract, they had formed on the basalt rock two deep basins, over which the basalt arches hung like a splendid roof. One of these basins, with fresh clear water, lay higher than the other, and they were united by a little canal, along whose green banks it was easy to descend from the higher to the lower basin—a pasture to which the Kanaks used often formerly to be fond of resorting. But the French have now deprived them of it. A little farther up the valley the French soldiers have established a neat garden, where, the delicious cool temperature of the climate permitting it, with patriotic enthusiasm they have gathered many European trees and plants, such as chestnuts, roses, grapes, and strawberries, brought thither from home, and which, in this distant Pacific Ocean, reminds them of their native country, "*la belle France*."

Of all the islands in the North and South Pacific, scarcely one has drawn so much European observation upon itself as Tahiti. Discovered in 1767 by Wallis, it first became known as an earthly paradise through Cook's and Foster's glowing descriptions of it; and then were celebrated, both in prose and verse, the charms of this wonder of the ocean. It is, however, only latterly, since the French invasion of the island, that any attention has been directed to its inhabitants, and to the fate of its queen, Pomare; I shall therefore recapitulate as briefly as possible what has been going on.

Cook found the island divided between ten principal chiefs, and two hundred of inferior rank, all under a so-called king. At a later period, Pomare the Great succeeded in becoming the actual ruler over the whole island. Under her, idolatry was abolished and Christianity introduced. This took place in the year 1813, by the help of missionaries from London. These missionaries did here, as elsewhere, much good. Churches were built, schools were established, many horrible practices abolished, dishonesty and idleness discouraged, and in many respects their zeal and energy were exercised to advantage. But, on the other hand, it must be admitted that the good they effected was more negative than positive. They did away, it is said, with many of the old disorders and much of what was bad; but did not substitute any very visible good in the place of all this; they banished all innocent amusements, and forced the people to assume a hypocritical outward appearance of godliness, without their religious or social condition being in reality improved; and they took all authority into their own hands. The English lauded their usefulness to the skies. The North Americans were more moderate in their praise of these missionaries, and earnestly protested against their sectarian interdiction of all the pleasures of life. The French could not find words strong enough in which to condemn their unwise zeal, their tyranny, both in a spiritual and worldly point of view, their selfishness, and inordinate love of power. Probably, as often happens in such cases, there was much of exaggeration in all these various views, none of them being entirely consonant to the actual truth. Here, as at the Sandwich Islands, the tree

of knowledge has borne good and bad fruit. The opinions so unsparingly pronounced by the French in respect to these missionaries may partly be traced to their national antipathy to the English, partly to Roman Catholic intolerance, which would make them look with an evil eye on the labours of the Protestant missionaries.

In 1836, two Catholic priests sought to acquire sole sway over the stubborn souls, but were expelled the island soon after their arrival. This circumstance afforded a pretext to the French for overrunning the defenceless island; their excuse was, that they must protect the rights of their brethren in faith. Pomare the Great was dead. The new queen, Pomare,\* her daughter, was married first to the very dissipated King of *Borabora Toma Toa*, but as he refused to leave his own island, and Pomare would not leave hers, they agreed upon a divorce, and Pomare afterwards united herself to *Arui Fauti*, who now bears the title Pomare Tani, which means nothing but "Pomare's husband."

After a good deal of altercation had arisen between the natives and the few French settlers, Admiral du Petit Thouars arrived at the island in 1838, and levied a fine of 2000 piastres on account of the pretended annoyances to which the French had been exposed. Laplace visited the island the following year in the frigate *Arthemise*, which stranded on the coral reefs, and had to remain two months in the harbour to undergo repairs. Before his departure, he called the chiefs together, and compelled them to annul the law which had declared Protestantism the only lawful religion in the island, and also to present some ground to the Catholics for a church and school. Another quarrel broke out soon after. The queen's dog had unluckily fought a pug dog which belonged to Captain Maurais. This gave great offence; other causes of dispute followed; and, in 1842, Du Petit Thouars returned and demanded 10,000 piastres as a remuneration for alleged grievances to the French settlers, of whom there were not more than nine in the island, and the following year he returned a third time, and hauling down Queen Pomare's flag, under pretence that it was English, took possession of the island on account of France. The missionaries, meanwhile, and the English consul Pritchard, had taken care to inspire Pomare with anti-French sympathies, which so displeased Du Petit Thouars that he seized an opportunity to imprison Pritchard while he carried on his ferocious plans.

Pomare fled to Raiatea after she found that Tahiti was divided into two parties, of which one remained faithful to her, the other had attached itself to the French. Several chiefs of this last-named party had formally placed themselves under the protection of the French, which afforded a show of legality to their usurpation. War succeeded war, and the French occupation of the island would probably have led to hostilities between England and France, if the French government had not hastened to disavow all the acts of Du Petit Thouars. The feud, which continued between the invaders and the natives, was no child's play. Foot by foot the Kanaks defended their native soil, and it required all the intrepidity of the French to conquer, not exactly the valour of the Kanaks, for that is not invincible, but the natural bulwarks of the country. Fortune favoured the intruders, however, and in 1847, under the name of a pro-

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\* Though called Pomare, this second queen's own name is Aimata.

tectorate, they established their rule, placed a garrison of from three to four hundred men in Pomare's kingdom, and the queen was thenceforth treated, as we have before remarked, more like a prisoner than a sovereign.

The position of the missionaries then underwent a total change. In 1848 it was enacted that all the churches and missionary stations should become national property, but no mention was made of any compensation to the missionaries for what they had spent on these buildings. It was further decreed that the clergymen of each district should be chosen by the chiefs, and that no district should have more than one. No one was to preach in the language of the country except by permission of the French governor. The old missionaries are now almost all gone, and their places are supplied by young natives, who are ordained at a college or seminary at Papiiti, and who possess by no means the qualities and learning necessary for their high calling. The prospects, therefore, for the religious and moral future of the Tahitans are somewhat dark; that civilisation which had commenced to take root, that religion which might have prepared a new era for them, will probably soon both bow beneath the rude sway of ignorance and barbarism, the sad fruits of military despotism and sabre power.

It may be asked why the chivalric French have placed such an ugly spot on their fair shield as to have played the somewhat ignoble part they have done in seizing on a poor little country, oppressing such a mild and well-disposed race, kindling the torch of hatred amidst peaceful hills and dales, and evincing the utmost intolerance towards men who, in the name of religion, were spreading light and knowledge around? Why should they come as usurpers among a people who had never assumed a hostile attitude towards them, and who did not deserve to be dragged at home into subjection, almost into slavery and barbarism, when they had begun to emerge from the darkness and errors of paganism? The answer is simply this, that Tahiti is well situated, lying in the centre of an immense ocean, between Asia, America, and Australia, amidst many well-peopled, fertile groups of islands; that it is an excellent station for ships of war, and also where any necessary repairs can easily be made, and where provisions of all kinds can be obtained. It is for these reasons that Tahiti is so important, and to understand this fully one has only to observe how the English gnash their teeth because the French have fore-stalled them in taking possession of a post which in so many respects may be called the key of the Pacific Ocean.

I am not able to say much about the statistics or constitution of the island. The government is divided between the queen, the chiefs, the Frenchmen, and the people. The land is portioned out into a certain number of districts, and in each of these the chiefs (and their name is legion, as every one of the chiefs' sons inherit their fathers' rank) hold the right of appointing a governor and naming the members of parliament. For there is a sort of parliament composed of natives under the direction of a self-elected president, but it is easy to imagine how little qualified these men can be for statesmen, and that the French commissioner has the whole of the foreign department entirely under his own control.

Not far from the governor's villa stands a half-finished building, with exterior galleries and a large cupola, destined to be at once the deputies'

house of assembly, and a theatre; a genuine French idea. As it may be supposed, many of the natives dance attendance on the French; and not a few of them are decorated with the Legion of Honour. I could not, without a kind of pity, pass an old chief at Papiti, who, feeble and grey-haired, lounging in an arm-chair on the outside of his bamboo hut, with feet and legs bare, and clothed only in an old blue military frock-coat, actually displayed the red ribbon in his button-hole! Ah! even here, amidst nature's inimitable grandeur, a paltry plaything among mankind can become a tempting allurement!

But it must not be thought that Tahiti and its inhabitants are altogether Gallican; the French are much disliked, and proofs are daily given of the hatred the natives bear to their self-imposed rulers. I was often myself a witness of the women springing up when a Frenchman approached their huts, and crying out "Tabu," which signifies "holy, forbidden;" whilst the men evinced the most unmistakable signs of ill-will. Sometimes, though, the races amalgamate. Children are to be seen running about the streets whose faces have European features, and who undoubtedly have French blood in their veins. But my own impression is, that the French hold on this island is very insecure, and that by-and-by the natives will recover their original independence. And we Europeans, what shall we do when that time arrives?

### TRAVELS IN NEGROLAND.\*

WE left Dr. Barth, in our previous notice of his remarkable explorations of Central Africa, at Kuka, or Kukawa, the capital of Bornu, situated in the hollow in the centre of which lies the great lake Chad, and whither he had returned after his adventurous journey to Adamawa, and the discovery of the great river Bénoué. Unfortunately, it was the rainy season (August, 1851), the large termites had disappeared from the ground, and filled the air as short-lived winged creatures, in which state they were eaten by the natives fried. Succulent grass and fresh crops sprang up all around, supplanting the dull uniformity of the *Aclepias gigantea*, the common weed of the country, and extensive water-pools formed everywhere in the concavities of the ground. Being desirous of exploring the shores of the great lake, and anxious at the same time to get away from Kuka at such an unhealthy period, Barth and Overweg consented to join a foraging expedition of the Welad Sliman, rather than forego the opportunity presented to them by that means of reaching the eastern shores of the lake.

A desultory kind of start was effected in September, by a monotonous but fertile district, dotted at this season of the year with swampy ponds.

\* Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa : being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the Auspices of H.B.M.'s Government, in the years 1849-1853. By Henry Barth, Ph.D., D.C.L. &c. Vols. I, II, and III.

This was succeeded by the sand-hills, which constitute the borders of the lake, and whose valleys are clothed with mimosa and broom (*Spartium monospermum*), or are in part cultivated with millet and sorghum. Passing hence a forest interrupted by open patches, and then a pleasant hilly country full of verdure, and affording pasture to a great many cattle, our travellers arrived at Yo, situated on the Komadugu, the great Borna tributary to Lake Tsad. The banks of this stream, which have been supposed to carry the superfluous waters of the Tsad into the Kwara, are described as very picturesque, being bordered by splendid tamarind-trees and dum-palms, as also fine acacias. A very good kind of cotton and wheat were grown at the foot of the tamarind-trees, but the principal employment of the inhabitants was fishing. Barth says there were several very palatable species of fish in the river, especially one with a very small mouth, resembling the mullet. Electric fish were also met with; one, only ten inches long, was sufficiently charged to numb the arm of a man for several minutes.

The passage of the river was effected by a makara, or boat of the country, a mere raft supported by empty calabashes; and, once on the other side, the lawless freebooters with whom they were associated began to plunder whomsoever they met. The country consisted of stiff black soil, clothed with short grass, with a few trees far between. If a troop of sheep were encountered, the Welad Sliman gave chase till they had captured three or four. At the town of Barruwa they once more got among the sand-hills that fringe the lake, the borders of which were here swampy and clothed with luxuriant reed grass. The country in the interior now began to be clothed with the siwak (*Capparis sedata*). The natives obtain their culinary salt from this plant; which they boil, afterwards evaporating the water. Beyond Ngégimi, which they were disappointed at finding to be an open, poor-looking village where they had expected a town, their course lay over an unbroken plain, sometimes dry and barren, at others clothed with rich verdure, and bordered towards the lake by the usual sand-hills. In the evening they encamped on a broad promontory of the range of sand-hills.

It was a delightful spot, where the heart might have expanded in the enjoyment of freedom. In front of us to the south-east, the swampy lands of the lagoon, one immense rice-field (as it ought to be at least), spread out to the borders of the horizon; but no "white water," or open sea, was to be seen; not even as much as connected channels; nothing but one immense swampy flat, stretching out as far as the eye could reach. To the south the green pasturage, along which we had come, extended far beyond Ngégimi. It was a picture of one of the most fertile spots of the earth doomed to desolation.

Descending the next morning from this lofty encampment; they continued their march over a narrow, grassy plain, having the sand-hills to their north, and a blue inlet of the lake to the south, where the rich pasture-grounds extended further into the lake.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning when we had the good fortune to enjoy one of the most interesting scenes which these regions can possibly afford. Far to our right was a whole herd of elephants, arranged in regular array, like an army of rational beings, slowly proceeding to the water. In front appeared the males, as was evident from their size, in regular order; at a little distance followed the young ones; in a third line were the females; and the whole were



brought up by five males of immense size. The latter (though we were at some distance, and proceeding quietly along) took notice of us, and some were seen throwing dust into the air; but we did not disturb them. There were altogether ninety-six.

Fine fresh pasture-grounds, and melancholy tracts clothed with nothing but heath, with scarcely a single tree to break the monotony, led the way to Beri, a village of some importance on the banks of the lake, which the road to Kanem leaves at that point. There were many natron lakes in this district, but these lakes derive the soda from the soil, the water itself being fresh, as is that of Lake Tsad. The character of the country also underwent a change on leaving the shores of the lake. It was more or less thickly wooded with mimosas, and full of herbage, with other plants below. It also abounded in gazelles, ostriches, and other wild animals, including the lion. Large snakes were also met with on the trees, as, for example, on the 29th of September.

Started early: the character of the country continued the same as yesterday, and presented beautiful specimens of the mimosa, here breaking down from age; at another place interwoven with creepers, one species of which produces the red juicy fruit called "fito" by the Kanuri, and has been mentioned by me before. It was nearly eight o'clock when, proceeding in groups, two of our horsemen, on passing near a very large and thick gherret, suddenly halted, and with loud cries hastened back to us. We approached the spot, and saw a very large snake hanging in a threatening attitude from the branches of the tree: on seeing us it tried to hide itself; but after firing several balls, it fell down, and we cut off its head. It measured eighteen feet seven inches in length, and at the thickest part five inches in diameter, and was of a beautifully variegated colour. Two natives, who had attached themselves to our troop the day before, cut it open and took out the fat, which they said was excellent.

On the 1st of October our travellers reached the encampment of the Welad Sliman, where they were detained some days. On this occasion a handsome female slave—part of the spoil recently captured by these freebooters—made her escape during the night, and was anxiously sought after the next morning. At length they discovered her necklace and clothes and the remains of her bones—evident proofs that she had fallen a prey to the wild beasts.

What is called the Shitati—the eastern and more favoured district and valleys of Kanem—lay beyond the site of the encampment of the Welad Sliman, and our travellers advanced into this district on the 11th of October. It is described as a more or less sandy level, richly overgrown with trees of moderate size, almost all of the genus mimosa, and in favourable seasons well adapted for the cultivation of Indian corn, now and then broken by deep hollows of larger or smaller extent, as the Bir-el-Kurna, "the spring of the Kurna trees," and Bir-el-Ftaim; all these valleys having a sufficient supply of water to produce fine plantations or corn-fields, and being overgrown with luxuriant vegetation.

The most southerly point attained was the country of the Woghda, where were several fine valleys with villages, date-trees, camels, horses, cattle and sheep, cotton, corn, and other cultivation. Here the Welad Sliman enjoyed a successful razzia, which lasted for several days, till they heard of the approach of some Waday horsemen, when they decamped with their ill-gotten booty. "Thus," writes Barth, "we left the most interesting part of Kanem behind us, the country once so thickly studded

with large, populous, and celebrated towns, such as Njimiye, Aghafi, and all those places which I shall describe in the Appendix, from the account of the expeditions of Edris Alawoma, with many rich valleys full of date-trees."

Our travellers returned by a more westerly route, or one that was nearer to Lake Tsad, but without getting within sight of its eastern shores. This was a great disappointment. They had spent all the property that remained to them to enable them to undertake this expedition, and to return to Kuka was, under the circumstances, very disheartening. They were so far fortunate, however, as to perform their home journey without any serious accident, although they had several alarms. The whole march from Ngégimi to Barrowa partook, indeed, more of the character of a flight than anything else. The Budduma harassed them in the forest and in the jungle; a single lion deprived them of a horse, a camel, and a bullock.

Barth and Overweg left Kuka ten days after their return, with an army bound to Mandara, a mountain state south of Lake Tsad. This was on the 25th of November; and passing Ngornu, they reached, on the 26th, the cotton-fields of Yedi, described as being a town of considerable magnitude. On the 28th they were quartered at Marte, another large town, with a clay wall in a good state of repair, and on the 30th at Ala, also a town of some importance, similarly fortified. The huts of this latter town were remarkable for their high conical roofs, the thatch of which was interlaced by the clasps of the *Cucurbita lagenaria*, giving to them a very pleasing appearance.

There was no want of towns in this part of Bornu. On the 1st of December they arrived at Dikowa, a large town, the aspect of which, with its walls overtowered by the regularly-shaped crowns of magnificent fig-trees, is described as being very imposing. The "ngaufate," or encampment, formed before the walls of the town, comprised some 20,000 men, with 10,000 horses, and at least as many beasts of burden, camels, and pack-oxen, laden with tents, furniture, and provisions, and mounted by the wives and concubines of the different chiefs. This vast assemblage was being daily increased by the flocking in of the Kanuri people, and of the indigenous Arab or Shuwa population. Dikowa, which the natives designate as a royal city, is situated on the Komadugu, or occasional river of Yalowe. It was a very charming watercourse, winding along through a rich and varied forest, and bordered by an uninterrupted line of the finest fig-trees.

It was not till the 6th of December that the sultan and his army, with its vast host of camp followers, left Dikowa. There were three other large walled towns—Afagé, Kodége, and Zogoma—in the same neighbourhood. The whole district, favoured as it is by nature, and celebrated for its cotton plantations, seems to have been once in a very flourishing condition.

I had scarcely pitched my tent, when that cruel minister of police, Lamino, a man whose character my friend Haj Edris used significantly to describe in the few words, "kargo dibbi, kindi dibbi" (bad in heart, and bad in deed), brought into my presence a famous cut-throat of the name of Barka-ngolo, whose neck was secured in a large machine called "bégo," consisting of two pieces of wood from four to five feet in length, and very heavy, so that every movement was

accompanied with the greatest pain. Nevertheless my mischievous friend persuaded himself that it would gratify me to see this miserable wretch fight with another culprit secured in the same manner, by giving to each of them a long whip of hippopotamus-hide, and forcing them by threats to flog each other. It was a horrible sight; and I had great difficulty in convincing my cruel friend that such a scene was far from being agreeable to me. In order to get rid of him, I presented him with a quantity of cloves to give to his beloved Aaisha, of whose culinary powers we had already had several proofs. He was greatly pleased with my present; and with an amorous smile he described to me how deeply he was in love with his darling, saying that he loved her, and she loved him also: "and," added he, in a very sentimental way, "such a mutual love is the greatest bliss on earth."

Zogoma was the farthest town of Bornu, and the following day they entered into hostile territory—the country of the Shurwa Arabs. The cottages had conical roofs rising to a great elevation, the thatch pleasantly adorned by climbing gourd plants. The army remained for the space of five days at a place called Diggema, where was one of those great swampy sheets of water called ngalam,\* in Bornu, and not uncommon throughout Central Africa. Whilst at this place, the chief of Mandara sent in a present of ten beautiful female slaves to the Sultan of Bornu, with an offer of submission.

The sultan, in consequence of this turn in affairs, retraced his steps to Kuks, whilst the vizier remained with the larger portion of the army, to go on to Masgu, and our travellers were invited to accompany him. They were enabled, by these means, to visit a large tract of entirely new country. This was amusingly enough attested at the very onset of their journey.

The country at once presented a new and interesting feature. Already in Bona a considerable proportion of our diet had consisted of native rice, and we had been rather astonished at its black colour and bad quality. We had heard that it grew wild in the southern provinces of the country; but we had never yet seen it, and it was only this morning, after we had left Digga and had traversed extensive stubble-fields of millet intermixed with beans, that we obtained a first view of a "shinkafaram," or wild rice-field, in the midst of the forest. We were then no longer surprised at the quality of the rice brought to the market in Kukawa being so bad, as we felt justified in presuming that the elephant would have sense enough to take the best for himself, and leave the rest for the people. As we proceeded we found the whole wilderness, although not thickly wooded, full of pools of water and dense rice-fields.

At the place of encampment the same evening, the soil was so full of the footprints of the elephant, that scarcely a level spot of two or three feet in diameter could be found. The next day a giraffe was caught. This timid animal is by no means uncommon in the wildernesses which alternate with the densely-populated regions of these districts. The same evening Barth had the misfortune to be stung by a scorpion. On the 21st of December the army entered upon a forest region, abounding in elephants and other wild beasts. Several were killed upon the march, and their flesh was eaten. On the 23rd they reached Gabari, the first of the Musgu villages: the inhabitants had fled, and the place, as well

\* A predilection for the (to us) unpronounceable *ay* seems to be common to most of the languages of Central Africa, as seen in the Nguni, or *soompungu*, Ngoni, or *lake of Boma*, and Nguni, or *lake of the south*.

as the corn-fields around, were given up to pillage. On approaching *Kahala*, one of the most considerable places in the *Musgu* country, Barth became so interested contemplating the scene of rural industry and civilisation, as shown not only in the architecture of the huts, but in the modes of burial, that he became, before he was aware of it, cut off from the army, and it was with difficulty, and not without running many dangers, that he rejoined the host of merciless and sanguinary slave-hunters in whose company it was his misfortune to travel.

Looking around me, I found only a small number of *Shuwa* horsemen near me, and keeping close to them pursued the path; but when we emerged from the thick forest, and entered another well-cultivated and thickly-peopled district, every trace of a trodden footpath ceased, and I became aware that I was entirely cut off from the main body of the army. A scene of wild disorder here presented itself. Single horsemen were roving about to and fro between the fences of the villages; here a poor native, pursued by sanguinary foes, running for his life in wild despair; there another dragged from his place of refuge; while a third was observed in the thick covert of a *figus*, and soon became a mark for numerous arrows and balls. A small troop of *Shuwa* horsemen were collected under the shade of a tree, trying to keep together a drove of cattle, which they had taken. In vain did I address *Shuwa* and *Kanuri*, anxiously inquiring what direction the commander-in-chief had taken; nobody was able to give me any information with regard to his whereabouts. I therefore scoured the village in all directions, to see if I could find by myself the track of the army; but the traces ran in every direction.

When he at length did join the main body of the army, it was only to see greater horrors.

A large number of slaves had been caught this day; and in the course of the evening, after some skirmishing, in which three *Bornu* horsemen were killed, a great many more were brought in: altogether they were said to have taken one thousand, and there were certainly not less than five hundred. To our utmost horror, not less than one hundred and seventy full-grown men were mercilessly slaughtered in cold blood, the greater part of them being allowed to bleed to death, a leg having been severed from the body. Most of them were tall men, with not very pleasing features.

On the 30th of December the army arrived at *Demmo*, where the travellers came in contact for the first time with one of the great tributaries of the *Shari*, the main feeder of *Lake Tsad*.

Here we stood awhile, and looked with longing eyes towards the opposite shore; it was a most interesting and peculiar scenery, highly characteristic of these level equatorial regions of Africa. What an erroneous idea had been entertained of these regions in former times! Instead of the massive Mountain-range of the *Moon*, we had discovered only a few isolated mounts; instead of a dry, desolate plateau, we had found wide and extremely fertile plains, less than one thousand feet above the level of the sea, and intersected by innumerable broad watercourses with scarcely any inclination. Only towards the south-east, at the distance of about sixteen miles, the low rocky mount of the *Tubari* was seen.

But not less interesting than the scenery of the landscape was the aspect of the host of our companions, who were here crowded together at the border of the water. Only very few of them had penetrated as far before; and they looked with curiosity and astonishment upon this landscape, while most of them were rather disappointed that the water prevented them from pursuing the poor pagans, the full-grown amongst whom, with few exceptions, had just had time to escape. But a considerable number of female slaves and young children were

captured; for the men did not take to flight till they became aware, from the thick clouds of dust which were raised by the army, that it was not one of the small expeditions which they were accustomed to resist, that was coming to attack them. Besides the spoil in human beings, a considerable number of colts and cattle were brought in.

The whole village, which only a few moments before had been the abode of comfort and happiness, was destroyed by fire and made desolate. Slaughtered men, with their limbs severed from their bodies, were lying about in all directions, and made the passer-by shudder with horror.

After a day or two's rest, the army wended its way to the district of Wuliya, a peculiarly well-watered, exceedingly fertile, and densely inhabited region, situate upon the river Serbewuel, or Arre (Ere), the chief tributary to the Logon, which latter is again a tributary to the Shari.

After a short time we stood on the banks of the stream. It was a considerable river even at the present moment, although it was greatly below its highest level, and probably represented the mean depth of the whole year. At present it was about four hundred yards wide, and so deep that six Shuwa horsemen, who, in their eager desire for spoil, had ventured to enter it, were carried away by the stream, and fell an easy prey to about a dozen courageous pagans, who, in a couple of canoes, were gliding up and down the river to see what they could lay their hands upon. They felt that we were unable to follow them without canoes, although for any active body of men it would have been an easy affair to construct a few rafts for crossing over, there being a plentiful supply of timber.

Dr. Barth feels persuaded that in less than fifty years European boats will keep up a regular annual intercourse through this remarkably well-watered and fertile district of Wuliya, from the bay of Biafra to the great basin of the Tsad.

An almost uninterrupted communication has been opened by Nature herself; for, from the mouth of the Kwara to the confluence of the river Bénoué with the mayo Kebbi, there is a natural passage navigable without further obstruction for boats of about four feet in depth, and the mayo Kebbi itself, in its present shallow state, seems to be navigable for canoes, or flat-bottomed boats like those of the natives, which I have no doubt may, during the highest state of the inundation, go as far as Dawa in the Tuburi country, where Dr. Vogel was struck by that large sheet of water which to him seemed to be an independent central lake, but which is in reality nothing but a widening of the upper part of the mayo Kebbi.

The return from this slave-capturing expedition was as inglorious as its progress. It is well known that swarms of bees almost caused the destruction of Mungo Park's as well as Major Grey's expedition, and on this occasion the whole army was seen running away from these little creatures. Settling behind their ears, Barth relates, they tormented the men to the utmost, as if they wanted to take revenge for the mischief that had been done their masters, and to defend their favourite resting-places against these cruel intruders.

On the 1st of February, 1852, our travellers re-entered Kuka on their return from this expedition, which had opened to them a glimpse into the richly-watered zone of equatorial Africa, hitherto supposed to form an insurmountable barrier of a high mountain chain, but which they expressively designate as the African Netherlands. On the 4th of March, Barth set

out on a journey to Bagirmi. Mr. Overweg accompanied him as far as Ngornu. He was to make an excursion along the shores of the lake towards Maduwari—the very place where, in the course of a few months, he was destined to succumb. Passing the little state of Kotoko, situated at the south-east extremity of the Tsad, and whose capital, Afade, averaging a population of some 8000 souls, is described as being a heap of rubbish, Dr. Barth entered upon the territory of Logon, the capital of which, Logon Birni, or Karnak Logon, situated upon the river of the same name, having been previously visited by Major Denham, need not detain us.

Beyond this point, however, were regions as yet untrodden by European foot. Passing the river Logon, shallow watercourses were found, as in Musgu, to be one of the most characteristic features in this part of Central Africa, and which was formerly deemed to be a dry, elevated waste. In one of these, naked young lads were seen splashing and playing about in the water, together with wild hogs, in the greatest harmony. “Never in any part of Negroland,” Barth remarks, “have I seen this animal in such numbers as here about the Shari. Calves and goats were pasturing in the fields, with wild hogs in the midst of them.” It was not long before he reached the latter river.

I had gone on a little in advance, when suddenly I beheld, through the branches of the trees, the splendid sheet of a large river, far larger than that of Logon. All was silence! and the pellucid surface of the water undisturbed by the slightest breeze; no vestiges of human or animal life were to be seen, with the exception of two river-horses (called “niyé” by the people of Logon), which, having been basking in the sun on the shore, plunged into the water at our approach. This, then, was the real Shari, that is to say the great river of the Kotoko (for Shari, as I have said before, means nothing else but river), which, augmented by the smaller but very considerable river of Logon, forms that large basin which gives to this part of Negroland its characteristic feature.

Our traveller's greatest discomforts began at the Shari, the frontier of the kingdom of Bagirmi. To the inconveniences of poverty, the prostration of sickness, and the torments of insects, were now superadded the hostility of the natives. The passage of the river was refused to him, and he had to retrace his steps to cross it, which he succeeded in doing at another point. The banks of this great river were tenanted by a great variety of birds and quadrupeds, and the waters were no less animated. Besides innumerable fish, crocodiles, hippopotami, or river-horses, and rhinoceroses, these great rivers of Central Africa are all more or less frequented by river-cows, the ayus of the Bénoué and the Niger—the *Manatus Vogelii*. The province seems also to be peculiarly afflicted with insects.

In no country in the whole extent of Negroland which I have travelled over have I seen such vast numbers of destructive worms, and such a predominance of ants, as in Bagirmi. There is especially a large black worm called “hallu-wendi,” as long as the largest grub, but much bigger, which, swarming in millions, consumes an immense proportion of the produce of the natives. Bu-Bakr showed me also another far smaller, but not less voracious insect, which they call “kunjungudu,” a beetle about half an inch long, and of a yellow colour; but the poor natives, like the inhabitants of other countries in the case of the locust, do not fail to take their revenge, for when the insect has grown fat and big at their expense, they devour it themselves—a habit which may be

one of the numerous relics of their former pagan existence, it being still a general custom with the Sokoro to eat a large species of beetle called "derrana."

Of other species of worms I shall have occasion to speak further on; but with the white and black ants I myself waged repeatedly a relentless but unsuccessful war during my residence in the country. Already, the second day of my stay in Bakada, I observed that the white ant (*termes fatalis*) was threatening my couch, which I had spread upon a very coarse mat, or "siggali" as the Kamuri, "laba" as the Bagirmi people call it, made of the thickest reed, with total destruction. I therefore, for want of a better protection, contrived an expedient which I thought would guarantee my berth against the further attacks of those cruel intruders, placing my couch upon three very large poles; but I soon had cause to discover that those ferocious insects were not to be deterred by such means, for two days afterwards, I found that they had not only built their entrenchments along the poles, and reached the top, but had eaten through both the coarse mats, finished a large piece of my Stambuli carpet, and destroyed several other articles. And during my farther stay here I had the greatest trouble in preventing these insects from destroying all my things; for their voracity and destructive powers seem to increase towards the beginning of the rainy season, which was fast setting in.

The natives not only suffer from the depredations of insects, but they are also the cause of disease. Not only is the so-called "guinea-worm" very common, but a kind of insect that penetrates the toe—similar, apparently, to what is met with in South America—commits such ravages, that amongst ten people, Barth says, you will find at least one who has only four toes.

Returning to Mele, our traveller's intentions of leaving this inhospitable country were frustrated by force, and he and his servants were put in irons until relieved by the arrival of a friend—one Haj Bu-Bakr-Sadik—who undertook to conduct the doctor into the presence of the Sultan of Bagirmi at his capital of Mas-ena. Of this city, Barth says:

The town of Mas-ena extends over a considerable area, the circumference of which measures about seven miles; but only about half of this area is inhabited, the principal quarter being formed in the midst of the town on the north and west sides of the palace of the sultan, while a few detached quarters and isolated yards lie straggling about as outposts. The most characteristic feature of the place consists in a deep trough-like depression or bottom, stretching out to a great length, and intersecting the town from east to west, in the same manner as the town of Kano is intersected by the Jakara; for this hollow of the capital of Bagirmi, after the rainy season, is filled with water, and on this account is called "beda" by the natives, and "el bahr" by the Arabs, while during part of the dry season it is clothed with the richest verdure. It is remarkable that not only in this respect the town of Mas-ena resembles that of Kano, but, like the great-market-place of Hansa, its surface is also broken by many other hollows, which contain the wells, and during the rainy season are changed into deep ponds, which, by accumulating all the refuse of the town, cause a great deal of maulubrity; but in general the soil, consisting of sand, dries very quickly after a fall of rain.

Dilapidated as was the appearance of the whole town, it had a rather varied aspect, as all the open grounds were enlivened with fresh pasture; but there is no appearance of industry, and the whole has the character of a mere artificial residence of the people immediately connected with the court. The market-place is rather small, and not provided with a single stall, the people being obliged to protect themselves as well as they can, by forming a new temporary shed every market-day. The most interesting aspect is afforded by the bahr, or bahr, which is bordered on the south-west side by a few picturesque groups of

dum-palms and other trees of fine foliage, while at the western end, near the market-place, there is a large extent of kitchen-gardens, as well as near the south-eastern extremity. In consequence of the peculiar nature of the beds, the direct communication between the northern and southern quarters, which during the dry season is kept up by a good path, seems to be occasionally interrupted during the rains.

The construction of the houses in general is good, and the thatchwork of the roofs formed with great care, and even with neatness; but the clay is of rather a bad description for building, and the clay houses afford so little security during the rainy season, that most people prefer residing during that part of the year in the huts of reeds and straw; and I myself had sufficient opportunity of becoming acquainted with the frail character of these structures. There are, however, some pretty-looking houses on the road to Abu-Gher.

The walls of the town, in most places, are in a state of great decay, so that the gates in reality have lost all importance; nevertheless there are still nine gates, or rather openings, in use. Most of them lie on the south side, while there is not a single gate towards the north, this quarter of the town being so deserted that it is even overgrown with dense underwood. All around the place, as well on the south side, where a large pond is formed in the rainy season, as on the other sides, there are villages inhabited by Shuwa or Shiwa (native Arabs), principally of the tribe of the Beni Hassan, who supply the town with milk and butter.

Barth spent some time in this metropolis of Bagirmi, studying; roving about, paying, in the absence of the sultan, official visits to the lieutenant-governor and friendly visits to others, and at the same time practising the healing art among the natives. This not only obtained him friends and enabled him to gain a better insight into the habits of the people, but was also attended with some amusing incidents.

The princesses also, or the daughters of the absent king, who in this country too bear the title of "maïram" or "meram," called upon me occasionally, under the pretext of wanting some medicines. Amongst others, there came one day a buxom young maiden, of very graceful but rather coquettish demeanour, accompanied by an elder sister, of graver manners and fuller proportions, and complained to me that she was suffering from a sore in her eyes, begging me to see what it was; but when, upon approaching her very gravely, and inspecting her eyes rather attentively without being able to discover the least defect, I told her that all was right, and that her eyes were sound and beautiful, she burst out into a roar of laughter, and repeated, in a coquettish and flippant manner, "beautiful eyes! beautiful eyes!"

Luckily, a parcel of despatches and letters, forwarded by caravan from Fexxan to Kuka, and thence to Mas-ena, arrived whilst our traveller was at this latter city, to his infinite comfort and very great relief. They brought encouragement and supplies, but, unluckily, no money. That is generally the last thing that travellers are supposed to be in want of. Barth had given up by this time all idea of being enabled to penetrate from the country in which he then was to the sources of the Nile.

The number of private letters from England, as well as from Germany, was very considerable; and all of them contained the acknowledgment of what I had done, the greatest recompense which a traveller in these regions can ever aspire to. No doubt the responsibility also thus thrown upon me was very great, and the conclusion at which I had arrived from former experience, that I should not be able to fulfil the many exaggerated expectations which were entertained of my future proceedings, was oppressive; for, in almost all the letters from private individuals, there was expressed the persuasion that I and my companion should be able, without any great exertion, and in a short space of time, to cross



the whole of the unknown region of equatorial Africa, and reach the south-eastern coast—an undertaking the idea of which certainly I myself had originated, but which, I had become convinced in the course of my travels, was utterly impossible, except at the sacrifice of a great number of years, for which I found the state of my health entirely insufficient, besides a body of trustworthy and sincerely attached men, and a considerable supply of means.

He is one more proof how gradual discovery in the interior of Africa is destined to be. His predecessors paved the way for him, and he extended the boundaries of previous discoverers. Many others will probably have to follow in his footsteps ere Central Africa shall have been traversed from the west to the east, or from the east to the west. In this perplexity, he says, he was delighted to find that her Majesty's government, and Lord Palmerston in particular, held out a more practicable project by inviting him to endeavour to reach Timbuku. To this plan, therefore, he turned his full attention, and with that object, after sundry interviews with the Sultan of Bagirmi, who had returned in great pomp to his capital, he retraced his steps, without any very particular incidents, to Kuka.

Barth was much grieved, on his return, at finding that his fellow-traveller, Overweg, who had in the mean time made a very interesting trip into the south-western mountainous districts of Bornu, was much shaken in health. As he was also anxious for a little change of air, the two travellers agreed, instead of remaining at Kuka, to keep roving about during the unhealthy season as much as possible.

It was on this account (Barth relates) that we arranged a visit to Dawerga on Sunday the 20th; but, unfortunately, some business which we had to transact prevented our setting out at an early hour in the morning, and, my friend's head being that day rather affected, I proposed to him putting off our excursion till another day; but he thought that the fresh air might do him good. We therefore started in the heat of the day, although the sun was not very bright, while my companion did not neglect to protect his head as well as possible from the rays of the sun.

Having refreshed ourselves in the cool shade of a fine hajlij, Mr. Overweg thought himself strong enough to go about shooting, and was so imprudent as to enter deep water in pursuit of some waterfowl, and to remain in his wet clothes all the day without saying a word; and I only became aware of this fact late in the evening, after we had returned to the town, when he dried his wet clothes at the fire.

Although he had been moving about the whole day, he was not able to enjoy our simple supper; but he did not complain. However, the next morning he felt so weak that he was unable to rise from his couch; and instead of taking a sudorific, which I most earnestly advised him to do, he was so obstinate as not to take any medicine at all, so that his illness increased with an alarming rapidity, and rather an alarming symptom appeared on the following day, when his speech became quite inarticulate and almost unintelligible. He then became aware himself of the dangerous state he was in. He informed me that in the town he should never recover, that it was absolutely necessary for him to get a change of air, and that he entertained the hope that, if I could take him to Maduwari, he might speedily regain his health in the house of our friend the kashella Fugo Ali.

It was a difficult task to take my sick companion to the desired place, which is distant from Kukawa more than eight miles; and though he began his journey on Thursday morning, he could not reach the desired place until the morning of Friday. Having made a present to our friend Fugo Ali, that he might be induced to take sufficient care of him, and having left the necessary

orders, I returned to the town in order to finish my despatches; but the same evening one of the servants whom I had left with Mr. Overweg, came and informed me that he was much worse, and that they were unable to understand a single word he said. I mounted immediately, and found my friend in a most distressing condition, lying outside in the court-yard, as he had obstinately refused to sleep in the hut. He was bedewed with a cold perspiration, and had thrown off all his coverings. He did not recognise me, and would not allow me or any one else to cover him. Being seized with a terrible fit of delirium, and muttering unintelligible words, in which all the events of his life seemed to be confused, he jumped up repeatedly in a raging fit of madness, and rushed against the trees and into the fire, while four men were scarcely able to hold him.

At length, towards morning, he became more quiet, and remained tranquilly on his couch; and, not becoming aware that his strength was broken, and hoping that he might have passed the crisis, I thought I might return to the town. After asking him if he had any particular desire, he said that he had something to tell me; but it was impossible for me to understand him, and I can only fancy, from what happened, that, being aware that death was at hand, he wanted to recommend his family to me.

At an early hour on Sunday morning, Mr. Overweg's chief servant came to me with the sad news that the state of my friend was very alarming, and that since I had left him he had not spoken a word, but was lying motionless. I mounted immediately on horseback; but before I reached the place, I was met by a brother of Fugo Ali, who, with tears in his eyes, told me that our friend was gone. With the dawn of day, while a few drops of rain were falling, after a short straggle, his soul had departed.

In the afternoon I laid him in his grave, which was dug in the shade of a fine hajilij, and well protected from the beasts of prey. Thus died my sole friend and companion, in the thirtieth year of his age, and in the prime of his youth. It was not reserved for him to finish his travels, and to return home in safety; but he met a most honourable death, as a martyr to science; and it is a remarkable fact that he found himself a grave on the very borders of that lake by the navigation of which he has rendered his name celebrated for ever. It was certainly a presentiment of his approaching death which actuated him in his ardent desire to be removed to this place, where he died hard by the boat in which he had made his voyage. Many of the inhabitants of the place, who had known him well during his repeated visits to the village, bitterly lamented his death; and no doubt the "tabib," as he was called, will be long remembered by them.

Such was the end of the second—Mr. Richardson, Dr. Overweg—out of the three original members of this interesting expedition into Central Africa. Dr. Barth has much reason to congratulate himself in having returned safe and sound to receive the hearty congratulations of his countrymen and of all Europe, and well-earned rewards, we hope, from those for whom he toiled. It is to be regretted that the account of Overweg's boat explorations of Lake Tsad is not attached to the first three volumes, in order to have completed the subject, as we shall have to return to it when the course of our traveller's explorations may lead us to more westerly provinces.

## HARFORD'S MICHAEL ANGELO.\*

No educated person is unacquainted with the life of Michael Angelo†

*The sculptor, painter, poet, architect.*

His patrician descent; his early manifestations of talent; his patronage by the Medici; his connexion with the building of St. Peter's; his rivalries, his quarrels, and his wrongs, are familiar facts. Of his public life as a citizen of Florence, of his character as a poet, and of his fervid and high-toned piety, our recollections are more dim. To these, and to much more that is connected with his life and times, Mr. Harford has recalled our attention in the volumes before us; and, since the publication of Mr. Roscoe's first and ablest work, we do not remember any English contribution to Italian biography which, without having attained the Roscoe standard, is so likely to be read, or may be read more pleasantly. The best-known life of Michel Angelo that we previously possessed was by Mr. Duppa, a writer of the same generation and circle as the elder Disraeli. He was a barrister—not in much practice—devoting himself to letters rather than to law; and some of our older friends remember meeting him at the dinners given by Sharon Turner, in Red Lion-square, where very humble viands—often little more than a boiled leg of mutton—were made attractive by the talents or celebrity of the guests. He was also a friend and early correspondent of Southey. There is vitality in his work, for Mr. Bohn has thought it worth while to include it in his valuable republications. For the life of the great artist himself, both Mr. Duppa and his successor are chiefly indebted to the contemporary biographies of Condivi and Vasari. Vasari—his *Giorgio amico caro*—more especially enjoyed the privilege of Michel Angelo's intimate friendship, and while he was yet living included a memoir of him in his "*Vite de' piu eccellenti Architetti, Pittori, e Scultori Italiani.*" But while Mr. Duppa confines himself to the life and works of Michel Angelo, merely touching upon the public affairs of Florence as far as they are directly connected with his subject, Mr. Harford finds fresh quarry at every turn. In mentioning the young artist's patronage by Lorenzo the Magnificent, we have a sketch of his patron's character, tastes, and pursuits; and another chapter devoted to sketches of the learned and celebrated men by whom he was surrounded, from Politian down to our countryman Thomas Linacre, a man so eminently distinguished, says Roscoe, by the elegance of his manners and his singular modesty, that he was selected by Lorenzo de' Medici as the associate of his children in their studies. After an account of the modern Platonists, we have again a chapter on

\* The Life of Michael Angelo Buonarroti, with Translations of many of his Poems and Letters. Also Memoirs of Savonarola, Raphael, and Vittoria Colonna. By John S. Harford, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S., &c. &c. Two vols. 8vo. Longman and Co. 1857.

† Occasionally written *Agnolo*: but this is merely the phonetic expression of a peculiarity in Tuscan pronunciation. The Bolognese, in like manner, have *Angiolo*, and the Venetians *Ansiolo*. See Preface to Life of Michel Angelo Buonarroti by R. Duppa.

the political character of Lorenzo. Of this the tone is taken from Simondi rather than from Roscoe, and we do not think it does justice to the great man of whose public life it professes to be an estimate. If Lorenzo established a more arbitrary form of government; if he became an autocrat "surrounded by republican institutions;" it must be admitted that his power was founded upon the ruins of as absurd and impracticable a species of democracy as ever wasted the energies of a nation. The executive government was changed every two months, and was under the control of two councils, one (300 in number) consisting of plebeians, and another (250) into which nobles, under certain restrictions, might enter. The admission to office was by lot, and the traveller who has seen the drawing of the lottery at Florence may fancy that he has witnessed the great republican ceremony of choosing a government. The accessories were the same. At last the triumph of democracy was so complete that nobility rendered a man *ineligible* for office, while, at the same time, there was so little of consistency in its principles, that a dictatorship was occasionally resorted to, in the person of some foreign prince. Of these the titular Duke of Athens will most readily occur to the reader's memory. The Medici, amongst others, acquired their power, in the first instance, as leaders of the popular party, and it was strengthened through various dangers and vicissitudes, until it reached its culminating point in the person of Lorenzo. It was by him that the two councils, who had embarrassed the executive for centuries, were reduced to one; and their numbers from five hundred and fifty to seventy. Mr. Harford (on the high authority of Hallam's "Middle Ages") also attributes the discontinuance of the ancient magistrates, the *Podestà* and *Capitano del Popolo*, to the innovations of the Medici. This is somewhat loosely expressed. In the time of Lorenzo they certainly existed: for a volume which has always, in connexion with these subjects, been kindly placed at our disposal,\* contains a minute account of the installation of a Podestà of Florence in 1490, only two years before Lorenzo's death. Mr. Harford adopts unhesitatingly the opinions of Hallam and of Simondi on these points, and does not even advert to their able refutation by Roscoe in his "Illustrations Historical and Critical," published in 1822. Whatever might have been the selfish objects of Lorenzo, his personal aggrandisement and influence were uniformly employed in raising his country in the estimation of the other powers of Europe, and she then occupied a position which, during three centuries and a half, she has never since enjoyed. He had the sagacity to see that the interests of different states might be made more potent than their arms in the promotion of peace; that if the imperfection of human nature left us little hope that war would ever be abolished, its frequency might at least be diminished. Under this conviction his efforts produced the first example of that political arrangement which has since been denominated the balance of power; and it bore its fruits. For a few years before his death Italy had enjoyed a period of tranquillity to which she had been little accustomed, and Guicciardini acknowledges in eloquent language how much of it was attributable to the industry and virtue of Lorenzo. It was not (says his

\* MS. "Mémoires connected with the Life and Writings of Pandolfo Collenuccio of Pesaro."

eminent biographer) by the continuance but by the dereliction of the system he had established that the Florentine Republic sank under the degrading yoke of foreign power; and to his premature death we may unquestionably attribute not only the destruction of the commonwealth, but all the calamities that Italy soon afterwards sustained. Some of these, we must agree with Sismondi, it was beyond the power of any individual to hasten or retard; as regarded many of them, one of the most sagacious of his contemporaries, King Ferdinand of Naples, foresaw the evils that would follow Lorenzo's death. But we may safely rest the defence of his character as a statesman upon the authorities so carefully collected by Mr. Roscoe, and we scarcely think that Mr. Harford can have given them the attention which their importance (as connected with such a subject) demanded.

We may here also notice that almost the only reference made to the work of his predecessor is in an extract purporting to be the "Genealogy of Michael Angelo, translated from Condivi by *M. Duppa*." To ignore the existence of a work that forms one of Mr. Bohn's collections would have been useless, and Mr. Harford's character and position forbid us to suppose that he had any wish to do so; but it is remarkable that he should not more specially have adverted to it.

Amongst the other episodical chapters which we were noticing, when led astray by the political character of Lorenzo, we have a biographical sketch of Savonarola; "A Brief Sketch of the Life and Works of Raphael;" the Sack of Rome by the Duke of Bourbon; and a rather extended Memoir of Vittoria Colonna, Marchioness of Pescara, whose talents and piety were regarded by Michel Angelo *with sacred affection*, "with a depth of feeling and admiration never perhaps before conceded by him to any human being." It is an interesting account of a noble and very beautiful example of female character. We can well believe how many temptations of this description may beset the writer of Italian biography. If he stray into a pleasant by-path he often finds it lead to another, and another; and lingers on, careless whether he shall have willing companions to enjoy the beauties he has discovered or not; but all this may bring a charge of "book making," even against a gentleman who writes for his own pleasure: and it is not in every case that the necessity for such episodes will justify an acquittal.

As a citizen of Florence, Michel Angelo had always been of the popular party. During the life of Lorenzo he was restrained from taking any part that might have seemed ungrateful to his early patron, whom he regarded with the deepest reverence and affection; and he had something of the same feeling towards his immediate descendants; but when the question lay between the power of their unworthy successors and the liberties of his country, and when it was attempted to support that power by foreign dictation, he threw himself at once into the ranks of the people. They had taken advantage of the disturbed state of Italy, during its invasion by the Constable Bourbon, to expel the Medici; and, being determined to prevent Alessandro—the most unworthy of them—from seizing upon the vacant sovereignty, they were preparing to resist the troops of the emperor,\* who favoured his pretensions. In

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\* Charles V.

the struggle which followed, the great sculptor had to play an important part. He had accepted the responsible office of commissary-general of the fortifications, and (towards the close of 1528) he zealously entered upon its duties. The defences of S. Miniato, which he anticipated would be the principal object of the enemy's attack, occupied him for six months, and were executed with a skill and knowledge that gained them in a later age the admiration and approval of Vauban. We need not remind our readers that the hill upon which they were placed rises above Florence, on the opposite side of the Arno, and it looks down upon a scene so beautiful, that one can scarcely believe it to have been constantly desecrated by outrage, and violence, and death.

Though the efforts of the enemy were foiled in this quarter by the preparations which had been so skilfully made, the Florentines were unable to contend both against a powerful enemy without, and treachery within its walls, and, in 1530, the Imperialists entered the city, of which Alessandro became the ruler. The terms granted to its brave defenders were violated, and the blood of some of its most heroic citizens was shed upon the scaffold. It was then, as we see it now, a revolution abortively attempted, and a tyrant's sanguinary revenge. Michel Angelo, whose life was as much in danger as any, saved himself by flight; and, with the fall of Florence, the last hopes—though not the last aspirations—of Italian liberty expired.

His sympathy with the people was strengthened and encouraged by his admiration of Savonarola, who was now devoted, with all the wild enthusiasm of his character, to his political and religious reforms. This strange man also appears to be one of the objects of the hero-worship of Mr. Harford. We must confess that our own respect for him is more tempered. If we did not know how much of lofty purposes, and good intentions, and active talent, may lie upon the very verge of insanity, we should regard him as a madman. His boy-inquisitors, whom he taught and stimulated in their destructive impertinences; his strange crusade against art; his challenge to the ordeal of fire, to be followed only by ignominious endeavours to retreat, were sufficient to have deprived any cause of its dignity. Mr. Harford says of the ordeal of fire, that Savonarola "was from first to last" opposed to it; but we take the higher authority of the life, written by Burlamacchi, the Dominican "suo familiare," who states with distinct simplicity, *Vedendo EGLI ogni giorno surgere maggior guerra, non senza pericolo della salute delle anime, oltri altri sperimenti già narrati, propose che sarebbe entrato nel fuoco con qualcuno delli avversarij suoi, acciò si manifestasse in questo modo da quale parte era la verità.* This was some time before the miserable folly actually took place.

Of his fitness as a political reformer, the establishment of a council consisting of nearly *two thousand members*, will be a sufficient proof.

The most vexatious part of Michel Angelo's artist-life was connected with the commissions confided to him by the Popes. The astute and ambitious Julius II., the first of the holy pontiffs by whom he was employed, was one of the most remarkable personages of modern history. From youth to age (we quote from Mr. Harford's sketch) his life was one continued career of bold, daring, and successful enterprise. As to the moral qualities of Christian wisdom, forbearance and equity,

or the pastoral virtues which ought to dignify and adorn the alleged Vicar of Jesus Christ, they were wholly foreign from his disposition and habits; but to no pontiff are the fine arts more indebted. He loved art for its own sake, and he loved it still more as a means of exalting the grandeur and extending the influence of the Romish Church.

One of his most cherished projects, when he first sent for Michel Angelo, was the erection of a monument to himself, of unexampled grandeur; and the ideas of the artist whom he had selected being as elevated and expansive as his own, a structure was conceived so magnificent in its extent, that—wild as the suggestion may appear to us, who only spend millions on public offices and Houses of Parliament—it was proposed to *rebuild St. Peter's* in order to receive it. The sculptor was despatched to Carrara, to superintend the raising of the marble. This was in itself an inconvenient and disagreeable exile; and though he was rewarded on his return by the unbounded favour and confidence of the Pope, the intrigues of rival artists deprived him, before long, of the ascendancy he had obtained. He was soon made aware of the success of their machinations. On seeking an audience of his patron, he was repulsed with studied indignity; and, hastily leaving Rome in disgust, he never stopped till he had passed the Tuscan frontier. The Pope had sent messengers to bring him back; but they had now no power, and Michel Angelo returned to Florence. His Holiness then despatched brief after brief to the Signory, demanding the fugitive, and the affair became so complicated, that the artist (after balancing between an offer of employment from the Sultan, and a reconciliation with the Pope) determined to seek his presence, when he was elated by victory, at Bologna, which had just been taken from the Bentivogli by the papal troops; and, at the close of a characteristic interview, he was again received into favour.

Of all this vexation and annoyance—and it was continued even after the death of Julius, in disputes and litigations with his family—the chief artistic results were the statue of Moses, now in S. Pietro in Vincoli, and two statues of Slaves which Mr. Harford informs us may be seen in the Galerie de la Renaissance at the Louvre.

Upon the whole, however, the effect of this commission upon art may be considered detrimental, as it interrupted the progress of his finest painting, the cartoon of Pisa.

While at Bologna he was commissioned to execute a colossal statue of Julius in bronze; and there is an anecdote connected with it of which we prefer Mr. Dappa's version to Mr. Harford's.

The air and attitude of the statue are said to have been grand, austere, and majestic. In one of his visits to the artist, his Holiness, making his remarks with his accustomed familiarity, asked if the extended right arm was bestowing a blessing or a curse? Michel Angelo replied, with somewhat of courtier-like dexterity, that the action was only meant to be hostile to *disobedience*. He then asked his Holiness whether he would not have a book placed in the other hand. "No," replied the Pope, "a sword would be more adapted to my character; I am no book-man."

We must admit that, in the catalogue of his vices, hypocrisy does not seem to have been included.

The statue was finished, and placed in front of the great church of

S. Petronius; but during the popular excitement upon the return of the Bentivogli to Bologna in 1511, it was thrown down; and with the fragments into which it was broken, the Duke of Ferrara cast a piece of ordnance that he used to call *his Julius*; a fitter emblem, Mr. Harford thinks, of the spirit of the pontiff than the figure which furnished the materials.

When other objects had superseded the grand scheme of his mausoleum, the Pope rendered one of his greatest services to the fine arts by inducing Michel Angelo, against his own wishes, to undertake the painting of the vast ceiling of the Sistine Chapel; a work which, after all that it has suffered from time, repairs, and the smoke of Titanic wax-lights, and seen under a thousand disadvantages, is regarded with continued wonder and admiration.

Of the progress of his work, and of his quarrels and reconciliations with his fiery and impetuous patron, we have a very graceful epitome.

This was Michel Angelo's last commission from Julius II.; and the first which he received from his successor, Leo X., may be justly considered as one of his greatest calamities.

"During the two closing years of the life of Julius, nothing (says Mr. Harford) could be more friendly and pacific than his relations with Michel Angelo. He had long ere this learnt duly to appreciate his moral courage and honesty of purpose, no less than his great and various talents; and he, forgetting all past differences, honoured and loved the aged Pope for his frank and friendly qualities, and also as his early patron and employer. In spite of all the trials and vexations attendant upon the abortive tomb, he had reason indeed to feel grateful to the man whose potent will had forced him to paint the Sistine Chapel, from which he had derived greater fame and glory than from any work in which he had been engaged." Before his death the vain old man had made arrangements for finishing his projected mausoleum—though upon a very reduced scale of expenditure—and Michel Angelo was proceeding vigorously with his work when he was suddenly summoned by Leo to complete the front of the church of S. Lorenzo at Florence. In vain he pleaded that he was bound both by duty and honour to finish the tomb of Julius: the self-willed voluptuary promised to make arrangements that might enable him to do both; but he put it out of his power by despatching him to Carrara for the marbles; and scarcely had his operations there commenced, when he was capriciously directed to proceed to a remote and almost inaccessible spot in the mountains of Pietra Santa, where Leo had been informed that there was marble equally good. Here surrounded by difficulties of all kinds, cut off from the society of his friends, and his labour diverted from his professional avocations, Michel Angelo lost five or six of the best years of his life. "In the mean time the ardour of Leo had cooled; he was engaged in what Mr. Harford calls 'a Lombardese war,' his treasury became exhausted; he declined advancing money for the transport of more marbles; and the undertaking was abandoned." Of all that had been done and suffered, the great result was *five* finished columns, only one of which ever found its way to the Piazza of San Lorenzo; and to this day, the front of the church, like many others in Tuscany, remains in the same rough and uncompleted state.



Whatever had hitherto been his vexations in connexion with his pontifical employers, Michel Angelo had encountered them in the vigour of his youth and manhood.

His painting of the "Last Judgment," suggested by Clement VII., was undertaken at a later period at the earnest solicitation of Paul III.; and (in his seventy-first year) under the same pontificate, he also undertook the painting of the Pauline Chapel; though fresco-painting, as he assured Vasari, was attended, at this advanced age, with *overpowering fatigue*.\* But his greatest labour was still before him. The discussions upon the original scheme of the Julian monument had suggested to Bramante (an architect then high in favour at the papal court) the rebuilding of St. Peter's: and reasons unconnected with the monument led to its being afterwards done. "The mind of Julius fired at a project so congenial to his ambition." He commenced the work; and, during a succession of pontificates, it absorbed the treasures of the Holy See. After being superintended by various artists, and after several changes of plan, it was confided by Paul III. to Michel Angelo, in his seventy-second year, and it occupied the remainder of his protracted life.

He formed a new plan for the building, which, had it been fully carried out, would have been free from all the objections to which the present structure is obnoxious. But though he had called God to witness that it was against his wish, and by force only, and not ambition, that he accepted the office; and though he had refused to receive any stipend for his new labour, preferring, when he had once undertaken it, to devote himself religiously to a work which he deemed for the glory of the Deity, it is possible that in a court filled with greedy expectants his disinterestedness rather increased than lessened the number of his enemies. He was vexed and annoyed by continued misrepresentations and intrigues, but he believed that his destiny was bound up with the work he had undertaken, and he would not abandon it. Mr. Harford gives an interesting account of its progress and details. Michel Angelo was engaged upon it for seventeen years, under five successive pontiffs; and he died at his task, struggling to his eighty-ninth year through a life which

*Long years of outrage, calumny, and wrong,  
And the mind's canker in its savage mood,*

had been unable to shorten.

Taken with all its accessories, the interior of St. Peter's may be considered the greatest work of art in existence; and the effect of its dome, as seen from the Campagna or from the Pincian Hill at sunset, has something of more than earthly grandeur. A nearer approach, if it discovers other beauties also develops serious defects. Had it been completed as finally designed by Michel Angelo, it would have exhibited, with more gigantic proportions, the graceful symmetry of St. Paul's. But, after his death, the plan was again changed. The nave was lengthened, thus throwing back the cupola so far from the façade as to prevent a con-

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\* We are told that after painting the ceiling of the Sistine, with his eyes constantly fixed in an elevated direction, he had become unable to read a letter or look at a drawing without holding it above his forehead. From this he gradually recovered.

siderable portion of it from being seen, and, however the traveller may have been schooled into admiration, the first feeling, on approaching it, is a feeling of disappointment.

As a poet, Michel Angelo ranks high amongst the *Rimatori*, or minor poets, of his age. His sonnets, of which sixty-four have been printed,\* Mr. Harford justly considers the most beautiful and finished of his poems; and a very agreeable chapter is devoted to tracing, through these and the whole of his compositions in verse, those platonic tendencies of thought which in his later years deepened into a tone of genuine piety.

When the learned master of Trinity College, Cambridge, announced to the inhabitants of a fashionable watering-place that he would deliver a lecture upon *Plato*, the numerous audience, with which his high reputation had surrounded him, were somewhat disappointed to find that, instead of a dissertation upon the genius and character of the great philosopher, they were listening to the synopsis of a single dialogue, and not one of his best. Mr. Harford dwells only upon a few salient points; but, in connexion with these he brings the peculiar doctrines of Plato clearly and agreeably within the comprehension of the unlearned reader.†

The pseudo-platonism of the Florentine academy he considers to have been founded very much upon the doctrines of Ammonius Saccus, a Christian of Alexandria, who was ambitious of founding a sect that should combine the most attractive principles both of heathenism and Christianity. It admitted the wildest latitudinarianism of opinion, the strangest combinations of angels, spirits, demons, and inferior gods, all emanating from "the Eternal Cause, the Fountain of Deity which lay hid in the impenetrable abyss of his own Infinite Essence;" and it placed the Saviour below Plato as "a teacher of heavenly wisdom." If such doctrines were ever countenanced by men of cultivated minds, we can only suppose, with Mr. Harford, that, turning from the sin and corruption in which the Church of Christ was then steeped, they found relief in the lofty sentiments and elevated pretensions which more or less belong to every form of Platonism.

But Michel Angelo had probably studied Plato for himself in the translation of Ficino. He regarded beauty, or the love of the beautiful, as his inspiring principle in art, and the constant object of his thoughts. He willingly received the doctrine of his great master, that "That which is divine is the Beautiful, the True, the Good, and all that congenialises with them;" that the "wings of the soul" are weakened by what is morally base or bad; and that, "imprisoned in the body and pressed down by matter, it cannot behold and apprehend the essences of things, as when it first emanated a pure ray from the Divinity."‡

\* Harford. We have not his collected works before us.

† Vol. i. chap. v., and vol. ii. chap. vii. See also his account of Marsiglio Ficino.

‡ In some of the productions of the age there was a strange blending of Christian feeling, Platonism, and pagan allusions. The following passage from an *Ode to Death*, which we find in the MS. memoirs already referred to, has a strong affinity to the words we have last quoted:

"The soul to this dark frame

Descends from Heaven divine and pure,  
And takes the vestments which obscure

It is a tone like this which gives to much of Michel Angelo's poetry an elevated character of thought and feeling.

Of the poems themselves we select from the volumes before us a translation by Southey :

Ill hath he choe'n his part who seeks to please  
The worthless world—ill hath he choe'n his part,  
For often must he wear the look of ease  
When grief is in his heart;  
And often in his hours of happier feeling,  
With sorrow must his countenance be hung.  
And ever, his own better thoughts concealing,  
Must he in stupid grandeur's praise be loud,  
And to the errors of the ignorant crowd  
Assent with lying tongue.  
Thus, much would I conceal, that none should know  
What secret cause I have for silent woe;  
And, taught by many a melancholy proof  
That those whom fortune favours it pollutes,  
I, from the blind and faithless world aloof,  
Nor fear its envy nor desire its praise,  
But choose my path through solitary ways.\*

Some of his madrigals are merely the usual effusions of amatory verse; the best (as in the specimen we have quoted) are of a graver and higher character. Dante and Petrarch are said to have been his favourite authors, and we trace the latter as his model in one of the sonnets (*Non vider gli occhi miei cosa mortale*) translated by Wordsworth.† But there is another of them that we prefer :

Yes! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,  
And I be undeluded, unbetray'd;  
For if of our affections none find grace  
In sight of Heaven, then, wherefore hath God made  
The world which we inhabit? Better plea  
Love cannot have, than that in loving thee  
Glory to that eternal Peace is paid  
Who such divinity to thee imparts  
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.  
His hope is treacherous only, whose love dies  
With beauty, which is varying every hour;  
But in chaste hearts uninfluenced by the power  
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower  
That breathes on earth the air of paradise.

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Its bright and glorious flame.

'Tis doomed to wander here  
Midst terror and desire,  
Grief, and vain gladness, wrongs, and ire,  
Outrage, and strife, and fear.  
How beautiful to turn from such a state  
And gaze upon the skies!  
Then grant, in mercy, his first liberty  
To one who long has panted to be free,  
And seeks by thy prevailing hand to rise  
Above his cruel fate:  
Looking for his relief, O noble Death! to thee."

\* This, and one or two other pieces given by Mr. Harford, appeared originally in the "Life" by Duppa.

† No mortal object did these eyes behold  
When first they met the placid light of thine.

In the decline of life (says Mr. Harford) he ceased to blend platonism with his religious sentiments, and wrote many beautiful sonnets and other pieces in the spirit of an humble and enlightened Christian. Some of these rank amongst the most exquisite and impressive examples of devotional poetry to be found in any language.

It is scarcely fair to a translator to sound this note of preparation; but we venture to give one of these devotional pieces from "Translations and Imitations," printed for private circulation, by the Rev. R. Pennell; in whom neither extreme old age, nor the almost total loss of sight, has diminished the love of letters to which he has been, through life, devoted. As far as our language has the power, he has done justice to his original; but it may seem to many that it is the tone of Christian feeling, the humility of true faith, rather than any high poetic excellence which distinguishes the devotional poetry of Michel Angelo. We have selected the following :

Lord! if by thee deserted I remain,  
 No viler reptile creeps upon the ground;  
 Weary of treading error's mazy round,  
 Thy help I ask, the path of truth to gain.  
 Draw me to thee by Faith's mysterious chain,  
 Where closely linked all heavenly gifts are found,  
 And break those carnal fetters, which have bound  
 My soul, to drag her to eternal pain.  
 The gift of Faith we should most firmly bind,  
 As a rich jewel, round the heart; for they  
 To whom that precious favour is not given,  
 Peace nor contentment in the world can find,  
 Nor true repentance can they feel; no key  
 But this unlocks to man the gate of Heaven.

The structure of his verse, in almost all his sonnets, seems to bear great resemblance to that of Petrarch; and Wordsworth complains of the difficulty of translating it. "I can translate," he says, "and have translated two books of Ariosto, at the rate, nearly, of one hundred lines a day; but so much meaning has been put by Michel Angelo into so little room, and that meaning sometimes so excellent in itself, that I found the difficulty of translating him insurmountable."\*

As regards his character and disposition, the popular impression, however it may have been received, seems incorrect. He is often looked upon as a *barbero*; and not always a *barbero benefico*. He was hasty: it is one of the common failings of an ardent temperament; but he was kind to those about him, generous to his dependents, a considerate master, and a sure friend. When involved in strife and contention, he was the victim rather than the aggressor; his wealth was gained by honest labour, and spent on no unworthy objects; and he was pious in an age when piety was not an ordinary virtue. In English biography there is nothing finer than the letter in which Southey, then comparatively prosperous, acknowledges his early obligations to Joseph Cottle; and, in the pathos of real life, we know of few things more touching than Michel Angelo's account of the death of the old and faithful servant of whom he had been a kind and generous master.†

\* Letter to Sir George Beaumont.

† Duppa, Bohn's edition, p. 123.

Writing as we do at present, with the commencement of the month approaching to chide our delays, we do not presume to dwell upon his genius. It was appreciated by our greatest painter, whose opinions upon art were never hastily formed, and who has expressed them with chaste and manly eloquence.

Of his works, Mr. Harford tells us all that can now be known. With the exception of the effect of surface, which nothing but the original marble can give, our untravelled countrymen may judge of his sculpture from the *fac-simile* casts at Sydenham. We have a translation, in the *Life* by Duppa, of Zappi's fine description of the Moses (*Chi è costui, &c.*), which we shall transcribe. It brings the figure itself before us :

And who is he that, shaped in sculptur'd stone,  
Sits giant-like ? stern monument of art  
Unparallel'd, while language seems to start  
From his prompt lips, and we his precepts own ?  
'Tis Moses ; by his beard's thick honours known,  
And the twin beams that from his temples dart ;  
'Tis Moses ; seated on the mount apart,  
Whilst yet the godhead o'er his features shone.  
Such once he looked, when ocean's sounding wave  
Suspended hung, and such, amidst the storm,  
When o'er his foes the reflux waters roar'd.  
An idol calf his followers did engrave ;  
But had they rais'd this awe-commanding form,  
Then had they, with less guilt, their work adored.

In all that he has left us, there is the unquestionable impress of a great mind ; but as a painter, it is at Rome only that we can judge of his powers. It is on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel that his poetical feelings are fully shown, and his genius and imagination are most expanded.\* Whatever, as compared with this, may be the merits of his Last Judgment, it is now but the wreck of what it was ; and must be looked at with as much of regret as of admiration. But these are subjects which would lead us on too far. Our immediate business is with the volumes before us.

Merely as a life of Michel Angelo, we do not consider that Mr. Duppa's has been superseded. Mr. Harford has taken a wider range ; and fully availing himself of the researches of previous writers, as well as of his own, he has given us a work that may be read, both by the learned and unlearned, with pleasure. The style, though occasionally weakened by phrases from the common stock of authorship, is flowing and unaffected ; and it is this absence of affectation, perhaps, which constitutes its principal charm.

Amongst the engraved illustrations are some portraits from medals, of very great interest, and very beautifully executed ; and, in every way, it is the graceful offering of a man of cultivated tastes to the memory of *Michel Angelo*.

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\* Duppa.

# THE HISTORY OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS,

AUTHOR OF THE "EIGHTEENTH CENTURY."

## XV.

The Provincial Press—The Travelling Press of the Civil Wars—The first Country Newspaper—The early Country Journals—Stamford—Norwich—Worcester—Salisbury—York—Exeter—Leeds—Gloucester—Manchester, &c.—Troubles of Country Editors in the last Century—The first Leading Article.

HAVING kept our eyes so long upon the London press, and watched it through perils and persecution, through the troubles of the Civil Wars, the trials of the Restoration, the temptations of the Walpole times, and the terrors of the French Revolution; still on its march, advanced or impeded by circumstances, but never stopped; having watched it in its onward course till we have seen begotten the papers which we read to-day,—we will go into the provinces and inquire how the newspaper has flourished away from the intelligence, the wealth, the excitement, and the business of great London.

The first papers published in the provinces were not, strictly speaking, the progenitors of the provincial press—they were birds of passage, which perhaps dropped the seed as they flew across the country from which the country newspaper has issued: but they were in no way identified with the place at which they were published; in fact, they were not local organs, but the reports of the contending armies during the civil wars, issued from a travelling press just wherever the army to which they were attached might happen to halt, or whenever the head of it had occasion to communicate anything to the public. Thus, in 1639, Robert Barker, the king's printer, published a few numbers of a paper at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and for some time from January 1st, 1642, the *Mercurius Aulicus*, of Birkenhead, was printed "by H. Hall for W. Webb, bookseller, near to Queen's College, Oxford." In 1644, the *Mercurius Hibernicus* was printed at Bristol. In fact, the press was here to-day and there to-morrow throughout the civil wars. But when the struggle was over, all was dark and silent in the provinces; no Mercury flew from town to town; no Diurnal, Post, Messenger, or Intelligencer carried news among the villages; the brief political busy life was over, and the country was silent as the tomb. It was not until 1695 (as far as our researches have discovered) that a really local organ of information—what can be fairly considered as a country newspaper—made its appearance, and that paper was the *Lincoln, Rutland, and Stamford Mercury*. We look in vain over a waste of ten years but find no town following the example of Stamford in setting up a press of its own till 1706, when the *Norwich Postman* first appeared in small quarto size, "printed by S. Sheffield for J. Goddard, bookseller, Norwich," the price being "a penny, but a halfpenny not refused." The newspaper soon struck root and fructified in Norwich. After the passing of the Stamp Act came forth the *Norwich Courant, or Weekly Packet*, in 1714,

price three-halfpence, of which Cave had the management for Collins his master;\* in 1721, the *Weekly Mercury, or Protestant's Packet*, at the same price; closely followed by the *Norwich Gazette, or Henry Crossgrove's News*; and, in 1723, by the *Norwich Journal*. These Norwich papers were curiosities in their way. In another place† we have given Crossgrove's quaint announcement of his raising the price of his *News*, and we have before us a Norwich paper containing a coarse woodcut representing a man riding towards a gallows with the devil in pursuit, this being considered a likely way of calling public attention to an advertisement of a stolen horse. The often-quoted advertisement of a chandler for a journeyman "who has had the small-pox," is in one of these Norwich papers.‡

No doubt other towns were now sending out newspapers which have left no trace behind them; but we still have, in a green old age, *Barrow's Worcester Journal*, started in June, 1709. Salisbury soon had its *Postman*, started September 27th, 1715 (and of which we gave the curious prospectus in the "Eighteenth Century"§), and York its *Mercury*, sending forth also, in 1720, its *Courant*, as it has continued to do to this day. Exeter must have been as prolific as Norwich in newspapers; for, in 1718-19, we find the *Exeter Mercury, Protestant Mercury*, and *Postmaster, or Royal Mercury*, all printed in that city, and all in trouble for publishing the reports of parliamentary proceedings.|| Leeds first boasted a newspaper in the *Leeds Mercury*, started in May, 1720, a paper which the enterprise and talent of Mr. Baines (the Walter of the provincial press) did so much in our own time to make famous. Raikes first gave to Gloucester a *Journal* on April 9th, 1722 (still in existence), and would seem to have launched it with spirit, for he secured for it the services of Cave, who sent him the proceedings of parliament, which brought him into collision with the House of Commons in 1728. Manchester was destitute of a newspaper till 1730, when the *Manchester Gazette* (a title afterwards changed to *Manchester Magazine*) was started by Mr. Whitforth, and remained without a competitor till 1752, when the *Mercury* appeared. In 1740, the *Oxford Journal* appeared under the editorship of William Jackson, who gained it a character for the boldness of its political remarks; and, in 1745, the rebellion of the Young Pretender called into existence at Preston, in Lancashire, a paper called the *British Courant, or Preston Journal*.

These were among the earliest provincial journals, but they were not the only ones. The following newspapers still existing date their foundation in the first half of the last century, besides those we have more particularly mentioned:

Newcastle Courant, August 11, 1711.

Northampton Mercury, May 2, 1720.

Salisbury and Winchester Journal, 1720.

\* Eighteenth Century, p. 103, and *New Monthly Magazine*, vol. ciii. p. 227.

† *New Monthly Magazine*, vol. cviii. p. 446.

‡ Such advertisements were not at all uncommon; no shopman or apprentice was wanted who had not had the then terrible scourge.

§ Eighteenth Century, p. 116, and *New Monthly Magazine*, vol. ciii. p. 227.

|| *New Monthly Magazine*, vol. cviii. pp. 376, 377.

Leicester Courant, 1721.

Reading Mercury, February 8, 1723.

Chelmsford Chronicle, about 1730.

Derby Mercury, 1732.

Sherbourne Mercury, 1736.

Hereford Times, 1739.

Ipswich Journal, 1739.

Nottingham Journal, January, 1741.

Aris's Birmingham Gazette, November 16, 1741.

Keene's Bath Journal, 1742.

Felix Farley's Bristol Journal, January, 1744.

Sussex Advertiser, 1745; and

Cambridge Chronicle, May, 1748.\*

It was no easy matter, when the publication of parliamentary reports was prohibited, to fill these country papers, small as they were; no such thing as a leading article had yet appeared, and the columns were filled with vapid essays and tales. In 1752, the editor of the *Leicester Journal* was so embarrassed by the want of matter that he commenced reprinting the Bible verbatim, and got as far as the 10th of Exodus, before things temporal furnished him with sufficient matter to fill up his journal. Many of these papers (and among them the one we have just named) were sent up to London to be printed, there being no press in the town which they represented, so that, considering that the post took, for example, two days to travel from Leicester to London and two days to return, and the printing must have occupied a day more, the news must have been nearly a week old when it came out.

But the provincial press strode manfully after its older brother, till, towards the close of the century, many country newspapers need not have feared a comparison with the London ones. The introduction of leading articles by Mr. Flower, of the *Cambridge Journal*, during the period of the French revolution, in which he was soon after copied by Mr. Baines, of the *Leeds Mercury*, led to their general adoption as one of the principal features of the country newspaper, and gave to it the weight and power which it had not enjoyed in a commensurate degree with its London contemporary, although under the influence of circumstances more favourable to their growth.

## XVI

The Scottish Press—The Travelling Press in Scotland—The first Native Newspaper—Thomas Sydeserfe—Scotland in the Dark—The *Edinburgh Gazette* and James Donaldson—The *Edinburgh Courant* and Adam Boig—Shall News be a Monopoly?—Great Struggle for the Exclusive Privilege of Printing News—Donaldson's Petitions—Boig's Replies—Decision of the Lords of the Council—Boig signs the Remarkable Terms prescribed—And the *Courant* goes on.

THE civil wars were the means of introducing newspapers into Scotland. Spalding, writing from Aberdeen in December, 1642, says, "Now printed papers daily come from London, called 'Diurnal Occurrences, declaring what is done in Parliament;'"† and, after the defeat of Dunbar,

\* Mitchell's Newspaper Press Directory, &c.

† Spalding's History of the Troubles of Scotland, vol. i. p. 322.



Cromwell sent his printer up to Leith, and, "in Hort's Close, opposite the Tron Church," according to Mr. Chambers,\* set up the press from which was issued the first newspaper ever printed on the Scottish soil, the *Mercurius Politicus*, which first appeared on October 26th, 1653. It, however, was a mere reprint—intended chiefly for the information of the English troops who had come to garrison Leith—of a paper published in London, under the title of "The Diurnal of some Passages and Affairs." In November, 1654, it was transferred to Edinburgh, where it continued to be published until April 11th, 1660, when it changed its name, in deference to the prevailing fashion of "Mercuries," to *Mercurius Publicus*. But even this print can only be considered as an importation and not a native production; it was first brought out by an invading army for a special purpose, and can therefore scarcely be looked upon as the parent of the Scottish press.

The earliest legitimate journal in Scotland appears to have been the *Mercurius Caledonius*, a small weekly quarto, printed by a society of stationers, which was started in Edinburgh, the 31st December, 1660, and was described beneath its title as "Comprising the Affairs in Agitation in Scotland, with a Survey of Foreign Intelligence." Thomas Sydserfe, a son of the Bishop of Orkney, was the editor of this publication—a man whom Chalmers disparagingly describes as imagining "that he had the wit to amuse, the knowledge to instruct, and the address to captivate the lovers of news in Scotland; but he was only able, with all his powers, to extend his publication to ten numbers, which were very loyal, very illiterate, and very affected." On the 28th March, 1661, this paper issued its last number, leaving the field to the *Mercurius Publicus*, which had survived the Restoration, and which continued to filter news from the South, for the edification of the North, till it was superseded by the *Kingdom's Intelligencer*, which is said by Arnot to have run for seven years.†

The Scotch, now distinguished for their craving after information, would then seem to have had little desire for news, and as for politics, they were proscribed. Education was but feebly groping its way in the large towns, and most of the lairds and proprietors gloried in their ignorance. What wonder, then, that they accepted the only paper which it pleased the powers to give to them, and were satisfied with it?—what wonder that a press trammelled with the chains of the licenser and the censor, but grudgingly allowed to stand in a country, where the people themselves cared little for its existence and gained nothing by it, should not send forward a single newspaper? Law, which was almost martial, the executive in hands which were arbitrary and to all purposes irresponsible, from the time occupied in communicating with the government in London, and the indifference of the government in London when applied to—in the breath of these, the newspaper press of Scotland, such as it had been, sickened and died. In the year of the Revolution, 1688, there was not a single journal published in the length or breadth of the land, nor do we find a trace of one for the next eleven years—the saddest and most suggestive of the signs of distress which Scotland was silently making—not even a groan from the wounded spirit. The *Scots Mercury*, "giving a true account of the daily proceedings and most remarkable occurrences in Scotland"—a paper first issued on May 8th, 1692—has been thought

\* *Edinburgh Journal*, July 7th, 1834.

† History of Edinburgh.

to belong to the Scottish press; but glance at the bottom of the page, and you will see it was printed in London, by R. Baldwin, and probably very few copies found their way beyond the Tweed.

In 1699, a paper struggled into existence, but it is wonderful it was not strangled in its birth when we see how it was immediately swaddled up in the bonds of the licenser. In the collection of curious historical documents given to the world by the Maitland Club of Edinburgh, we find the original license for the printing of the *Edinburgh Gazette*, which had been started in February, 1699.

“Act in favors of James Donaldson, for printing the Gazette, Mar. 10, 1699.

“Anent the petition given to the Lords of his Majesties Privy Council, by James Donaldson, Merchant in Edinburgh, shewing, That the petitioner doeth humbly conceive the publishing of ane Gazett in this place, Containeing ane abridgement of fforaigne newes, together with the occurances at home may be both usefull and satisfieing to the leidges, and actually hath published one or two to see how it may be liked, and so farr as he could understand, the project was approven of by very many, and therefore Humbly supplicating the said Lords to the Effect after mentioned; the Lords of his Majesties Privy Council having considered this petition given in to them by the above James Donaldsone, They doe hereby Grant full warrand and authority to the petitioner for publishing the above Gazette, and discharges any other persones whatsoever to pen or publish the like under the penaltie of forfaiting all the coppies to the petitioner, and farder payment to him of the soume of ane hundred pounds Scots money, by and altour the forsaid confiscatioun and forfaiture; and Recommends to the Lord high Chancellor to nominat and appoint a particular person to be Supervisor of the saids Gazetts, before they be exposed to public view, printed, or sold.”\*

With this gracious but somewhat obscure “warrand” and authority, then, the *Edinburgh Gazette* crept forth, protected from competitors in the bear’s hug of the licensers, a modest little folio, having two columns to the page, price one penny, and appearing every Tuesday and Thursday. The first forty numbers were edited by James Watson, the author of the “History of Printing,” who seems to have been succeeded by John Reid. But Watson, who was probably galled by the chains he wore in the *Gazette*, was some time after concerned in bringing out another paper in Edinburgh, the authority for printing which is thus accorded:

“Act in favors of Adam Boig for printing the Edinburgh Currant.

“Anent the petition given in and presented by the Lord high Chancellor and remanent Lords of Privie Council, by Adam Boig, Humbly shewing, That, whereas their petitioner intends to sett forth a paper by the name of Edinburgh Currant which will come out thrice weekly, viz.: Monday, Wednesday, and Fryday, containing most of the remarkable fforreign newes from their prints, and also the home Newes from the ports within this kingdome, when ships comes and goes, and from whence, which its hoped will prove a great advantage to merchants and others within this Nation (it being now altogether neglected), And Seeing their petitioner has no inclination to give offence therby to the Government, and that he cannot safely doe the same without he be impowered

\* Miscellany of the Maitland Club, vol. ii. pp. 232, 233.

therto by their Lordships, and Therefore craving to the effect after mentioned as the said petition bears; The Lords of her Majesties Privie Council, having considered the above petition given in to them by Adam Boig and samen being read in their presence, The saids Lords do heirby allow and grant warrand to the petitioner to sett furth and print one paper entituled Edinburgh Courant, containing the remarkable forecign newes from their prints and letters, as also the home newes from the ports within this kingdome, when ships comes and goes, and from whence, he alwayes being answerable for the samen, and for the newes therein specified and sett down."<sup>\*</sup>

This paper, which would appear to be the first to give the desiderated information "when ships comes and goes," came out under the management of Watson, on the 14th February, 1705, price three halfpence. Watson seceded from it on the publication of the fifty-fifth number, and whoever may have been his successor got it and poor Adam Boig into sad trouble, as the following mournful confession and submission will testify:

"Proceedings in the Cause Adam Boig and James Donaldson.

"To His Grace, Her Majesties High Commissioner and the Right Honourable the Lords of Her Majesties Most Honourable Privy Council, the petition of Adam Boig, Humbly Sheweth, That your Petitioner having obtained your Lordships liberty and permission for Emitting a Newspaper under the title of the Edinburgh Courant, in which I have carryed ever since with great care, diligence, and caution, to the satisfaction, not only of your Lordships, but of the Leidges in general; until by misfortune upon the 22nd and 28th days of June last, your Petitioner being importun'd by Mr. Evander Mc Iver, Tacksman of the Paper Manufactory, to insert an advertisement given in and subscribed by the said Mr. Mc Iver, herewith produced, your Petitioner did most inadvertently suffer the same to be insert in the Courant, which (to your Petitioner's great grief) has given offence to your Grace and Lordships, whereupon your Grace and Lordships have justly stopped the printing and emitting the said Courant, the continuance of which step will intirely ruine your Petitioner now, after he hath been at great charges in settling Correspondents at home and abroad;

"May it therefore please your Grace and Lordships to accept of your Petitioner's humble and sincere acknowledgmen't of his fault, and of your Grace and Lordships' goodness to repene your Petitioner to the Printing and Publishing of the Courant as formerly; and, according to my duty, I shall hereafter be more cautious and circumspect, and am most willing that in all time coming no Inland News nor Advertisements shall be published nor put into the Courant, but at the Sight and Allowance of the Clerks of Council."<sup>†</sup>

A curious discussion now arose as to whether the previous permission granted to Donaldson to publish news was not intended as the right to a monopoly of publication, as indeed it seems to us to have amounted to. That such an idea could have been entertained appears now astonishing, but it caused poor Donaldson much more astonishment to think it could be otherwise. With something as near to a reproachful tone as he dare assume, he petitions the High Commissioner and Leeds of Council to stop the *Courant*. He urges his loyalty, his poverty, and his harmless-

<sup>\*</sup> Miscellany of the Maitland Club, vol. ii. p. 244.

<sup>†</sup> Ibid. pp. 248, 249.

ness upon their consideration ; he reminds them that, in 1689, he raised a company of horses at his own expense, which not only impoverished him, but caused him to neglect his business, so that he got into debt, " which put your Petitioner to think of all possible means of subsistence," the most likely at last seeming to be the setting up of a newspaper. But just as he fancied he had got the privilege snugly to himself, lo ! permission is granted to Adam Boig to do the same thing ; and Boig, who appears to have been a more enterprising man, not only gives information when " ships comes and goes," but undersells the *Gazette* after all. " He gave his paper to the Ballad criers 4s. a quair below the common price, as he did likewise to the postmaster, who used to take a parcel of *Gazettes* weekly. This obliged your Petitioner to lower the price of his *Gazettes* likewise. But the said Adam, and those who assisted him, did still so practice the paper cryers as to neglect the selling of the *Gazette*, to deny that there was any printed when enquired at, and also to extol Mr. Boig and the *Courant*, as a paper much preferable to the *Gazette*, both in respect of foreign and domestick News. Tho'," continues the humble petition of James Donaldson, " such little artifices should seem to merit but little regard, yet, by abstracting the *Gazette* and the other methods aforesaid, the *Courant* gain'd credit with some, tho' your Petitioner cannot understand upon what considerations, for all the foreign News that ever was in the *Courant* were taken verbatim out of some of the London papers, and for the most part from *Dyer's Letter* and the *London Courant*, which are not of the best reputation ; so your Petitioner did never omit any domestick News that he judged pertinent, though he neither midled with matters that he had cause to believe would not be acceptable, nor every story and trifling matter he heard ; Moreover your Petitioner doth just now suffer for Adam Boig's falt in having the *Gazette* stop, tho' that disagreeable paragraph was not in, which being in the *Courant* was displeasing to your Lordships, as well as by his practicing the paper sellers, so that, by their contributions, they neither would sell the *Gazettes*, nor permit any other person whom I employ'd, pretending to be countenanced by the Magistrate," &c. &c.

The Lords of the Council, tired of the bother, and determined to act impartially, by an order on the 26th June stopped both papers till such time as they had examined the merits of the case. In the mean while Boig replies to Donaldson's petition, and, with reason on his side, points out to their lordships that it was no fault of his that Donaldson charged more than he for his news. In these days, when newspapers tell up their incomes with five figures in a row, it is amusing to see what importance he attaches to a gain of eight shillings a week : " And I must say that his Profit cannot but be Considerable, when he sells at my Price, for all my News comes by the Common Post, and I pay the Postage ; whereas John Bisset his Conjunct gets his News all by the Secretaries Paquet free of Postage, which is at least Eight Shillings sterling a week free gain to them." Then, ever proud of himself giving the accounts of " when ships comes and goes," he twits Donaldson about the meagreness of his shipping news : " Mr. Donaldson, tho' he had a Yearly Allowance from the Royal Burrows, never touched anything of that nature, nor settled a Correspondent at any Port in the Kingdom, no, not so much as at Leith."

Donaldson puts in a petition in reply, in which he asserts that " there is no possibility of two News Writers subsisting by that employment in this

place;" but as he did not give in his patent with the petition, it could not be entertained, and he had to move the Council again. He adopts the tone of an ill-used man, showing, "that your Petitioner having some Years bygone obtain'd the Sole Privilege of Publishing the News, which Project was look'd on as a general Benefit, and has been Prosecute with so much Care and Diligence that by this means he made a shift to subsist himself and Family, and was thereby supported under the great Losses he sustain'd by his early Zeal and Affection to the Government, as is well known to many of your Lordships.

"Tho' this Project encroach'd on no Man's Province, but was set on foot by your Petitioner for supplying the pinching Necessities he was Reduc'd to, yet this could not skreen him from Envy. Adam Boig, out of a design to wrest this small Benefit to himself, contrived with a Printer, formerly employed by your Petitioner (whom he found it his Interest to disengage himself of), to undertake a News Print"—and in this strain he proceeds to solicit its suppression. On the 24th of July, the Council granted permission to Donaldson to cite Boig before them to give an account of himself, and on the 28th of August a committee was appointed to consider the matter, and, after examining Boig, they came to a resolution of recommending that Boig should be allowed to proceed with his *Courant*, on condition of his undertaking to write nothing offensive to the government. The matter seems to have got into the Circumlocution Office, for it was not until the 2nd of October that the Council accorded permission to Boig to resume his publication, getting from him the following remarkable undertaking:

"Oct. 5, 1705. Be it knowen To all men be thir presents, Me, Adam Boig, Author of the Edinburgh Curant, Forasmuch as the Lords of her Majesties Privie Council be their Act of the date, the second day of October, did take off the Stop formerly made by their Lordships to my printing and publishing the Curant, and allowed me to publish and print the samen as formerly, upon my enacting of myself to the effect efter mentioned; Therefore with ye me to be bound, obleedg'd and enacted Likeas I be the tenor, heir of bind, obleedge and enact myself in the books of her Majesties Privie Council, That I shall publish nothing in my Curant concerning the Government till first the samen be revised by the Clerks of her Majesties Privie Council. And I consent to the registration hereof in the books of her Majesties Privie Council to have the strength of ane decret, that letters on six dayes, and others, if need be's, may be direct hereon. In form as Effairs. And to that effect Constitutes — my procurators. In witness whereof, written be John Braid, writter in Edinburgh, I have subscrivit thir presents at Edinburgh the fifth of October 1<sup>m</sup> VII<sup>e</sup> and five years, before these witnesses, David Caw, writer in Edinburgh, and the said John Braid.

"ADAM BOIG."\*

Such were the conditions imposed upon the early news-writers in Scotland. We shall see how soon the press burst its bonds and declared itself independent.

\* Maitland Miscellany, vol. ii. pp. 251-71.

# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

## FROM PESTH, BY THE DANUBE AND THE BLACK SEA, TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

UNDETERRED by the threatened mosquitoes, malaria, and other disagreeables set forth in Murray's Handbook, we\* determined to proceed by the Danube and the Black Sea to Constantinople. The recent events had increased a desire to visit that city, and the present was thought a favourable time before the civilising influence of the French and English had waned, whilst the prestige of British prowess existed, and the services which England had rendered to the Porte were still fresh in the recollection of the Turks. At nine in the morning of the 1st of September, with a cloudless sky, the steamer left her moorings at Pesth, and we were fairly embarked for an uninterrupted journey by river and sea of 1245 miles. A large, well-appointed steam-vessel, devoted entirely to the transfer of passengers, agreeable companions (three of whom were Englishmen, going like ourselves to Constantinople), excellent food, fine weather, and oftentimes magnificent scenery, combined to make up a sum of enjoyment, with little or nothing to mar it. Mosquitoes there might have been, but we saw or felt none. Malaria might have prevailed, but we altogether escaped it. The boats are furnished by the Danube Navigation Company—a private association, with a government concession of a monopoly for fifteen years. They have upwards of three hundred boats, including tugs and others engaged in the carriage of merchandise. It is said their profits are large; if so, they are merited, for their arrangements are remarkably good; the boats are clean, and the crew and officers civil and obliging, very different from the Austrian Lloyd's, which are the very opposite. It must, however, be borne in mind that the latter are sea-going vessels, and carry merchandise as well as passengers, whereas those of the Danube Company carry passengers only, and are confined to that river. Their charge may appear high. From Vienna to Constantinople they frank you for 148 florins (about 12*l.* 8*s.*), but this voyage occupies six or seven days, and food is included—three meals a day, besides coffee *au réveil* and after dinner, and all remarkably good. From Galatz, where you change to the Austrian Lloyd's steamers, you pay for your food—about 6*s.* per day. From the accounts we had heard and read of the indifferent sleeping accommodation on board these boats, we secured a private cabin, at a further cost of 10*l.*; doubtless it was a luxury, but in no way was it necessary, even for ladies. One requisite, however, I must admit was wanting—a stewardess. After leaving Pesth the Danube is not very rapid, nor are its banks picturesque :

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\* That is, the writer and his wife, unattended by courier or servant.

its waters are spread over a vast flat, shoals and islands abound, and on either side, where the water ceases, the eye rests on a vast, interminable plain. The only objects which broke the view were the herds of white oxen, the usual beasts for slow draught, and diminutive horses driven from their pastures to avoid the flies and heat, standing up to their hocks in the water, or couched down upon the banks, oftentimes two or three herds with one solitary attendant. About mid-day we reached the town of Foldvar, on the southern side of the river. This was the first indication of population to any extent; hitherto, but a few straggling villages had been visible. The rapidity of the stream necessitates turning the head of the vessel against it in order to stop with safety, and during the whole length of the Danube this manœuvre is adopted. About two P.M. we stopped at Mohacks, also on the southern side of the river. Here a delay of half an hour was necessary to take in coal. Upon the Upper Danube, that is, between Donnerwurth and Vienna, wood is the fuel used. From Vienna downwards coal is to be obtained. Here it came from Fumfkirchen, about fifty miles distant; and, although apparently more dust, when wetted and mixed with shavings and wood rubbish, it burns well, as breeze does with us. It was brought on board in baskets on poles borne on the shoulders; women shared the toil with the men in bringing it from the dépôt to the side of the boat. Two young damsels, straight as a reed, with short kirtles of gaudy colours reaching but little below the knee, with a bare leg that, contrasted with the coal-stained soil, looked milky-white, as agile as ballet-dancers, gracefully and energetically did their part. There seemed a rivalry as to which could most quickly and dexterously deposit their basket. A bright starlit sky, brighter than we are accustomed to see, enabled us to proceed during the night, save for about half an hour. The tortuous course of the river and the numerous shoals, many of which shift from time to time, render the navigation intricate, if not dangerous, in the dark. Now and then a tug would pass us, panting and fuming as it laboured against the stream with five or six heavily-laden barges at its stern filled with pigs in tiers, like a travelling menagerie. Their grunt and squeak assured us of the nature of the living cargo. Suddenly innumerable lights would appear, like meteors, floating on the surface of the water: these were the corn-mills moored in the river, with a rude wheel in the centre, which rapidly turns as the stream rushes over it. Having passed the embouchment of the Drave and the town of Peterwardein during the night, at about eight next morning Semlin appeared in sight, and then the walls and fortress of Belgrade. Its crenated walls and towers present an imposing and warlike appearance, indicative of the scenes of storm and bloodshed connected with its history. The Drave and the Theis united here flow into the Danube. Off Belgrade an official came on board and requested our passports, which were not returned to us until we were leaving Orsova, but this was done with civility, almost with courtesy, and such had been the case through Belgium, Prussia, and Austria. And here I would remark that, although far from wishing to defend the passport system, I have never, throughout a wide range of travelling experience, suffered any trouble or annoyance. A foreign-office passport, with a precaution to procure the necessary *visés*, its willing production when asked to show it or deliver it up, and ordinary civility to the officers, will secure respect, if not obsequious courtesy.

The river now spread itself out, and assumed the appearance of a large placid lake, reflecting vividly the bright blue sky. On a point on the right, jutting far into the quasi lake, stood several small square towers, forming a triangular fortress, known as that of Semendria; the towers, unconnected with each other amount to the number of twenty-two. It might have been a position of some importance either for attack or defence in the days of bows and arrows, but it is of little value whether to aid or resist the attacks of modern warfare; it is, however, still kept in preservation, and used as a military dépôt or guard-house. On the left bank of the river were at intervals small huts covered with rushes, just sufficient to afford protection from the sun or rain; two or three rough-looking fellows lounged by their side, a firelock over the shoulder of one, and a rack to hold three or four muskets in front of the hut, showed these to be military pickets, but the dress and carriage of the men had little indeed of the soldier about them. They were, I understood, a kind of half-volunteer force, composed of the peasantry, to prevent smuggling from the river. As we passed, they hastily seized their rude weapons, and made a sort of "present arms;" the steamer, as it flitted by, seemed to rouse them for the moment. There was now, for several hours, little to break the monotony of a broad expanse of water; innumerable small islands—or rather shoals—left bare by the declining waters, thickly studded it. On one of these a solitary spoonbill was busily spooning up the mud in search of some luxury of his own. Three large golden eagles, the first we had yet seen, soared round in a large circle, performing a graceful but apparently purposeless manoeuvre. These were the only objects to look at for several hours. At length, hills appeared in the horizon—they were an offshoot of the Carpathians—and about mid-day we reached their foot, and stopped at Brotschia to take in coal. This is little more at present than a dépôt for coal and stores of the Danube Navigation Company, consisting chiefly of a few huts. A railway runs from hence into the interior—to Weiskirchen and Oravitz, about twenty miles—chiefly for the transit of coal; this, however, with the recent erection of a good-sized house on the side of the cliff, bearing the air of comfort, and a rude inn, indicated a rising importance. The coal here was brought on board in small wheelbarrows, instead of the primitive mode of baskets as used at Mohacks. It was doubtless the railroad which had introduced this more business-like mode of procedure. Having taken our supply of coals, our whistle sounded (for all these boats have steam-whistles, similar to those used on railways); again we move, and, borne by the stream, which gradually narrows between the rocky crags, we passed on at a rapid rate. On each side of the river were wooded heights, rich with the varied foliage of green; these were intersected by innumerable valleys, from which puny rills, at other times almost worthy the name of rivers, now seemed with reluctance to surrender their little all to the insatiable Danube. At about three P.M. we had reached the spot beyond which the steam-boat that conveyed us could not proceed, owing to the rocky shallows. The name of this station (nothing more than a solitary building) was Drenkova. We were scarcely moored to the bank—for the depth of the river here permitted the steamer to lie alongside it—when we were informed that we must remain here for the night, since it would be imprudent to proceed further until the next morning. We had reached the shallows, to pass which a much smaller



boat was necessary. Thus, if we proceeded onwards, we should leave our roomy and comfortable steamer, without the prospect of reaching one of corresponding size, with sleeping accommodation, &c., until we should arrive at Tchernetz, which we could not have done until midnight. It was therefore wisely determined that we should remain where we were until the next morning—to none of us, I think, a matter of regret; the spot was most beautiful, the weather glorious; the sun was, doubtless, very powerful, but a large awning on deck protected us, and the verdure of the banks and the flowing river gave a cool and refreshing contrast. We had our usual dinner at four, and a cup of coffee and cigar on deck, our custom always of an afternoon. We then separated for a ramble or a stroll in parties of three or four; some mounted the opposite hill to see the sun set, others contented themselves with a more sober saunter along the wooded banks. It called to my mind a pleasant English pic-nic, and I thought to myself how often undesignedly, by accident as it were, more enjoyment is realised than by the most elaborately studied preparation. We, together with one of our English friends, visited a village of which we had been told, about a mile and a half distant—Berzarska by name. The village itself did not differ much from ordinary villages in Germany. There was its church, but a Protestant one, and its two or three gasthauses, its farrier's shop, and the same number of geese and ragged dirty children, with the women either washing clothes in the river or brook, or spinning and beating flax. But the inhabitants were in themselves and their dress a peculiar people: some of them were the genuine dark, swarthy, Hungarian gipsy. By the roadside, in a kind of wigwam, lay an old man, the colour of mahogany, with a head and beard as white as snow; outside were the descendants of this patriarch, women and men, girls and boys. Two of the men had each a fiddle, from which they favoured us with a tune—good music of its kind; it was the same jiggy sort of air that you hear in a booth at an English country fair. The bright bit of yellow or scarlet with which they had contrived to adorn themselves, and their sly but independent look, told us that their habits and pursuits were much the same as those of their vagabond English brethren. The women might have urged us to try their prophetic powers, but their language was unintelligible, and we could only answer them with a smile. At parting, a few kreutzers procured a respectful salute.

The dress of the inhabitants proper was peculiar. The men wore flat sheepskin caps on their heads, their bodies were clad in a coarse whitey-brown linen tunic, with short sleeves, beneath which appeared what was more like a kilt than a pair of trousers, which in fact it was; the dimensions were so wide, and the folds so ample, that the division into legs was lost. It was a light and cool dress for the heat of summer. In winter they have a close-fitting garment made of sheepskin, and huge unmistakable boots. Their loose, slouching dress, with their swarthy faces, long, uncombed hair, high cheek-bones, low stature, and dirty, naked legs and arms, with a stout ragged staff as tall as themselves, which they grasped with a firmness that showed it was for use of some kind, gave them altogether a wild and repelling appearance; each, however, whom we met saluted us with a deferential touch of his cap. The women wore, also, a long garment made of the same coarse linen—a chemise I suppose it must be called, since it supplied the place of what is

known as such among the more civilised fair. It ended just below the knee, and was perfectly loose throughout, save that at the waist was a girdle of gaudy-coloured worsted, secured by a siver-looking clasp, from which hung, all round the body, strips resembling a carpet or hearth-rug torn in long shreds. The legs were independent of shoes or stockings, the hair was neatly braided and ornamented with the knobbed skewers not unfamiliar to ourselves. The girls whom we met were of swarthy complexion, but with good, regular features, large, expressive eyes, and a kind, intelligent expression. Our appearance created a good deal of curiosity, and many a woman and child came to look at us: a nod and a smile procured one in return, as it generally will.

On leaving the village, we met one woman with a box made of thin wood hanging at her back from a cord round her neck. In this was a child about two years old, a boy, without any clothes, unless an old bit of rug at the bottom of the box may be called such. As it raised its little brown, naked body, and fixed on us a wild stare from its coal-black eyes, it might have been likened to one of the imps of "*Der Freischutz*" or some diabolical pantomime. To heighten the picture, its mother carried over her shoulder a long stick, balanced at each end by a large water-melon transfixed on the points. We tried to converse with her, but our German was of no use; we could not understand each other, and were obliged to resort to the only universal language yet known—symbolic action.

Before we returned to our boat the sun had set, and tinged the sky with a glorious golden hue; as that died away another scene of brilliancy followed, the stars burst forth with an intensity of silver light unseen in our denser atmospheres. As we were to leave this boat at daybreak, long before that time the noise and bustle usual on such occasions awoke us from our slumbers. Hastily swallowing a cup of coffee, provided for all, we went on board the small steamer, in which alone the rapid shallows could be traversed. This boat was flat-bottomed, its draught not more than eleven inches; it had four paddle-wheels of very small diameter, making no less than between seventy and eighty revolutions in a minute. It was gratifying to see "*Rennie and Co., London*," standing out in bold relief above the little active pistons. Our luggage was placed on board a small lighter, which we took in tow. The sun rose to the same pure, cloudless sky as that of the preceding days, though thus early not a vapour was to be seen, not the faintest trace of the fogs of the Danube. The turbid muddy stream hurried us over slightly sunken and past protruding rocks. It required consummate skill to steer our light vessel down the rapids and through the eddies; not unfrequently was she caught in the vortex, but the weigh on her triumphed and bore her through; then she would shoot along the rush of water, apparently surmounting her own inherent power of progress, and bent on dashing her against the rock ahead. Once or twice I trembled for our luggage in the lighter. Real danger, however, there was none, but it was an exciting and animating scene to be thus borne in our light bark almost at the mercy of the rushing waters, between craggy and wooded precipitous heights, with no vestige of life or habitation, not even an animal or a hut to be seen. After about three miles the river widened, the hills receded, the shallow rocky bottom was passed, the rapids and the eddies gave way to a smoother surface, and the waters assumed the appearance of a placid

lake. Villages now appeared on the banks, square isolated forts, remnants, it is said, of Trajan's Dacian expedition, stood at intervals close to the water's edge, at this day occupied by the rude peasant-soldier of the Banat instead of the sturdy warrior of the Roman legions.

The shallows were now passed, and there was sufficient depth of water for a larger steamer, which was waiting to take us on to Orsova. The luggage was kept in the lighter, which was again towed behind us. In the centre of the lofty cliffs, whitening in the sun, forming the boundary of the lake we were traversing, soon opened the defile of *Kazan*. This is formed by rocks of limestone, rising almost perpendicularly from the water's edge; through these the Danube flows in stately, sullen grandeur. The depth of its channel, said to be one hundred and seventy feet, causes so large a volume of water to accumulate, and the declivity is so slight, that it moves like a large floating mass, thick and muddy; but its great depth and smooth surface, reflecting the bright blue sky, gave it an azure not its own. Placid, however, as was the surface, a violent eddy now and then, and the gathering foam, showed there was turmoil below. Above us, in front of the cragged heights, several eagles soared in supercilious dignity, now lighting on some ledge or nook in which the eyrie had been built, now floating away again in the clear blue sky. On the left, or the Hungarian bank, a road has been constructed leading to Orsova; this, from the cliffs so frequently rising perpendicularly from the river, must have been a work of much difficulty. In several places the road has been carried on buttresses over the river itself, or the overhanging rock has been tunnelled. Doubtless when this was done it was considered a bold and successful example of engineering skill; now, however, a Stephenson or a Brunel would look upon it as a trifling affair. In the rock on the right-hand side of the river appear several deep holes, evidently the work of man: these are said to have been the receptacles of the supports of a road made by Trajan. It is supposed to have been constructed of planks laid on beams fixed in these holes, and to have served the purpose of a towing-path as well as that of a road. On one part of the rock appeared the remnants of an inscription on what might have been a shield or tablet. Had we been near enough, or had time to decipher them, it would have been a difficult task.\* The letters are not only effaced by time, but also obscured by the smoke of the fires of the peasants, who are in the habit of seeking shelter beneath this projecting rock.

As we emerged from this magnificent gorge, a lofty rock stood right in our course, apparently stopping further progress, no outlet being visible. This rock, however—the *Kazan*—was but an abutment of the left bank; the waters swept round it, and again a clear open channel was before us. The lofty cliffs gradually subsided into undulating tree-clad hills and fertile plains, and the Danube assumed the aspect of an ordinary river. It was these transitions from grandeur to tameness which gave variety to and heightened the interest of our voyage. Orsova was now in sight; and here we must leave the river entirely and proceed by *terra firma*. The shallows and the rocky bar, known as the Iron Gates, were at hand, and the river was too low for our steam-boat to pass them in safety. When the river above Orsova is too low for a

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\* Murray, in his Handbook, gives the inscription thus: Imp: Cesar Divi Nervæ F. Nervæ Trajanus Aug: Germ: Pontif: Maximus Trib: Po: XXX.

vessel of our size, the smaller one continued its course from Drenková over the Iron Gates, and landing at Orsova is unnecessary, but the opportunity of seeing the country and the incidents of our land journey more than compensated for any inconvenience we suffered. Having left the boat, we found carriages, open omnibuses, and other nondescript vehicles waiting to convey us and our light baggage (our heavy baggage being still left on board the lighter) to the next station, a distance of about fourteen miles. For more than an hour after we were all prepared for a start did we remain stationary. Had we known there would have been this delay, we might have visited the town of Orsova, the confine town of Hungary and Wallachia. The *visé* of our passports was said to be the cause. These we had given up on board the steamer after passing Belgrade, and they were now to be returned to us on quitting the Austrian dominions. The heat—although only between ten and eleven A.M.—was very great. Apparently unsolicited, and without any expectation of payment, a man circulated amongst us offering to all and each a glass of pure water. Few declined his offer. The passports having been given to us as our names were called, away we went—the officials who had been scrutinising our credentials of respectability doffing their caps and saluting us as we passed, our charioteers jostling each other to get the road, and the gendarmes vainly endeavouring to repress their rivalry. Before we reached the high road we had to pass a kind of open common, over which were several trackways. This was an opportunity not to be lost; each Jehu endeavoured to urge his thin, diminutive horses to reach the road before those of his rivals. The horses, however, disdained such emulation; all power of persuasion was lost on them, and we gradually subsided into the places we had at starting, our carriage being about third. The captain of the steam-boat had made such arrangements as he thought would most conduce to our comfort: thus we and the three Englishmen were put in one carriage—one on the box and four inside; it was open, with a leather top to protect us from the heat of the sun. Our driver could understand but little German, and we could not understand his Slavonian, or whatever it was; there was, therefore, not much communication between us. The horses were poor, miserable, under-sized animals, and their pace correspondingly slow. By the side of the road was a single-wired telegraph. The road itself was good, following the course of the river, towards which the country was low and marshy, evidently subject to inundation, as the raised embankment on which we travelled sufficiently proved. Inland, the soil was more fertile: a crop of Indian corn had just been gathered, and the trees were laden with fruit; but the country wore a dry, parched appearance, easily explained if the rays of the sun were but for a few weeks as powerful as they were now.

Our cavalcade consisted of fourteen vehicles; and as we toiled along under the burning sun over the dry, parched, dusty soil, I fancied this intermediate transit somewhat resembled the passage of the desert between Alexandria and Suez. We soon reached the Wallachian frontier, and here there was a general halt. Whose territory we were entering I hardly knew or know now, the Principalities, as they are called, having been so often handed over from one power to another. The Wallachian flag was flying from a staff, evidently of recent construction, on one side of the road, and the Austrian eagle on the other, but whether the sentinel between them was a Wallach or an Austrian I could not determine. There was also a

barrier and a douane; our luggage passed without inquiry, but our passports must be seen. I handed ours to the man who civilly asked for it. He opened it, turned it upside down, affected to read it for two or three minutes, and then returned it with a bow. This farce over, the barrier was thrown open, and we entered Wallachia.

A miserable village, bearing the name of Wereserowa, lay in our road. The hovels, if they even deserved that name, were made of what appeared like large hazel-hurdles, plastered with clay, which, drying with the heat, had fallen off in patches, and left the substratum bare. In warm weather this might not be felt an evil, but as the cold approaches it is to be hoped they are patched up with a fresh addition of mud. The roof was of pieces of wood, resembling tiles. There were two boards at right angles answering the purpose of a chimney. They reminded me of the cabins in the south of Ireland. Some of them were raised like small granaries, but on piles instead of straddles; and beneath these were seated and lying, on the bare dusty earth, men, women, and children, to avoid the heat of the sun. They stared at us listlessly as we passed. The wretched aspect of this village contrasted strongly with the comparative air of comfort of that of Berzarska we had visited the day before in Hungary.

We were shortly again on the banks of the Danube, and soon approached the formidable Iron Gates, but if there ever was a misnomer this is one. Instead of a narrow channel confined between rocks analogous to a gateway, the river is nearly three-quarters of a mile wide, the banks on both sides are but a few feet above its surface, and instead of a surging flood of water, rushing with headlong velocity, you see a broad expanse of water flowing over a rocky ledge, with some crags rising out of it two or three feet high, forming rapids and eddies, it is true, and creating altogether a barrier impassable, when the water is low, save to the lightest craft, but wholly different to what the formidable title of "Iron Gates" would suggest. No doubt, however, when there is more water, it has a more imposing appearance. There is a small inn by the side of the rapids. Our cavalcade halted here to bait the horses. A very fair native white wine refreshed us after the heat and dust. Whilst stopping, the lighter with our luggage came in sight; we watched her progress with some anxiety. It seemed, however, a task of no great difficulty to pilot her; the channels were narrow and tortuous, but the practised hand and eye made light of them, and the little bark floated away as if she had done nothing wonderful. Before reaching the steam-boat station we passed another miserable collection of hovels. Their inhabitants were busily employed in making bricks. By the side of the river was a peaty marsh which furnished a kind of alluvial mud capable of being worked up into brick earth. Both the men and the women were almost destitute of clothing—some children of both sexes, apparently five or six years old, were completely so. Before reaching our destination, I left the carriage to walk down the hill to the river. The hot burning sun, the dry, parched, sandy soil, the Arab-looking peasants, and the thought that our land journey was over, again prompted fancies of the "Desert."

It was a great relief to find ourselves once more on board a clean, well-appointed steam-boat, with a wide-spread awning on deck. A short distance from this station was, on either bank of the river, a rude square tower of about twenty feet high, said to be the remains of the piers which supported the bridge constructed by Trajan in his Dacian campaign.

Some delay in our departure hence was caused by the transfer of the luggage and cargo from the lighter to the steam-boat. This completed, we left our moorings, and were again hurried along by the united force of steam and stream on the now placid waters of the capricious Danube. It was a delightful contrast to our hot, dusty land journey. Since leaving Belgrade on the right or southern bank of the Danube, we had not touched at any other place in the Turkish dominions, nor did we do so until reaching Widin, at about ten at night. Here we stopped to take in coal and provisions; among the latter some large sturgeons, which abound in this river. It was too dark to see anything of the town or people, but a few Turks in their national dress, stationed by the side of the landing-place, received us with a violent inducement to buy their grapes and tobacco, the former at an almost nominal sum. Each had a lantern fastened to a pole stuck in the ground by his side; they seemed a rude, turbulent set, and were continually wrangling with each other. Once a fight was got up, but it ended in nothing more serious than bluster and noise, in which I found afterwards the Turks are great adepts, notwithstanding their proverbial gravity and suavity. A bright, starlit sky, in which Venus shone with peculiar brilliancy, her rays strongly reflected in the now placid water, enabled us to continue our voyage during the greater part of the night, but the hot, dry weather had lowered the water so much, and the shoals were so frequent, that it was often difficult to find a channel with water sufficient for our vessel, although she drew but three feet; twice we grounded for a minute or two, and frequently did we feel her scraping through the now muddy bottom. It was thought prudent to anchor towards morning, and at daybreak a fog prevented our proceeding until about seven o'clock. About nine we reached Turna. Owing to its having been dark when we touched at Widin, it was here we first saw a Turkish population. Although this place is not in Turkey Proper, the population were clad in the Turkish dress, the men with their fezes, loose jackets, and flowing trousers, and the women in their serge, bright-coloured cloaks, and white yatchmaks. One old fellow might have sat for the picture of that old Turk sitting cross-legged, with a long chibouk in his mouth, which from childhood we have looked upon as the type of Turkish apathy. The steamer stopped but for a few minutes, and we could only take a glance at these strange-looking people. The scenery of the river, so to speak, had long ceased; the country was flat on either side, the water low, a wall of sand, varying from three to twelve feet high, was all that could be seen; but it was not to be forgotten that on these uninteresting mud-banks serious struggles had taken place, on which, in a great measure, depended the existence of Turkey as an independent nation; each place we now touched at had been the scene of some desperate encounter in the earlier stages of the war between Russia and the Porte. About two hours after leaving Turna we reached Rustchuk. This being in Bulgaria, and thus strictly a part of the Ottoman Empire, wore a more Turkish appearance: the women were shuffling about in their yellow slippers, some were busy washing clothes in the river. They were indifferent as to the exposure of their lower limbs, but their faces were veiled with studious care. The men were enjoying the *dolce far niente*—unless inspiring from the narghilly or inhaling from the chibouk may be termed action—in the verandahs either in front of the coffee-houses or their own insignificant-looking houses. On the hill, as the

town rose from the river, were several minarets, with the hole in them for the muezzin to summon the faithful to prayer. They appeared also to be used as watch-towers; a signal-flag was flying from one, and the men at the top were evidently occupied in forwarding other objects than those of devotion. Through one of these minarets a Russian shot had about midway made a clear breach in the shape of a large hole. There it still remained *in statu quo*, and will remain till it tumbles down, the Turks seldom repairing anything. Just to the right of the town an earthen redoubt, with two or three guns, still remained. Raised as this was several feet above the level of the river, it must have been a powerful check against those attempting to cross from the Wallachian side.

A short distance below Rastchuk, on the opposite side of the Danube, is the town of Giurgevo; it stands on an eminence more than a mile from the steam-boat station. Here several of our fellow-travellers left us; it was the nearest point for Bucharest (about forty miles distant) and the interior of Wallachia. Several carriages were in waiting to convey those requiring their aid. One with six horses had been specially provided for one of our fellow-travellers, said to be a Wallachian prince (how frequently do you meet with princes in foreign travel); another had been brought by our consul-general at Bucharest to convey Sir Henry Balwer—who had left England as one of the commissioners on the Russian and Moldavian boundary question, and who, it was presumed, would come by way of Vienna and the Danube—back with him to Bucharest. Sir Henry, however, was already at Constantinople, having proceeded thither by sea from England. Beyond a landing-place, there was nothing to mark this as a point of disembarkation; there was nothing in the shape of shelter but a tent raised by some speculator in grapes and raki, and a miserable hovel standing on piles, used as a guard-house, and in which Mr. Colquhoun, our consul, had been obliged to take refuge from the sun whilst waiting for our steamer and the expected commissioner. Several boats were loading and unloading a short distance from this spot, but there appeared no sign of provision for the wants of those so engaged. This is, doubtless, owing to the waters of the Danube, when full, overflowing this plain, now a sandy desert. The heat of the sun was excessive, and I was glad to return on board the steamer and enjoy the protection of its awning. Opposite to this landing-place is the island of Machan, strongly contested for by the invading Russians and the opposing Turks. Being in the middle of the river it formed a powerful auxiliary towards a transit. Mr. Colquhoun kindly invited us to return with him to Bucharest, and promised us some sport with a pack of hounds, which he and Sir Stephen Lakeman had established; but we were obliged to decline, and again we were under weigh. Oltenitza, Silistria, and Hirshova were passed during the night. This was to be regretted, as all these places possess a deep interest, especially Silistria. It was the successful defence against the Russian siege of that fortress that turned the threatened attack on Adrianople, in all probability saved Constantinople from the grasp of Russia, and eventually produced the invasion of the Crimea. With that defence are inseparably connected the names of our countrymen, Butler and Nasmyth. I afterwards met a brother of Captain Butler at Constantinople, on his way to Silistria, to erect a monument to his gallant and devoted relative. I sincerely trust he has succeeded in his holy errand.

Passing Matchin, on the Turkish side of the river, we soon reached

Braila. Here were the first indications of the use of the Danube for the purposes of international commerce; the steam-boat traffic on the Upper Danube can hardly be called such. Several large vessels were moored off the town, others were beating up or running down the river. Among the varying flags, that of England made a goodly show. A French merchant steamer, availing itself of the open navigation of the Danube, had run up thus for passengers and merchandise. She had grounded, and was fast, apparently with little prospect of being got off, since the river was lowering hourly. We met one of the Austrian Lloyd's steamers going to her aid, but as she drew seven feet, and the French vessel was aground in five, she could do little for her. I heard, however, that she did get off a few days afterwards. The crew of our vessel did not evince much regret for her mishap. The introduction of a competing line of steamers would seriously affect the interests of their company, and it was said the Austrian government would throw such obstacles in the way of foreigners, by prohibiting their forming stations or depôts on the Austrian territory, as would effectually mar the enterprise. An hour and a half from Braila brought us to Galatz. The houses and minarets crowding the hill-side, which rises abruptly from the river, give it an imposing appearance; but the town itself was filthy in the extreme: the dust, ankle deep—mud, when softened by rain—was varied with every kind of refuse and abomination of decaying animal and vegetable matter.

The steam-boat which we met going to assist the French vessel was the Austrian Lloyd's boat that was to forward us to Constantinople. We were therefore obliged to await her return, and thus did not leave till early the following morning. After dining at the *Hôtel des Vapeurs*, the only one worthy of any pretensions to the name, and paying, although not without remonstrance (but of course of no avail), an exorbitant bill, we returned on board the Constantinople boat, glad, indeed, to leave this Russo-Turkish port. Galatz seems to be composed of Russian and Turkish elements combined, and a very bad mixture they make. The captain of the port had demanded our passports on landing: some remonstrance to this was made by our captain, as being unusual; it was, however, of no use; but their surrender put us to no trouble or expense; they were returned to us on going on board. At daylight on the following morning we made our final start for the Black Sea. The boat we were now in was very different to the river boat of the Danube Company; it was smaller, slower, and extremely dirty; the captain and mate were sadly deficient in manners and polish, and evidently of an inferior grade. But few of our fellow-passengers who remained after quitting Giurgevo accompanied us farther than Galatz. We had, however, a fresh importation, of a different class. The deck was divided by a railing about three feet high, running fore and aft, and on the port side of it were several groups of people of strange habits and appearance. Nearest to the stern was a cluster of women and children; most of the women were veiled and rolled up like bundles of old clothes. They all huddled together on their mattresses and bedding, which they had brought with them, among a heterogeneous collection, consisting of bags of water-melons, loaves of bread, earthenware pots, drinking-cups, and other domestic utensils, some of them of quaint but classical form, which they were continually filling from the water-cask on deck. They were carefully separated from the group below them by a similar railing, running athwart-ships.



at right angles with the other. Below this were several groups of the sterner sex : although they were not partitioned off by any barrier, a line of demarcation was not the less visible between them. The first consisted of four Turkish soldiers, one of whom wore a gold medal on his breast, and was, I was informed, a major in the army of the Sultan. He was a fine, well-grown man, with a mild but determined look, and I could not but wish that, instead of being clad as he was in very seedy garments, and located with those of an inferior grade, he had associated with the cabin passengers, and occupied a position to which he seemed entitled. He appeared, however, happy enough, smoked continually, and chatted familiarly with his companions ; but it seemed strange that he should remain night as well as day almost in one position, on the hard, uncomfortable deck. It was an enigma I could not solve. The next group were Jews, going, as I was informed, to Jerusalem, to die there. They were as dirty and disagreeable a set of fellows to look at as can well be conceived. One old fellow never, whenever I saw him, had his eyes off an old thumbed book, from which he read and mumbled to himself. Below, there were about a dozen Turks, the picture of nonchalance. Their occupation was chiefly smoking ; but now and then they indulged in a hearty laugh, when Mustapha or Hassan appeared to utter some irresistible joke. What surprised me was to see all these persons remain for two days and nights, eating nothing but bread and water-melons, and drinking nothing but water, within the circumscribed space that had been allotted to them. One of the women, a Greek, had a pretty little curly-headed boy ; he was noticed and spoken to by some of the ladies on board. His mother immediately called him to her, and placed on his head a cap with a small white tuberose root, or perhaps an onion, with a piece of blue ribbon attached to it. This was to counteract the influence of the evil eye—the admiration of him by heretics.

About six miles below Galatz the Pruth runs into the Danube : this, by the Treaty of Adrianople (Sept. 2-14, 1829), was constituted the Russian boundary. It is, however, so no longer. The dominion of the Czar has been thrust farther eastward, and the Danube and its tributaries are, we trust, for ever freed from a pernicious monopoly. The river now took a course towards the east, pointing for the Black Sea. On the left, or northern bank, were marshes and inland lakes ; on the right lay the tract of country known to us as the pestilential Dobrudschka. At length Tulkscha, with its heights and windmills, relieved the marshy monotony. It is here the Danube divides into three channels, two—the Kilia and the St. George's—forming, with the coast of the Euxine, a delta similar to that of the Nile. Our course lay through the Sulina channel, the centre one, alone navigable at present. Were either the Kilia or St. George's channel deepened, it would be a great advantage. Vessels might proceed towards Odessa by the one, or Constantinople by the other. The Sulina channel, from its sudden and oftentimes abrupt windings, is difficult of navigation for sailing vessels ; its want of depth also is a great impediment ; five or six fathoms is the utmost even when it is full of water, and the bar at its mouth varying in size and position. Each points to some artificial means necessary to render the Danube what it ought to be—an important channel of international communication. It has, therefore, been suggested by commissioners appointed to report on the best means of improving its navigation, that the St. George's channel, which affords the greatest facilities for the purpose, should be

adopted as the communication with the Black Sea, that it should be deepened, and that canals should be cut between the curves to avoid its tortuous course. This channel is much wider than that of Sulina, and its waters are not lost in marshes or a spongy soil, and might thus be more capable of serving the purposes of navigation. Divided as the Danube now was, all its noble features were gone; it had sunk into an insignificant, sluggish, muddy river, scarcely more than eighty yards wide, its banks, if possible, more greasy and monotonous than when skirting the Dobrudschka. A vast interminable field of rushes, ten or twelve feet high, was all that could be seen on either side, save now and then the sail of some vessel rising apparently from the marsh as the river wound through it, and the rude hovels used as guard-houses on the Russian bank. Flights of wild geese, herons, and pelicans, pursuing their leaden flight, seemed to harmonise with the scene. Huge eagles, too, soaring over some carrion left by the receding waters (at one time we counted seventeen in one spot), lent a characteristic stillness to this tract of desolation. At about two P.M. the lighthouse at the Sulina mouth, conspicuous amid a cluster of masts, hove in sight, and we were soon abreast of what is called the town of Sulina. The anchor was let go, and we remained stationary in the middle of the river. Some officials boarded us, but they did not trouble us with any inquiries. They seemed more concerned with the ship's officers and the refreshment they had below. The whole of the fortifications and the town which had been occupied by Russia for the real purpose of closing the Danube to all but herself, had been destroyed by us during the late war. The church and the lighthouse alone were spared. At the water's edge were several wooden houses, devoted to the sale of such articles as sailors require. These were evidently of recent construction, and showed that the opening of the navigation of the Danube had stimulated the enterprise of those who cater to the wants of a ship's crew. The number of vessels also lying off proved that its advantages were not disregarded. Having taken a pilot on board, the anchor was weighed, and gently we steamed towards the formidable bar. As the Danube merged into the ocean, I could not but feel some disappointment that a river which had flowed 1550 miles, and borne us on its waters above 1300, viz., from Donnerwurth, its extreme navigable point,\* and which had absorbed in its course one hundred and twenty other rivers, should thus tamely glide into the sea. Like the Nile and the Rhine, the Danube embouches through a marsh, and its waters are either broken up into lesser streams and half stagnant pools, or lost in a swamp, and, instead of approaching the ocean as the Seine or our own noble Thames, it steals, as it were, stealthily into the broad expanse of the Euxine, as if sensible of its ignoble appearance. The fact of there being no tide in this sea, and therefore no flux and reflux up or down the river, may also account in some measure for its sluggish waters and narrow channel. Buoys have been again laid down, which the Russians had removed, and guided by them we had no difficulty in finding water enough. There was but little swell as we crossed the bar; what little wind there was set off the shore, and had it not been for several *débris* in the shape of masts and the ribs of sunken vessels rising out of the water, but firmly fixed in the sand,

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\* The Danube had carried us from Donnerwurth, by Ratibon, Linz, and Vienna, to Pesth.

the dangers of the entrance to the Sulina mouth might have been thought an exaggeration. I was told there was eleven feet of water. I saw none of those appliances in the shape of rakes which it is said vessels are compelled to carry at their stern to disperse the collecting mud and sand.

The bar passed, we were fairly launched on the treacherous Euxine. With a clear sky and a powerful telescope, I endeavoured to get sight of the now-famed Serpents' Island, but in vain, and I cannot but think that its occupation as affecting the entrance to the Danube has been somewhat overrated. Our course lay to the south in the direction of Varna, and as we stretched out from the coast, the sea, which had been hitherto tranquil enough, gradually assumed a turbid appearance, and ere nightfall we were satisfied that the Euxine had not been unjustly maligned. During the night the steamer pitched and rolled very much; it was not until we approached the bay of Varna that we were in smooth water. Here, about 10 A. M., we anchored. Varna! What sad reminiscences does that word evoke. Diarrhoea and death—how many a brave spirit sighing for a nobler fate was sacrificed a victim to those pestilential swamps. The town itself stands well on the side of hills rising abruptly from the sea-shore. On the left, looking from the sea, was the fatal morass; and on the right were three or four houses of imposing appearance, in contrast with the rest of the town: these are the residences of the British, American, and other consuls; it being Sunday, the flags of their respective nations were hoisted in reverence to the day. The steamer was to remain here three hours; going ashore, then, in a boat, we soon found ourselves in the principal street of Varna. The dirt and filth beggars description—to attempt it would be a hopeless task. Toiling under a burning sun up the rugged, loathsome causeway, we heard a mixed noise of shouts, of execration, and laughter: a gun was being brought down from the now-dismantled fort. To the rude waggon on which it was lashed were yoked twenty-four oxen, with two buffaloes at wheel. With convulsive jolts it crawled along over the rugged causeway, one wheel now in apparently an inextricable fix, then poised in mid-air as if the whole must topple over, the attendant Turks yelling to their utmost as they endeavoured to restore its equilibrium, or urged with their goad the buffaloes and oxen to exert their strength. During the earlier stage of the Russian campaign, when the capture of Shumla was feared, it was of the utmost importance that Varna should be strong in defence. All such apprehension was now at an end, and this gun was now being removed from the battery to be added to those which lay on the coast, amid broken gun-carriages and other warlike appliances in straggling confusion, without any attempt at order or preservation. We returned to the steam-boat, and at two P. M. were steaming out of this sequestered bay. Not reaching the entrance to the Bosphorus before daylight, it was unnecessary to lay-to, and we proceeded without stopping. This channel and its scenery are said to defy description: imagination alone can faintly picture the beauty of the scene. Viewing it as we did by the light of the rising sun, the impression it created, although indelibly fixed, confirms the truth of the adage. At about eight o'clock in the morning we anchored off the Golden Horn, and after an amusing scene with the Turkish custom-house officials, ending in the payment of two francs as "backsheesh," we landed at Tophana, and toiling up the steep hill to Pera, thankfully entered the cool hall of Messeris's hotel.

## THE DETECTIVE OFFICER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

## I.

THERE sat one Tuesday evening in the month of June, in a room at Rotherhithe, a small collection of country people, men and women. A discontented expression was on their faces, and not without cause. They were from Suffolk, intended emigrants to Sydney, who ought to have gone out of dock on the previous Saturday, but from some bad management, which they could not or would not comprehend, the ship was to be detained for another week : and they rebelled at the delay.

"A boxing of us up in this here wicked Lunnon, as is full of murders and revellings !" cried a woman, who was spelling over a newspaper. "A poor innocent lamb they have been a murdering of now. A pretty little fellow, with flax-coloured hair, it says."

"Read it out, Goody Giles," said some of the company.

Goody Giles preferred to tell it. "He were found in a place they call the Regent's Park. A gentleman were a passing along, and his dog jumped into the water, and fished up a bundle, which they think had lodged on the side, without sinking. They got it out and opened it, and it were a poor little boy strangled to death."

"When was it? How big was he?" inquired one of the men.

"It were last Friday morning, and he looked to be a going on of two year," replied Goody Giles. "His frock and pinafore were of blue cotton."

Another woman, seated at the window, turned round her head. "What else do it say?" she asked, in a quick tone.

"Well, I don't mind as it says much else. Tam, take the news, and look."

"Tam" took the newspaper, and ran his eyes over it. "Yes 't does, mother. It says as there's a reward of 20*l*. offered for the murderer. And he had got on a shirt and petticoat clumsily marked 'R. P.' in grey worsted."

"Hey, Mrs. Thrupp! what's the matter of you?"

For Mrs. Thrupp had risen from her seat at the window, and stood as if petrified. "Forgive me if I'm wrong!" she breathed, "but it's just the likeness of little Randy."

"Thou foolish woman!" uttered her husband. "Thy thoughts be tied on nought but that little 'un, night and noon. Thee'll get crazy about him shortly."

"Randy wore his blue frock and pinafore the day I left him."

"For the matter of that, Mother Thrupp," interposed Peter Miles, "there be a hundred or two children in blue frocks and pinafores in this town of Lunnon alone."

"And that's the very mark of his shirt and petticoat," persisted Mrs. Thrupp. "I thought his ma might be fashed at seeing no mark, for ladies is particular, and when I were a mending up Thrupp's stockings,

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ready for the start, I took the needle and worsted, and marked his three shirts and his two petticoats, R, for Randy, and P, for Penryn."

"R. P. is but common letters," interposed Robert Pike, "and stands for many a name. They stands for mine."

"Don't take no note of she, Robin," cried John Thrupp; "her head's turned with losing the little urchin."

Mrs. Thrupp said no more. But she read the account, and noted the address where application might be made to the police, and the body of the child seen. When she was alone with her husband at night, she told him she should go and ask to see it.

"Thee'd never be so soft!"

"I must satisfy myself. Something keeps whispering that it's little Randy. I told you his mother shook him and hit him, like a dog a shaking a rat."

"A pretty figure thee'll cut, a going to own a drowned child, when thee gets sight, and finds it's one thee never set eyes on afore!" exclaimed John Thrupp.

"It's only my time and a walk, and my mind'll be at rest. While we are kept a waiting here, we have got nothing to do, now all our things is a board."

The same evening that these several labourers and their families were conversing together, there appeared at the police-station, indicated in the advertisements connected with the crime, a shrewd-looking man, amply attired about the neck and waistcoat. He demanded to see the inspector.

"What for?" inquired an officer in attendance.

"Something touching the murder. If I can't see him now, I'll come again."

"Go in there," said the policeman.

He went into the room indicated, and stood before the inspector, who inquired his name.

"John Ripley."

"Who and what are you?"

"I was well to do once, but I got down in the world, and I am lately reduced to drive a night cab. I tried a day one, but I had to pay sixteen shillings to its master every morning, before I took it out, and I could not make it answer. I pay six shillings for the night one."

"Its number, and its owner?"

John Ripley satisfied him, also in various other particulars. Some of his answers were written down.

"And now," said the officer, "what have you to say about this affair?"

"First of all, sir, I want to know whether the reward will be paid to me, if I point out the person who put the child in the water? Because that person," shrewdly argued the man, "may not have been the one who actually did the deed—though I wouldn't mind laying something that it was."

"If you can indicate to us the individual who put the body where it was found, and through that information the murderer be discovered and taken, you will be entitled to the reward."

"And receive it?" added the man.

"And receive it," said the inspector, with a checked attempt at a smile. "Now go on."

"Well, sir, last Thursday evening I took out my cab at nine o'clock, and for more than half an hour not a fare did I get. Then one hailed me, and I drove him all up to the Regent's Park, on to St. John's Wood. I set him down there, and was going back, when a woman came out of the Park, put up her hand, and made a noise."

"How made a noise?"

"Why, she had tried to speak, but was so out of breath she couldn't, and only a noise came from her. I got down, opened the door, and she scrambled in. I have seen many a one make haste over getting into a cab," continued the speaker, "but I never saw one tumble in as quick as she did. She was like a hare that the dogs are after. '—road, St. John's Wood,' she said to me."

"What part of it?" I asked.

"Drive on," she said. 'I'll tell you when to pull up.' So I did as she told me, and——"

"What time was this?" interrupted the officer.

"I can't say to a few minutes. Between ten and half-past."

"Proceed."

"I drove to the part she told me, and presently she pulled the string, and I jumped off and let her out. I thought I should get a shilling from her, but she puts half-a-crown into my hand, and goes away on, down the road."

"Is that all?"

"Not quite. I turned back with my cab, and had not gone far, when a gentleman, two ladies, and two children, hailed me, and told me to turn round. They got in, and I was driving down the road again, when at a house, past which I had driven her, I saw the same woman—or lady; whichever she was. She was standing inside its gate, looking up and down the road."

"How do you connect all this with the finding of the child's body?"

"Why, sir, I feel a positive conviction, in my own mind, that it was that very woman who had been placing the body in the water. She panted and shook as she came from the Park, like, as I said, a hunted hare, and the moment she was inside the cab, huddled herself into one corner of it, like the same hare run down. And why should she conceal her house from me, and make me drive past it, if she had been up to good?"

"These circumstances amount to very little," said the inspector.

"At all events, they look suspicious enough for the police to follow up," quickly retorted the man. "Which I suppose you'll do, sir."

The inspector kept his own counsel; as inspectors are sure to do. Neither eye nor lip moved. "What house was this?" he asked.

"I cannot describe it as you would understand, but I can point it out when I'm there."

"How was the woman dressed?"

"In a big dark shawl, which nearly covered her, and a silk dress. And she kept a black veil over her face."

"Should you know her again?"

"I should know the dress. I didn't see much of her features. She was young."

"Like a lady, or like a servant?"

"Like a lady."

The inspector wrote for a few minutes. "Are you always to be found at this address that you have given?"

"Except at night, when I'm out with my cab."

He continued to write. "Have you talked about this?" he suddenly demanded.

"I have never opened upon it till now. It was only last night I began to have my suspicions."

"Good." The inspector touched a hand-bell, and a policeman came in. "Begbie," was the only word he spoke, but the man appeared to understand it, for he withdrew, and another officer appeared, in plain clothes. The inspector turned to the cabman.

"You will go with this officer," he said, "and point out to him the house you have mentioned. Do not linger before it, or turn your head to look at it; just tell him which it is, and walk past it. You understand?"

"I should be dull if I didn't."

"Mark it," was his brief direction to the policeman.

It is marvellous the ways and means employed by the metropolitan police when they are bent upon obtaining information. None know how they do it, or when they do it; save to themselves, their inquiries are secret as ever were those of the French inquisition. By eleven o'clock the following morning, the police knew all about the suspected house, what character it bore, and who lived in it. A widow lady of great respectability was its occupant with her two servants: she had lived there for years.

About twelve o'clock, a gentleman stood before it, a tall, well-dressed, middle-aged man of superior manners, looking very unlike a dreaded detective officer. He knocked and rang, and one of the maids came to the door.

"Is Mrs. Cooke at home?"

"Yes, sir."

He walked into the hall without ceremony. "I wish to see her."

"What name, sir?"

"Mr. Smith."

Whether Mr. Smith was his real name is no matter to us. It did for the servant, as well as any other. Mrs. Cooke was seated in her parlour, a handsome, well-appointed room. She was a tall, stately lady, dressed in rich black silk and a widow's cap. She was looking over some account-books, but rose at the visitor's entrance and laid down her spectacles. Amongst her friends was a gentleman named Smith, and she advanced to shake hands, but drew back at meeting a stranger.

"Ma'am," he began, in a low, cautious tone, drawing, unasked, a chair near to hers, and sitting down in it, "I have come to seek a little private information from you. I am a member of the detective police."

Mrs. Cooke was shocked and startled. A detective officer had always been associated, in her mind, with a blunderbuss and two horse-pistols.

She nervously began to draw on her black mittens, which lay on the table, but her shaking fingers could hardly accomplish it.

"Don't be alarmed, ma'am," he said, with a voice and smile tending to reassure her. "My visit has nothing formidable in it. Look upon me as an acquaintance only, who has called to sit half an hour with you."

"Sir," she answered, "I have lived to six-and-fifty years, and never had anything to do with the police in my life, or my husband either. He was in Somerset House, and I can assure you we never did anything to bring the police upon us. All we have ever done, or said, might be laid open to the world."

"Had *you* fallen under their mark, I should not come to visit you in this private manner," was his composed reply. "I require a little information, which you can afford me."

"Dear me!" groaned Mrs. Cooke.

"Do you live in this house alone with your two servants?"

"Until last week I did. I suppose I am compelled to answer your questions?"

"Madam, yes. Or you may be called upon to answer them in public: which would be less pleasant to you. Since last week, who has resided in your house?"

"A newly-married gentleman and his wife. My house is large for me since my husband died, and they have taken part of it. They entered last Wednesday."

"Respectable parties, I conclude?"

"Respectable! Sir, it is Mr. Frederick Lyvett, a son of Lawyer Lyvett, one of the highest legal firms in London. The family live in the greatest style at the West-end."

"I know them," nodded the officer. "Lyvett, Castlerosse, and Lyvett. Just married, are these parties?"

"About a fortnight ago."

"Who was the lady?"

"I know very little of her. I believe she was inferior in position to himself, and his friends were against the match. She was a Miss May, and resided somewhere in Brompton. But, sir," added Mrs. Cooke, while the stranger was making a note of her last words, "I feel that there is something mean and dishonourable, in thus speaking of the affairs of other people. It is what I have not been accustomed to do."

"Nevertheless it is necessary," he answered, in an impatient tone, as if ignoring the scruples. "They came in on Wednesday afternoon. Did they bring any children with them?"

"Oh dear no. I said they were just married."

"Did any children, or child, come to visit them that day, or the next? Any young boy—say two years old?"

What doubt, what feeling came over Mrs. Cooke at this question, perhaps she could not herself have explained. She did not answer it, but her face grew white, and she sat staring at the officer. Did the account she had read of the little child in blue, who was found in the Regent's Park, arise unaccountably before her? The officer drew his chair closer.

"Mrs. Cooke," he said, "by the expression of your face, I think you



now begin to suspect the drift of my questions. A dreadful crime has been committed, and certain facts, which have come to our knowledge, would seem to point to a suspicion that an inmate of your house may have been connected with it. It is your duty to throw upon this matter any and every light that may be in your power; and the law will demand it of you."

"What crime is it?" ejaculated Mrs. Cooke.

"I ask if you saw any child here with your lodgers?" he continued, passing by her question. "Did you hear any child with them?"

"A woman, a countrywoman, from Suffolk, did bring a child here on the Wednesday, an hour or two before they came home," replied Mrs. Cooke, evidently much pained at vouchsafing information, yet afraid to withhold it. "She said it was Mrs. Lyvett's child by a previous marriage, and had been placed at nurse with her, but she could no longer keep it, because she and her husband were going out to Australia. Sir, suppose I decline to answer all these questions? Have you the power to compel me?"

"Yes, madam. At a police-court, before a magistrate."

The alternative was not palatable, and Mrs. Cooke resigned herself to her fate. "The woman wanted to leave the child in my charge," she said.

"Did you take it?"

"Of course not. I thought it a strange tale, for I believed Mr. Frederick Lyvett to have married a single lady. I allowed the woman to wait here till they arrived, and she then carried the child up-stairs to Mrs. Lyvett."

"Was Mr. Lyvett there?"

"He was gone out. The woman stayed with Mrs. Lyvett in her bedroom, and we heard the child crying violently. Afterwards, one of my servants, in passing the rooms, heard the woman hushing him to sleep. After that the woman left the house."

"And what became of the child?"

"I don't know. I wondered what did become of him; for when the woman left I saw no child. I asked about him the following day, and Mrs. Lyvett said the woman had taken him. I supposed she was right, for we certainly neither saw nor heard traces of the child after her departure."

"Neither saw nor *heard* any?" repeated the officer.

"None whatever."

"Now, madam, bring your thoughts to bear, if you please, on the following evening, Thursday. Did Mr. and Mrs. Lyvett dine at home? I presume their dinner-hour is late?"

"Six o'clock. Only Mrs. Lyvett dined on Thursday evening. Mr. Frederick went to his father's to dine."

"She was alone, then?"

"Yes, she was."

The officer stopped for a minute, considering. When he resumed, the tone of his voice was low and grave; as if conscious that he was asking a grave question.

"Do you happen to know whether she went out that night?"

"She did. She went out without anybody's knowing it, and left the

hall door open. By which means, a tramping beggar got inside the house, and startled us."

"At what hour did she go out?"

"It is impossible to say precisely. The servant fetched down her tea-things before nine, and it was about half-past nine when we found the tramp in the hall."

"What time did she return?"

"She returned with her husband. It was getting on for eleven."

"With her husband?" he repeated, possibly in surprise. Only that the tone of a wary police-officer rarely betrays it.

"Yes, with her husband. I was sitting here, and heard his cab stop. Then they came in together."

"They may have met at the gate," muttered the inspector to himself.

"Did you observe how she was dressed?"

"Not particularly. Except that she wore a very large dark shawl. Which I thought she must be smothered in, so hot a night."

"And a veil?"

"Yes; for she kept it down. Mr. Lyvett stopped to say good evening, as they passed this door, and I spoke to Mrs. Lyvett about the beggar, and requested her in future to ring for a servant to show her out."

The detective looked over his note-book. "I have forgotten one question in its order," he said. "What clothes did the child wear?"

Mrs. Cooke's voice sank to a whisper. "When his cape was off, I saw he wore a blue frock and pinafore."

"Did you perceive anything strange in Mrs. Lyvett's manner between Wednesday, when the countrywoman was here, and Thursday evening?" he resumed.

"Nothing strange. She had an attack of illness once or twice, which was attributed to the fatigue of travelling."

"What sort of illness?"

"Ann, who saw her, said she shook worse than one in the palsy, and had a cold, ghastly look."

The officer coughed, a peculiar cough. "The rooms they occupy were open, I suppose, to your servants on the Wednesday and Thursday?"

"Quite so. As they are now. It is Ann only who waits on them."

"Is Ann a discreet girl?"

"Discreet, sir! In what way discreet?"

"Can she keep a silent tongue?"

"I think she can. She is a very good girl."

"Allow me to ring for her," he said. And without waiting permission, he rose and rang the bell.

Ann herself answered it. And stood with the door in her hand.

"Come in," said Mrs. Cooke, and the officer rose and closed the door behind her. She looked surprised, half frightened, a short, pale, quiet-looking young woman, with a real cap upon her head. "Ann," said her mistress, "this gentleman wishes to ask you a question or two. Be particular in replying."

"You wait upon Mr. and Mrs. Lyvett?" he began.

"Yes, sir."

"Make beds, sweep rooms, &c.?"

"Yes, sir."

"Last Wednesday, after they came here, and the day following, were the rooms quite open to you?"

"Open, sir?" repeated the girl, as if she scarcely understood the question. "Yes, they were open."

"You saw nothing to induce you to suppose anything was lying hid—any bundle, for example?"

"I never thought anything about it, sir," was Ann's answer, wondering to herself what the drift of all this was. "There was nothing hid that I noticed."

"Closets, cupboards were all open?"

"Yes, I think so. Except one closet," added the servant, carelessly, as if she thought that of little consequence. "The key of it was mislaid."

"Ah!" remarked the officer, briskly, a keen look of intelligence rising to his countenance and fading again. "When was that?"

"On the Wednesday evening, sir. I was going to hang the dresses up which the lady had left about, and I could not find the key of the closet, the one in the dressing-room, where the pegs are. It was locked, and the key gone."

"Did you ask for the key?"

"No, sir. On the following morning, Mr. Lyvett rang the bell and asked me for it. And then the lady said perhaps she had got it, she would look and see, and I came down again."

"Did she speak readily? At once?"

"No. Not till Mr. Lyvett pressed for the key, and seemed displeased, telling me I must find it."

"Was that closet opened, do you remember, during the day, Thursday?"

"I am sure it was not open when I made the bed. It may have been, when I put the rooms straight at night, but I did not notice. The next morning, I saw it was open, and Mr. Lyvett's things were placed in it."

"Mrs. Lyvett was ill on one, or both, of those days. What was the matter with her?"

"She said she was tired with the railway journey. She shook a good deal."

"Did she look terrified?"

"Well, she did, sir," was the servant's reply. "At least, so it struck me."

The officer asked a few further questions, but she could say no more of import. He rose from his chair, drew up his form to its full height, and placed his hands upon her shoulders. "Now, my girl, do you know what I am? I am an officer in the detective police force, and you have been under examination. You must observe strict silence as to what has passed in this room. Shall I swear you to it?"

The girl gasped, and looked for help to her mistress. He saw his end was gained. There was little need to swear her.

When the officer quitted Mrs. Cooke's, he went straight to the station, and there he found a countrywoman waiting. She also had come about the murder. A Suffolk woman, who said she had nursed a child, which she

fancied answered to the description of the one advertised. Could she see the body?"

Yes, she was taken to see it. It was lying with its little blue clothes on, and the cord round its neck, just as it had been found. The woman gave one look, and fell in a passion of grief upon the board. It was, indeed, the child she had nursed for the year and nine months of his life. The officer calmly waited till her burst of tears had spent itself, and then took her away, and inquired particulars.

"Who is his mother? Do you know?"

"Mrs. Penryn, sir, was the name we knew her by, down in Suffolk, but we heard that in Lunnon she called herself Miss May. My husband thought that perhaps she had never been Mrs. Penryn at all; but that was no business of ours."

"And you say you left the child with her, last Wednesday?"

"I did. I brought him up to Lunnon, and a rare hunt I had to find out where she was, for she was married again, and had left the old place. I got to her at last, and it was in a place they call St. John's Wood—a rare beautiful house. She and her husband had not come home, and I waited till they came. She was in a fierce way with me for bringing him, and offered me any money to take him with me to Australia, or to get him a home to be at, in Lunnon. But I told her I could not, and I left him there with his clothes."

"He was alive then—when you left him?"

"Alive! Bless him, he was alive and sleeping sweetly on the grand high bed, where I laid him. The tears was wet on his cheeks, though; for his mother had nearly shook the life out of him, with her temper: but he'd have forgot it all when he awoke."

We need not follow Mrs. Thrupp's conversation with the officer; in a little time he intimated that he had done with her for the present, and she was at liberty to depart. "I must inform you of one thing," he observed, "that you are not first in the field, as to the reward."

"Ay," she mused, "I do mind me that the news sheet spoke of a reward. What did you please to say, sir?"

"Another has been here before you, and given information which led us on the same scent, so that the reward will be his, not yours."

"The reward mine!" uttered the poor woman, aghast. "Sir, do you think I would touch a reward for telling out about the killing of little Randy? No, never. Let them take it that has got heart to do it, but it shall never trouble me nor my husband."

## II.

THAT same morning, not long after the departure of the officer from Mrs. Cooke's, the drawing-room bell rang, and Ann went up to answer it. Mrs. Lyvett was at her piano, trying some new music. She kept the servant waiting, with the door in her hand, some minutes. That was just her way.

"Oh!" she said, when she condescended to turn round, "I forgot, when I ordered dinner, to say that we want it earlier than usual. At five."

They were going to one of the theatres. Mr. Lyvett had engaged a

box the previous day. In the afternoon Mrs. Lyvett went out. She did a little shopping, bought a shell wreath for the hair, and a few other pretty trinkets which took her fancy, ordered home some fine fruit, regardless of the cost, set down her name as a subscriber to a new and expensive work just coming out, and also became a first-class subscriber to one of the large circulating libraries, paying for the year in advance, five guineas. She seemed determined to let her husband's money fly. She told them she should want books changed every day, and they must hold themselves in readiness to send to her as often as she required. She looked out six or eight volumes to take with her then, had a cab called, and went home in it. The library people thought her a very peculiar-mannered lady, restless, absent, and irritable.

It was then nearly half-past four. She rushed into her bedroom, intending to dress for the theatre before dinner, sat down to the glass and did her hair, placing in it the ornamental flowers she had bought, and then rang for Ann to help her with her dress. Mr. Lyvett came home and dressed also. It was nearly half-past five when they began to dine.

When the cloth was removed, Ann placed the wine on the table, then ran down stairs to fetch up the coffee which had been ordered. She placed the waiter, with the two cups and the silver coffee-pot, before Mrs. Lyvett.

"And now, Ann," Mr. Lyvett said, "you must go to the stand and get a cab. We shall soon be ready for it."

Ann went, and returned in the cab. As she got out of it, the gentleman who had given her such a fright in the morning came up to the gate. His dress was altered, and he had an official look now. She saw two policemen hovering near, and the girl's heart leaped into her mouth with alarm.

"For whom have you fetched that cab?" he inquired.

"For Mr. and Mrs. Lyvett, sir," she answered, in a tremor. "They are going to the theatre."

"Good. We may want it. Consider yourself engaged to me, my man."

The driver touched his hat, and looked on with curiosity. He also had noticed the policemen, and knew they were not on ordinary duty: a cabman's instinct, on these points, is keen. Ann flew up the path to the door, which she opened with her latch-key. It came across her mind to lock and bar it against those dreaded officers: but she did not dare, and held it open for the superior to enter. "Don't shut the door," he said; "leave it on the latch." She did not know what was going on, but had a vague consciousness that it related to Mr. or Mrs. Lyvett. Mrs. Cooke saw the officer's approach from her parlour window; the cook, who happened to look up from the kitchen area, saw it also: the former came out of her room, and the latter came peeping up the stairs. "Mr. and Mrs. Lyvett are in their sitting-room?" the officer remarked to Mrs. Cooke.

"Yes," she answered, her hands working nervously one over the other, "I believe so."

He turned to Ann. "Step up and announce me. Mr. Smith. I'll follow you."

"Oh, sir—if you please—*must* I do it?" she stammered, with a white face and chattering teeth.

He looked at her. "No. You would do more harm than good. I will announce myself." He went softly up the stairs, as he spoke, and the three frightened women clung to the balusters and gazed after him. Suddenly the cook clutched hold of her mistress, and gave a smothered cry. Standing against the wall, were the two policemen, who had quietly entered.

Mr. Lyvett was in his place at table. Mrs. Lyvett had drawn away from it, and leaned back in an easy-chair. The detective glanced at her with a detective's critical eye. He saw a handsome young woman, in a rich evening dress, gold ornaments on her fair neck and arms, and the braids of her fair hair interspersed with a wreath of white flowers.

Mr. Lyvett rose in surprise, to see the stranger walk coolly in, and close the door after him. "I am deeply grieved to come here on my present errand," said the officer, "and apologise for the intrusion, but the law knows no favour. My business is with this lady."

"What business?" haughtily demanded Frederick Lyvett.

"I am sorry to say that I have a warrant for her apprehension."

"What do you mean?" broke from Mr. Lyvett, after a pause of consternation. "This lady is my wife."

"I know it. And I can only say I hope that things, which at present look—look dark, may be satisfactorily cleared up, so that Mrs. Frederick Lyvett may be restored to her friends."

Frederick Lyvett interrupted, prefacing his words with a passionate oath. "How dared an insolent street policeman invade his house—how dared he insult Mrs. Lyvett?" Such was their purport.

"I am not a street policeman, Mr. Lyvett," was the calm answer. "There is my card: you will see what I am. I have the pleasure of being acquainted with your father and Mr. Castlerosse, and I came here myself this evening, instead of despatching my subordinates, that this arrest—which *must* be made, understand me—should be accomplished, with as little offence to your feelings as is possible."

The officer's address and manner were so business-like and temperate, that Frederick Lyvett insensibly calmed down. A sudden thought came over him.

"Should my wife, as Miss May, have contracted a debt, or debts," he said, "your recourse will be against me now; not against her."

"It is not an affair of debt," answered the detective, "I wish it was. The warrant sets forth a criminal charge."

"Pooh!" contemptuously rejoined Mr. Lyvett. "I tell you, you must be labouring under some extraordinary delusion. You have mistaken my wife for somebody else."

The officer drew a paper from his pocket, and opened it. "The warrant," he said, "is against Sophia Lyvett, otherwise May, otherwise Penryn."

Mr. Lyvett, somewhat staggered, turned his eyes on his wife. He never saw a countenance express so much horror. It was perfectly livid, and the dark circles, gathered round the eyes once before, a week ago, had reappeared, and the chin had dropped down, like we see it in the dead.

"Come, madam," said the officer, "the quicker these things are concluded, the less pain they bring. I pledge you my word that all shall be done as considerately as possible. No one shall go inside the cab but myself, unless you wish your husband to go. Allow me to ring for a shawl, or cloak."

"I will never go with you," she gasped. "I dare you to arrest me."

"Madam, you are already arrested, and it will be well to accompany me quietly. I have policemen at hand, but I do not wish to call for their aid, unless you compel me."

She made a movement to rise, probably in resistance, but sank back again, motionless and breathless.

"You have killed her!" exclaimed Frederick Lyvett, in agitation. "How dare you come here with your wicked and preposterous tales? Help! help!" he added, ringing the bell.

"Hush—ssh!" quickly interrupted the officer, "pray don't get the room full; for her sake; for yours. Raise her head up. Only a little water," he called out, darting to the door, and looking down the well of the staircase. "One of you can bring it up."

It was Mrs. Cooke who entered with it, whether from a feeling of curiosity, or the more considerate one of shielding Mrs. Lyvett from the gaze of servants. The detective nodded in approval, and closed the door the instant she was in the room.

"A pretty disgraceful business this is," exclaimed Mr. Frederick Lyvett to her, "that police-officers should be permitted to enter houses as they please!"

"I would have given any money, Mr. Lyvett, rather than it should have happened here," she answered. "It will be a stain upon my house for ever."

The words—nay, it was the tone rather than the words—struck oddly upon the confused mind of Frederick Lyvett. "What is it you accuse my wife of?" he asked, turning to the officer.

"The charge is that of murder."

"MURDER!" echoed the young man.

"Wilful and deliberate murder."

He staggered back, positively staggered back, and sank down in the seat opposite his wife, his lips as blanched as her own.

"Upon whom? When committed?" he gasped forth.

"Well——" returned the officer, willing to spare his feelings, "the accusing circumstances are not pleasant. I would not advise you to inquire into them to-night, Mr. Lyvett."

"But I will inquire into them; ay, and refute them. Murder indeed! Why don't you arrest me for housebreaking? It would be more in accordance with probability. Upon whom, I ask you again, sir?"

"Upon her own child, as it is stated," whispered the officer.

Frederick Lyvett stared at him, and then burst into a laugh.

"Why, man! why could you not say this before? It is a refutation at once. She has no child. She was only married a fortnight ago."

"So I find," shortly answered the officer. "The child was two years old—getting on for it."

Frederick Lyvett turned hot and cold. He passed his handkerchief

over his damp brow. "Let me hear these ridiculous particulars," he said, striving to speak lightly. "I will hear all."

"A bundle was found last Friday, in the Regent's Park, containing the body of a child."

"With its legs in the water," interrupted Frederick Lyvett, "and a cord round its neck. I read the account of it. Go on."

"That child, Mr. Lyvett, appears to have been traced to this house. It was brought here, last week, alive and well, and was left with Mrs. Lyvett."

"Absurd!" said Frederick Lyvett. "I should think Mrs. Cooke could refute that. Who should bring a child here?"

"I fear I must confirm it, instead of refuting," answered Mrs. Cooke, who was busy trying to restore the unhappy Mrs. Lyvett. "The woman was waiting here with it when you arrived on Wednesday."

"Whose child was it?"

"Sir, I only know what the woman said. She said it was Mrs. Lyvett's—not that she knew Mrs. Lyvett by her present name."

"Go on. Tell *all*," wailed Frederick Lyvett. "Whether the tale be true or false, it must be grappled with."

"She said the child was a Mrs. Penryn's, a very young widow, who went by the name of Miss May, in London, and taught music. That she had nursed him from his birth, but could not keep him longer, so had brought him to his mother. She took him up-stairs to Mrs. Lyvett."

Mrs. Cooke stopped. He made a motion for her to continue.

"I saw the woman go away, without, as I thought, the child, and after your dinner I sent Ann up to ask if she should make it some food. Mrs. Lyvett's answer was, that the child had left with the woman. I think I could take upon myself to say it did not."

"Then where was the child?" cried Mr. Lyvett.

"That is the point," said the detective officer, for Mrs. Cooke did not reply. "The child appears to have been brought into this house, and never to have left it—alive. The woman says she got it to sleep, and placed it on Mrs. Lyvett's bed. When next seen, it was in the Park, strangled to death with a cord."

"The cords from Mrs. Lyvett's boxes were on the floor that afternoon," observed Mrs. Cooke, in a low tone. "It is possible that in a moment of temptation—of embarrassment—having a child, she, perhaps, could not dare to account for, thus thrown on her hands——"

Mr. Lyvett groaned. "How do they connect the child found in the Park with the one left here?" he asked, lifting his head.

"The woman has done that," said the officer; "she came to-day and identified the child. A cab-driver was the first evidence. He drove a lady from the outskirts of the Regent's Park to this neighbourhood, and saw her inside this gate. That was on Thursday night."

"You and Mrs. Lyvett came in together," said Mrs. Cooke, looking at Mr. Lyvett. "You had been to dine at your father's."

"Why, yes! I——" met her at the gate, he was going to add, but stopped in time. It was not his place to help to criminate his unfortunate wife. "Mrs. Lyvett did come in with me," he added. "But that was on the Thursday night, and you say the child was left here on the



Wednesday: I am certain no child could have been here a night and a day without my knowing it."

"A live child probably not," observed the officer. "The surgeon who examined the body on Friday morning was of opinion the child had been dead some forty hours, which would give Wednesday afternoon or evening as the time of the deed. It is easy enough to conceal a dead child for a night and a day."

Recollection flashed over Frederick Lyvett. Of the disappearance of the closet key, and his wife's agitation when he wished for it. What was in that closet? Something else also flashed upon him; a conviction, deep and terrible, of the guilt of his wife: her conduct then, and now in meeting the charge, was not that of an innocent woman.

She was allowed to change her dress. Mrs. Cooke and her husband took off that she wore, and put on one more suitable, she shrieking defiance one moment, prostrate as a dead thing the next. Then they removed the ornaments from her hair, and put on her a shawl and bonnet. The officer and Mr. Lyvett sat with her inside the cab, and a policeman bore company with the driver. And thus she was conveyed to fast-keeping for the night. A short examination before the magistrate the following day was followed by a long and conclusive one the next, and Sophia Lyvett was committed to prison to await her trial.

On the night subsequent to the last examination, Frederick Lyvett found his way to his father's home. He saw only his mother: he cared to see only her. It was a fearful disgrace to have fallen on that proud family—that one, bearing their name, should be a byword in the mouths of men. Frederick Lyvett's feelings were laid prostrate with the blow which had struck him, and he gave vent to them outwardly, even as does a woman.

"Oh, mother, mother!" he sobbed, "forgive me this that I have brought upon you! My great punishment is to know that the wretchedness, the disgrace, cannot fall solely upon me."

How can a mother resist her boy's penitence, his tears? She leaned her head on his shoulder, and cried with him. "My dear, I do not mean to reproach you; but, if you had but listened to your father, when he said that person was not a fit wife for you, how different all would have been! If you had but listened to me, when I prayed you to wait the changes time brings about; to have patience; not to be betrayed into a self-willed and disobedient marriage! I told you, my darling, that no blessing would attend such. It never does."

Frederick Lyvett groaned, his heart was torn with remorse and anguish, and he hid his face away from his mother.

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## NOTES ON NOTE-WORTHIES,

OF DIVERS ORDERS, EITHER SEX, AND EVERY AGE.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

. . . . And make them men of note (do you note, men?)—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act III. Sc. 1.

*D. Pedro.* Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,  
Do it in notes.

*Balth.* Note this before my notes,  
There's not a note of *mine* that's worth the noting.

*D. Pedro.* Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,  
Notes, notes, forsooth, and noting!

*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act II. Sc. 3.

And these to Notes are frittered quite away.—*Dunciad*, Book I.

Notes of exception, notes of admiration,

Notes of assent, notes of interrogation.—*Amen Corner*, c. iii.

## IX.—DOUGLAS JERROLD.

HORACE begins the second book of his Satires with the avowal—

Sunt quibus in Satirâ videar nimis acer, et ultra  
Legem tendere opus.\*

And there are those to whom, *sunt quibus*, the satirical vein of Mr. Jerrold once seemed, if it does not still, of a quality considerably acrid. He was a humorist, but they could have wished him of a better humour. He was a rare concoctor of Cakes and Ale; but they could have wished the Cakes to be not quite so hot in the mouth with ginger (if, indeed, he did not now and then use cayenne pepper for the purpose), and the Ale to be less exclusively of the sort called bitter, not without a complaint of its being occasionally sour. If the gay, gentlemanly Horace was confessedly open to the charge of being *nimis acer*, no wonder that the author of "St. Giles and St. James" was chargeable with a *quid nimis* of acerbity in his day and generation. "Douglas Jerrold," wrote one critic in "A New Spirit of the Age," who leashed him with Sydney Smith and Albany Fonblanque, "is seldom disposed to be 'pleasant;' his merriment is grim; he does not shake your sides so often as shake you by the shoulders—as he would say, 'See here, now! look there, now! Do you know what you are doing? is *this* what you think of your fellow-creatures?' A little of his writings goes a great way. You stop very often, and do not return to the book for another dose, till next week or so."† Mr. Hannay, who sees in Fonblanque a satiric reasoner; in Thackeray, a satiric painter; in Dickens, a satirist imbued with a spirit of grotesque fun, and human enjoyment of life; in Disraeli, a satirist bitter and dignified, who "browsed in his youth on Byron and Junius, who affects Apollo when he sneers, and Pegasus when he kicks;" and in Aytoun, a satirist whose "jolly contempt has a good-fellowish air about

\* Satir. II. 1.

† A New Spirit of the Age. 1844.

it, and whose rod seems odorous of whisky-toddy;”—Mr. Hannay, himself distinguished in satirical fiction, as well as conversant with the literature of satire, thus appraises, in his Lectures on the subject, the claims of Douglas Jerrold: “Of Jerrold, I may emphatically note, that he has real satiric genius—spontaneous, picturesque—with the beauty and the deadliness of nightshade.”\*

Those who personally knew the gifted humorist who has so recently been taken from amongst us, are for the most part and the best part agreed that he was a man of genuine kindness of feeling, with a heart warm with human sympathies, and a hand open as day to melting charity. Nor do his writings, as a whole, belie this good report, or imply an irreconcilable inconsistency between the man, as we are told of him by his friends, and the writer, as he reveals (or partly disguises) himself in his books. But surely no reader escapes the impression of having to do, in Douglas Jerrold's case, with a wit whose sallies have a tartness that leaves a taste in the mouth. They are a sort of acidulated drops. To infer that the man must be cynical and splenetic who could write such a succession of stinging sentences, who dealt so largely in bitters, who kept so many rods in pickle, and pickle of the briniest too;—to conclude, as a matter of course, from the evidences of a sarcastic disposition rife in every page, that the author must needs be a sour-tempered sneerer, an Ishmael of the press, whose hand was, or once had been, or one day might be, against every man, and whom it must be uncomfortable to be on speaking terms with, and almost dangerous to approach,—this was going too fast and too far a great deal. But, on the other hand, those who, in their personal attachment to the man, or from some exceptional degree of liking for his writings, express their inability to join in the general voice, who profess to discover no sour grapes on this goodly vine, and to whose taste the *dulce* is at least equivalent to the *aigre* in the *aigredouce* (sour-sweet) of his composition—must have a taste so peculiarly constituted, that to dispute it, or argue about it with them, were frivolous and vexatious, a sheer transgression of the canon for all such cases made and provided, viz., *de gustibus non disputandum*. Mr. Jerrold himself once declared himself persuaded, that, were his ink redolent of myrrh and frankincense, there was a sort of ready-made criticism that would cry, with a denouncing shiver, “Aloes! aloes!”† But at any rate he had already, by some pervading tendency in his books, given occasion for the general impression which might, in the manner he complains of, become unjust because indiscriminate in its particular manifestations. There was considerable affinity, perhaps, in his character to that of his own *Capstick*, who “had a playful tartness in his words while mingling among men, but whose daily acts were full as honeycomb with abounding sweetness.” Only the popular author had a larger public than the Seven Dials' muffin-maker; and his winged words flew far and wide,

Bringing their tails behind 'em,

each with its epigrammatic sting, that stung more than skin-deep—while his daily acts were witnessed and appreciated by that inner circle alone which called him, with pride and affection, kinsman and friend.

\* Hannay's Satire and Satirists. Lecture VI.

† See preface to “St. Giles and St. James.”

The satire which he dispensed weekly through the land, in the columns of *Punch*, was often as wholesome as it was pungent. In this way again and again has he done the state some service. Pasquin and *Punch* are important agents in the formation and progress of society.

The Grecian wits, who Satire first began,  
Were pleasant Pasquins on the life of man ;  
At mighty villains, who the state oppressed,  
They durst not rail, perhaps ; they lashed, at least,  
And turned them out of office with a jest.  
No fool could peep abroad, but ready stand  
The drolls to clap a bauble in his hand.

So writes John Dryden, in a copy of verses mainly referring to Juvenal ; and he goes on to say, in lines specially applicable to one chief province of *Punch's* wide domains—

Wise legislators never yet could draw  
A fop within the reach of common law ;  
For posture, dress, grimace, and affectation,  
Though foes to sense, are harmless to the nation.\*

Not so harmless, however, as to deserve immunity from the Satire that shoots folly as it flies. Thus Addison thought, when he betook himself professedly in the *Spectator* to the work of ridiculing “the folly, extravagance, and caprice of the present age ;”—“for I look upon myself,” says that short-faced, sharp-eyed *ensor morum*, “as one set to watch the manners and behaviour of my countrymen and contemporaries, and to mark down every absurd fashion, ridiculous custom, or affected form of speech, that makes its appearance in the world, during the course of these my speculations.”†

Nor small the debt Society should pay  
To him who flaps her buzzing flies away ;  
Those noisome insects on eternal wing,  
That hum at banquets, or in ball-rooms sting,  
Which, though they cannot hurt our mind o'erpower,  
May fret the smoothness of the calmest hour.

Snobs and charlatans, prudes and precisians, prigs and pedants,—to laugh at such, according to Thackeray, is *Mr. Punch's* business ; and with Thackeray, in his “Concluding Observations on Snobs,” we will cordially add : “May he laugh honestly, hit no foul blow, and tell the truth when at his very broadest grin—never forgetting that if Fun is good, Truth is still better, and Love best of all.”‡ When there is a happily adjusted and equably maintained Balance of Power between these three allies, Fun, Truth, and Love,—the world is indeed the better for such a constellation as *Punch*, sees the clearer for it, and may well bless its useful light. It is when the balance is overturned between the high contracting parties, and one of them kicks the beam, that mischief ensues.

\* Dryden: To Henry Higden, Esq., on his Translation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal.

† The *Spectator*. No. 435.

‡ Thackeray's *Miscellanies*: The Book of Snobs, ch. xlv.

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Now in Douglas Jerrold's case, fun was not so pre-eminently a first and foremost object as to keep seriousness of purpose in the background. He was, on the contrary, emphatically in earnest; he wrote as a practical reformer; he satirised sharply because he felt keenly; if he was caustic in what he said, it was because he thought the mischief promised to be really mischievous, and was not to be eradicated, or thrown out from the system, by any mere surface dressings.

Of his novels and tales, the two most ambitious, in length and breadth of treatment, are "A Man made of Money" and "St. Giles and St. James." The construction of a story, with its evolution or development as a work of art, was by no means Mr. Jerrold's forte. He was not good at a plot, nor showed any wealth of resources in carrying it out. He had little of that surprising tact in the adjustment of the main plan, and the harmonious arrangement of its parts, which distinguishes, in their simple (yet in one sense most artful) way, the novels of Jane Austen, and again, in our own day, those (opposite as their type may be) of Mr. Wilkie Collins—two writers who, utterly alien *inter se* as regards choice of subject and tone of colouring, are at least brought nearly together (as nearly, that is, as may be, in parallel lines that never meet) by the one fact of their severally out-distancing their competitors in the art of laying out a good story, and keeping the original design in view from first to last, never losing sight of it, or omitting whatever will further its progress, and contribute to its ultimate effect. Hardly a more signal example of deficiency in this respect is to be met with, probably, than the case of Mr. Dickens's last story, "Little Dorrit." The reader of that story has positive ground for feeling aggrieved by the author's treatment of him. If there was intention in the first instance to make more, much more, very much more, than in the sequel is made, of Tattycoram and Miss Wade in their respective relations to each other and to the *nexus* of the plot,—and again, of Gowan and his wife,—and of the mysterious noises in the old house, &c.—then the author is chargeable with trifling with both his subject and his reader. The result would tend to render futile any future habits of attention as one reads. Why pay attention, even though apparently invited and incited to do so, when the author may be meaning nothing all the while, or, if he does mean something, may not be at the pains in the long run to make his own meaning clear to himself, and may prefer huddling up a catastrophe anyhow, and there an end, to the trouble involved in a minute and conscientious interpretation of sequents by antecedents? Mr. Dickens, in fact, has done much to deprive his readers in future of confidence in his good faith by the system here adopted (if, indeed, there was system or method about it at all) of gratuitously raising expectations which he ultimately ignores or abruptly dismisses. No attentive reader but must have formed the expectation, especially as it was cherished and fostered as the tale progressed, by what an attentive reader is wont to consider "many infallible signs." Relying on his author's good faith and sharp practice, as an "old hand" at these things, he makes it a labour of love to collate every hint and bit of by-play as he goes along. But the *finis* shows this to be love's labour lost. Next time, the reader may be almost excused for saying, I may skip or sleep over Dickens just as I do over any ordinary writer. He has taught me the trick, and, once caught, 'tis a hard one to be cured of.—But this is a

querulous digression, from which we scramble or shamble back again to Mr. Jerrold's fictions. The longest of them, "St. Giles and St. James," has been called, by one of the author's most thorough-going admirers, a fearful story,—the real hero of which, like Macbeth, is pre-doomed to be guilty and miserable, in spite of himself. It is allowed, however, that the close of the story is faulty; "for, after all, society cannot be so badly organised wherein an outcast like St. Giles is enabled to take firm footing, and flourish in honesty, among honourable men." Mr. Jerrold's denial, in his introduction, of the charge of undue harshness against the aristocracy, the same critic is prepared (which we are not) to indorse,—declining, at the same time, to indorse all Mr. Jerrold's sentiments; for true as it is that "St. James in brocade may learn something of St. Giles in tatters," still, in the tale which receives its title from these two names, there are conclusions which do not naturally follow the premises, and effects traced to causes which have not produced them—reminding us of "the Spanish writers who declare that the baldness of the people on the Ebro is caused by the thick fogs which prevail there in autumn." On the other hand, it is maintained, to the credit account of "St. Giles and St. James," that if it have not the simplicity of Emile Souvestre's *Philosophe sous les Toits*,—nor the terrible severity of *Biche et Pauvre*,—nor the painful interest of *L'Homme et l'Argent*, it has qualities of which none of those well-known productions can boast. Not that it is without its wrought-up scenes and situations: the interview between young St. Giles, for instance, with the ordinary of Newgate, in the condemned cell,—the passage of the returned convict through London streets, including his rencontre with Tom Blast and his own half-brother Jingo,—the burglary at Luke Tangle's,—the last interview of Snipeton with his unhappy Clarissa,—and the fatal finale at the Surrey house of the pandering Shoveller. But it is in bits of character and practical philosophy that the book is mainly attractive. Some of the characters are naught; Crossbone is neither amusing as a buffoon in the first instance, nor a likely scoundrel in the second; nor is St. James by any means a success. But the reader finds amends in such sketches as that of Matthew Capstick, who wears his hatred of mankind as he would have worn a diamond ring,—a thing at once to be put in the best light and to be very proud of; and Miss Canary, in her white stiff muslin cap, who condescends at night to sell apples and a bill of the play at Covent Garden Theatre, somewhat in the spirit of that reduced old maiden who, being constrained to cry "Mackerel!" in the public streets, timorously murmured to herself, when the cry was uttered, "I hope nobody hears me!" Snipeton, too, whose threescore winters are marked in his face, each of them as plain as an iron bar—for "Time had used his visage as Robinson Crusoe used his wooden calendar, notching every day in it,"—and Bright Jem Aniseed, the linkman, as pleasant a poor fellow and with as pleasant a poor home as though he had emerged from the ink-bottle, not of Douglas Jerrold, which by repute contains more than a *quantum suff.* of gall,—but from that of the genial contemporary to whom we owe a Trotty Veck and a Kit Nubbles, a Marchioness and a Maggie.

"A Man made of Money" relates the career of Mr. Jericho, who, in early times, has sown broadcast notions of his abounding wealth; and the pleasant lies, as lies will do, have come up prickles, which grow thick

in his daily path. Unable to meet the pressure upon him, so disproportioned to his means, he utters the fatal aspiration, "I wish to Heaven I was made of money!" The wish involves a curse, and the curse is accomplished. Mr. Jericho becomes, as it were, change for a bank-note. There is a stoppage in the circulation of his blood, while the circulation of a gold-stream is substituted, and flows on swimmingly. The framework and filling-up of the story are in its author's most characteristic style; nor is he sparing of those poignant reflections, and those tart expressions, which such a theme was likely to suggest to one *veteris non parvus aceti*.

It is said that the "Story of a Feather" is in the hands of more young people than any of Mr. Jerrold's works, and that his popularity in the hearts of youthful England rests on this light, graceful, and instructive story. The same authority pronounces the "Chronicles of Clovernook" the most philosophical, and, with all its fun, the most serious, of his *opera omnia*. The Hermit of Bellyfulle himself "has a touch of Rabelais; he is also very nearly akin to that joyous potentate, crowned by Béranger, the *Roi d'Yvetot*, 'peu connu dans l'histoire,' but winning acknowledgment and allegiance from honest hearts in all lands." The Hermit is hailed, accordingly, as not merely a jolly fellow, but as one whose jollity and anecdote have purpose in them, and who tells stories in order to gain acceptance for solemn truths, "just as old Latimer embroidered the grave-cloth of his sermons with familiar illustrations, and with the light of anecdote made visible his majestic lessons." To the same category may be referred some portions of "Cakes and Ale"—cakes of the spiciest, and ale of the strongest, sometimes more than a little *hard*, but never lacking a liberal proportion of the hop-bitter.

There is an extravagance and farcical exertion, a sort of mechanical want of repose, about "Men of Character," which makes the reading of their exploits and experiences a rather fatiguing business. It must be owned that when the author is at what we may call his middlemost, he is very middling indeed. And, writing on the scale and for the purposes he did, he very frequently kept for a long time together in this mediocre track, this not at all golden mean. He is then strained and stagey in his seriousness—abounding with melodramatic phrases—Ha!—and Ho, ho!—and "I give ye counsel," and "Peace be with ye;"—while his humour drags heavily, is fuller of grotesque antics than genial inspirations, rather labours than makes holiday, and, thus far losing the very essence of humour, is forced out by undue pressure, rather than oozes out, from a ripe exuberance of its own. We feel this in several of the stories included in "Cakes and Ale"—in which collection the papers most to our mind are the later and shorter ones, such as Shakspeare at Bankside, the Epitaph of Sir Hugh Evans, A Gossip at Reculvers, and the Old Man at the Gate,—papers that recal, in various particulars, the heart and soul, as well as the manner and penmanship, of two real humorists to whom the writer was not very remotely akin, though by no means so nearly as we could wish, or as some, perhaps, will affirm—Charles Lamb, to wit, and Thomas Hood. But in "Men of Character" the grotesque is predominant, the fun is almost ever far-fetched and fussy, and proves more of a damper than a fillup to the spirits. Isaac Cheek, the Man of Wax; Adam Buff, the Man without a Shirt;

Job Pippins, the Man who couldn't help it; Matthew Clear, the Man who Saw his Way; and the rest of these representative men of character—we fail to realise them, as the phrase goes; they are caricatured allegories, or distorted abstractions, anything but probable, practicable, flesh-and-blood personages. They are quaint embodiments of an idea, and the idea is one-sided in the conception and burlesqued in the embodiment. We feel as we read that the author as he wrote had before his eye a theatrical stage, actors, and audience; that he aimed at effect such as would tell there; that he was thinking of Keeley or Buckstone when he drew this or that particular character; that the tastes of an Adelphi audience qualified his own, and materially affected the bent of his humour throughout. The writers of successful farces, it has been laid down as a general rule, do not make good tellers of stories, because they are not contented with working out the progress of natural characters, and the gradual unfolding of natural events, but they must “distil” human beings “above proof”—go out of their way in search of broad effects, and call into use exaggerated dialogues, full of ultra puns, rugged points, and broken English. Accordingly, it was objected to Mr. Jerrold's “Men of Character,” in a critical journal\* distinguished for its laudatory tone towards him, and for its prominence in greeting with an almost indiscriminate praise whatever came from his pen—that he had, in this instance, indulged in a series of improbabilities, which, by their vagueness of plot and extravagance of character, must be pronounced neither good for the book-shelf nor for the stage—farcical stories that could never become farces. “This is, indeed, a provoking book. With a sincere desire to speak favourably of a work from the pen of the author of ‘Nell Gwynne’—and although there are a few happy paragraphs, and not a few shrewd, fanciful, and witty observations, there is such a constancy in extravagance, such a laboured struggling after tinsel effect, and so bitter a spleen against theatres, managers, and actors, that we cannot but express ourselves as mortified at the work generally, and piqued at finding a man wasting his eloquence against the cause of his own bread and butter.” The same reviewer calls the “Job Pippins” story a Bedlamite Arabian Night's Entertainment, without the Arabian, and without the entertainment. We are conscious, moreover, of the same objection to stories of this class, *à priori*, as holds good against Plays on the Passions, Shadwell's catalogued prefixure of his *dramatis personæ*, and other similar examples of a foregone conclusion. The objection is, that Job Pippins will be a puppet made to order as the Man who Couldn't Help it—that Isaac Cheek will be too literally, and in a Tussaud sense, a Man of Wax—and that Matthew Clear is a Man who Sees his Way exclusively from the story-teller's preconceived point of view, and must never vary a twinkling of the eye or the breadth of an eyelash from his predestined pathway. Archdeacon Hare once wrote some judicious remarks to the purpose on the old dramatists' practice of prefixing to their comedies an elaborate catalogue, or analysis, of the characters—as Ben Jonson did, for instance, in “Every Man out of his Humour,” Shadwell in the “Squire of Alsatia,” and Wycherley, Congreve, and others in some of their contributions to the stage. In logic, indeed, it is allowed, the enunciation

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\* *The Athenæum*.



rightly precedes the proof. But the workings of fiction are more subtle and complicated and indirect: nor are our feelings so readily touched by what a man intends to say or to do or to be, as by what he says and does and is without intending it. Thus we involuntarily recognise the hollowness of all that man does, when cut off from that spring of life, which, though in him, is not of him. The same thoughtful critic<sup>\*</sup> argues, moreover, that to the author himself "it must needs be hurtful, when he sets to work with a definite purpose of exhibiting such and such qualities, instead of living, concrete men"—since it leads him to consider, not how such a man would speak and act, but how on every occasion he may display his besetting humour; which yet in real life he would mostly conceal, and which would scarcely vent itself, except under some special excitement, when he was thrown off his balance, and made forgetful of self-restraint. The application of this doctrine to "Men of Character" is obvious enough.

Incomparably superior is "Punch's Complete Letter Writer." Here we have Mr. Jerrold producing a far greater effect without a twentieth part of the effort. He discourses piquant philosophy from his arm-chair—at his ease, naturally, vivaciously, *con amore*. But of all his works the most successful we take to be "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures." The way in which these lectures took with the town, might well excite apprehension and protests here and there. All the World and his Wife read them; and the Wife might be excused for feeling sore. Her immunities were imperilled. But it was not only the galled jade that winced. Others, whose withers were unwrung, remonstrated. The whole scope of such a book was protested against, in her sex's behalf, by the author of "Two Old Men's Tales," not without justice in her one-sided (Mr. Caudle's being the other-sided) view of the question. "'We lions are no painters,' may be said by women;" thus wrote Mrs. March in an early chapter of "Emilia Wyndham:"—"the best of them are most often not painters. It is no very difficult matter to draw a Mrs. Caudle, and publish her in a popular journal; and with such success, that she shall become a byword in families, and serve as an additional reason for that rudeness and incivility, that negligent contempt, with which too many Englishmen still think it their prerogative, as men and true-born Britons, to treat their wives."† The best things are liable to abuse; and one cannot but fear that a mean advantage may have been taken by some of these true-born Britons, of the practical tendency in this respect of the Caudle confessions. But however that may be, there was truth to nature in the matter and the manner of Job Caudle's narrative. On the mere closeness to truth of his "plain statement" was founded its success as a hit, a very palpable hit. Henpecked husbands could not see that it was a bit overdone; others, more happily mated, were equally matched, could see on the face of it, in defect of any personal experience on their own part, a self-asserting, self-evident verisimilitude; and bachelors of every age and degree had an intuitive conviction that the thing was nature itself, and that had a short-hand writer been behind the curtain he could not have reproduced the curtain lecture with a more literal fidelity.

\* Guesses at Truth. Second Series.

† Emilia Wyndham, ch. iv.

When Mr. Addison, in the character of The Tatler, became possessed of Gyges' ring, thereby attaining the great secret of making himself invisible, and by that means conveying himself where he pleased, one of the first uses he made of this privilege appears to have been the right of admission after dark into sleeping apartments variously tenanted. First he informs us of what he observed in the bedroom of a slatternly beauty. Next, in that of a male coquet. The third on the list is thus reported: "I had no sooner got into another bed-chamber, but I heard very harsh words uttered in a smooth, uniform tone. I was amazed to hear so great a volubility in reproach, and thought it too coherent to be spoken by one asleep; but upon looking nearer, I saw the head-dress of the person who spoke, which showed her to be a female with a man lying by her side broad-awake, and as quiet as a lamb. I could not but admire his exemplary patience, and discovered by his whole behaviour that he was then lying under the discipline of a curtain lecture."\* The Tatler tells us that he was entertained in many other places with this kind of nocturnal eloquence. So that the Curtain Lecture was one of the established institutions of this free country a century and a half ago. When indeed was it not so? If we may rely on the authority (possibly questionable) of Mr. Thackeray,† Rowena herself, in the twelfth century, was in great force as a curtain lecturer, inasmuch that under these nightly inflections Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe grew thin, and pined away as much as if he had been in a fever under the scorching sun of Ascalon. The custom, then, is time-honoured. But might it not be that sort of custom which, to those who have to listen to the lecture, seems more honoured in the breach than the observance? And might not a breach be effected by a history at once so *vero* and so *ben trovato* as that of Mr. and Mrs. Caudle? The author of that history evidently thought there might, and gallantly (or if you prefer it, *ungallantly*) did his endeavour in the cause, reasonably confident of being backed by a forlorn hope, ready to scale the breach when made. Accordingly, he gave the world the cream of those lectures which it took thirty years for Mrs. Caudle to deliver, as she dilated, in her edition of the *Nestes*, upon the joys, griefs, duties, and vicissitudes comprised within that "seemingly small circle—the wedding ring. We say seemingly small, for the thing as viewed by the vulgar, naked eye is a tiny hoop made for the third feminine finger. Alack! like the ring of Saturn, for good or evil it circles a whole world; or, to take a less gigantic figure, it compasses a vast region: it may be Arabia Felix, and it may be Arabia Petraea."‡ This is one of those epigrammatic reflections which are to be found in such profusion throughout the author's writings, and are so peculiarly his own—in the turn of thought, of temper, and of phrase, so idiosyncratically his own.

Sentences of a like character might be cited in abundance from nearly all his works—from his early dramas, his riper comedies, his character stories, essays, literary and dramatic criticisms, paragraphs in *Punch*, and leading articles in this or that weekly newspaper. There is a completeness about these smart sentences that gives them, even in their fragmentary form as mere quotations, the sense and the sound of ready-

\* The Tatler. No. 243.

† Rebecca and Rowena.

‡ Introduction to Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures.

made apophthegms. Few writers suffer so little as Douglas Jerrold by being seen in quotations. In fact, he not unfrequently appears to more advantage in this mutilated form than when studied as a whole: one is apt to become fatigued by such a sustained crackle of fireworks, such a recurring series of witty sayings, such a prolonged succession of retort and repartee. The comedies he wrote in his prime are richer and racier in this quality than the dramas he dashed off in his youth; but even in these dramas the most note-worthy point is the same scintillating, epigrammatic character in dialogue and diction. *Gnatbrain* is pleading for *Susan* with that surly old curmudgeon *Doggrass*, and finally insinuates something about his conscience:

*Dog.* Conscience!—phoo! my conscience sleeps well enough.

*Gnat.* Sleeps! don't wake it—it might alarm you.

*Dog.* One word with you; no more of your advice.—I go about like a surly bull, and you a gadfly buzzing around me. From this moment, throw off the part of counsellor.

*Gnat.* But, don't you see——?

*Dog.* Don't you see these trees growing about us?

*Gnat.* Very well.

*Dog.* If a cudgel were cut from them for every knave who busies himself in the business of others—don't you think it would mightily open the prospect?

*Gnat.* Perhaps it might. And don't you think, that if every hard-hearted, selfish rascal that destroys the happiness of others were strung up to the boughs before they were cut for cudgels, it would, instead of opening the prospect, mightily darken it?\*

Later in the play the same couple again come into collision, this time about *Susan's* husband, now before a court-martial. "Poor William!" sighs the good-natured *Gnatbrain*; whereupon *Doggrass* snaps him up incontinently:

*Dog.* Poor William! Ay, if pity would save him, his neck would be insured. Didn't he attempt to kill his captain?

*Gnat.* True; he deserves hanging for that. You would have doubtless gone a different way to work. William cut down his officer in defence of his wife—now you, like a good, prudent man,—would have thrust your hands into your pockets, and looked on.

*Dog.* None of your nettles, sirrah. William!—hanging is too good for him.

*Gnat.* You know best who hanging is good for;—but I know this,—that if all the rascals who, under the semblance of a smug respectability, sow the world with dissensions and deceit, were fitted with a halter, rope would double its price, and the executioner set up his carriage.

*Dog.* Have you any meaning in this?

\* *Gnat.* No—none: you can couple my meaning with your honesty

*Dog.* When will your tongue change its pertness?

*Gnat.* When your heart changes its colour.

*Dog.* My heart! I've nothing to reproach myself with. I feel strong in—

*Gnat.* Yes, you must be strong; there's no doubting that;—else, you'd never be able to carry that lump of marble in your bosom.—That's a load would try the strength of a porter.†

In the same strain is *Gnatbrain's* comment on *Jacob Twig's* physiognomy:

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\* Black-ey'd Susan; or, All in the Downs. Act I. Sc. 1.

† Ibid. Act III. Sc. 1.

*Gnat.* Jacob, I never look upon your little carcase, but it reminds me of a pocket edition of the Newgate Calendar—a neat Old Bailey duodecimo! You are a most villainous-looking rascal—an epitome of noted highwaymen.

*Jacob.* What!

*Gnat.* True as the light. You have a most Tyburn-like physiognomy!—There's Turpin in the curl of your upper lip—Jack Sheppard in the under one—your nose is Jerry Abishaw himself—Duval and Barrington are in your eyes—and as for your chin, why Sixteen-string Jack lives again in it.\*

Or take *Toby Heywood's* description of *Bullfrog*, in the “Rent Day:”

*Toby.* The most jovial of brokers and appraisers. He levies a distress as though he brought a card of invitation; giggles himself into possession; makes out the inventory with a chuckle; and carts off tables and chairs to “Begone dull care,” or, “How merrily we live who shepherds be!”

*Crumbs.* True; in these matters he has a coolness.

*Toby.* Coolness! he'd eat oysters while his neighbour's house was in flames,—always provided that his own was insured. Coolness! he's a piece of marble, carved into a broad grin.†

Or the Merry Monarch's estimate of Glorious John's dedications:

*Charles.* What is acted here to-day?

*Haynes.* Something of Dryden's, your majesty; as full of heroics, as its dedication is full of—

*Charles.* Lies. Poor John! he soars and flatters with equal genius. Such poets are like the snake in the Indian mythology; they not only fly but creep.‡

These are from our author's earlier and slighter works; but they smack of the “same tap” as those five-act comedies which in after days exercised the powers of the Farrens and Stricklands, the Glovers and Humbys, the Keeleys and Websters, of the Haymarket and Covent Garden. Of these larger and later works we may say what a leading French critic has said of a fellow-countryman's dramatic *Proverbs*: that they are defective in the art and practice of construction, the plot being often a failure as regards ingenuity of design and a gradually accumulating interest; but that in his characters and dialogue the author is indeed an “approved good master”—smartness of repartee being peculiarly his forte: “le dialogue fourmille de choses fines, de traits qui entrent comme des aiguilles.” Hardly a scene throughout “Bubbles of a Day,” or the grave and gay fluctuations of “Time Works Wonders,” or the mixed modes of “Retired from Business,” or the active and passive voices of the “Catspaw,” or the crosses and contrarieties of “Saint Cupid,” but supplies proof positive, and superlative, of the dramatist's facility and felicity in this line of things. But as acting plays their fortune has been, on the whole, untoward, and no doubt disappointed him in a high degree. In effect, and for the playgoer, they are now shelved; but on shelves whence the reader will often take them down, to enjoy in the closet what the stage has perhaps too willingly let die. Meanwhile the shorter pieces, some of them, flourish still, and bid fair to flourish long; for there is safety in predicting an extended lease of popularity to “Black-ey'd Susan,” the “Rent Day,” and the “Prisoner of War.”

\* Black-ey'd Susan; or, All in the Downs. Act I. Sc. 4.

† The Rent Day. Act I. Sc. 1.

‡ Nell Gwynne; or, the Prologue. Act I. Sc. 3.

# THE HISTORY OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS,

AUTHOR OF THE "EIGHTEENTH CENTURY."

## XVII.

The Scottish Press continued—James Watson—De Foe again—Strange Privileges—The first Foreign News—The *Caledonian Mercury*—The first Literary News—William Rolland—Thomas Ruddiman—The Provincial Papers—Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Dumfries.

ASSOCIATED in the first instance with the *Edinburgh Gazette*, and afterwards with the *Edinburgh Courier*, was one of those energetic and persevering spirits whom we have so often been called upon to admire in this history, steadily bearing losses and persecutions, shrinking from no danger, appalled by no difficulties—now assisted by a few time-servers, now deserted and alone, but always intent upon the one purpose—James Watson, the printer, of Edinburgh. This, in many respects, extraordinary man, who has left behind him a curious, and now rare, history of printing, with specimens of the types in use in his office, was a native of Aberdeen, and the son of a merchant. In 1695, he set up a printing-office in Edinburgh, but, not being able to get a license from the privy council, he worked without it, and suffered several prosecutions in consequence. In 1699 he began the *Edinburgh Gazette*, but only published forty-one numbers, when he transferred the property, in July, to John Reid. Six years afterwards, in February, 1705, he established the *Edinburgh Courier*, but only printed fifty-five numbers, when he relinquished it into the hands of Andrew Anderson, and, in September, started the *Scots Courier*, which he continued to print till 1718. This was the first thrice-a-week paper published in Scotland; its price was only one penny, but it exhibits a marked improvement both in its contents and its typography. In 1711, Watson, in conjunction with Mr. Frebairn,\* got a patent from the queen, and henceforth printed "according to law," and without molestation, dying in easy circumstances, September 24th, 1722.†

Some of the materials which are left us of this early history of the Scottish press—scattered and disarranged by the devastating hand, or the keystones, perhaps, hidden in the dust, of Time—do not seem to fit when put together. Thus, while we find Donaldson memorialising the loans of the council, certainly in the characters of proprietor and compiler of the *Gazette*, and Boig in the same relations to the *Courant*, we know for certain that Watson at the same periods respectively was printer and compiler of both those papers, and he makes the one over to Reid and the other to Anderson, without our hearing again of either Donaldson or Boig, until 1710, when we find the town council authorising De Foe to print the *Courant* "in the place of the deceased, Adam Bog." "Yet,"

\* Watson's History of Printing.

† Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary.

says Mr. Chalmers, who has himself noticed this latter discrepancy—"yet was this paper certainly printed by John Reid, junior, in 1709 and 1710, after the 1st of February"\* (the date of the entry in favour of De Foe).

To reconcile the first of the conflicting statements, we can only suppose that Watson, being out of favour and unable to procure a patent, got Donaldson in the one case and Belg in the other to apply for the exclusive right of printing news. The mystery of the *Courant*, which Chalmers notices, but fails to clear up, is not so easily accounted for.

Be this as it may, on February 1st, 1710, the town council of Edinburgh gave authority to Daniel De Foe "to print the *Edinburgh Courant*," and prohibited any other person from printing news under the same title. De Foe, however, only carried it on till September 2nd, when he started the *Examiner*, a weekly paper, containing a summary of foreign and political events. The first two numbers were printed by Watson, but the paper was then transferred to London, although Watson still continued to reprint it at Edinburgh until 1715, when it dropped.

In October, 1708, John Reid started the *Edinburgh Flying Post*, to appear three times a week; and, on August 17th, 1709, appeared the *Scots Postman*, "printed for David Fearne by John Monceur." This Fearne was an advocate, and possessed sufficient influence with the town council to obtain from them an injunction against any other persons printing news on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, the days on which his paper appeared.

On the 27th of March, 1710, the *Northern Tintler* appeared, to be continued every Monday and Friday, and printed by John Reid, the great news-printer of Edinburgh, "for Samuel Colvill."

In 1714 the *Edinburgh Gazette* and the *Scots Postman* were amalgamated, and came out on one sheet with both titles; and on the 15th of December, 1718, a new and highly privileged paper, the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, which is the only paper of the period still existing, and the oldest one now published in Scotland. It was the property of three partners, John Mossman, James M'Ewen, and William Brown, and "sold at the shops of the saids James M'Ewen and William Brown." The privilege was granted "to James M'Ewen, stationer, burgess," of exclusively printing news in Edinburgh on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, on condition that he should "give ane coppie of his print to the magistrats" prior to publication. The prospectus of the journal justifies its appearance, by asserting that "hitherto our newspapers have either been very partial, lame, and defective, or otherwise stuffed with uncertain, ill-digested, false, or frivolous accounts." This paper was of an enlarged size, having three folio half-sheets, or six pages of double columns, at the price of three halfpence. It was the first Scottish journal that established a system of foreign correspondence, which is thus announced in the prospectus: "In order the accounts of foreign occurrences may be truly drawn, the author is furnished with the foreign papers, both in Dutch and French, and the original papers themselves may be seen at the Royal Exchange Coffee-house, or some other coffee-house in Edinburgh." Such an astonishing and novel arrangement, then, was this of getting the foreign

\* Chalmers's Life of Ruddiman, note, p. 120.

news from the original papers, that "the author" thought it necessary to exhibit the papers to make the public believe in it! The result is to be, that "we shall have at Edinburgh foreign accounts a post sooner than otherwise they could come by the London papers."

Amusing as may be the fuss with which this arrangement is heralded, we will repress the smile which it provokes in consideration of its having been a laudable endeavour on the part of the author to increase the utility of the newspaper, and, remembering that it was the first effort of the kind, give to him that credit which is always due to enterprise, even when the changes which time and circumstances have made might lead us to slight the narrow and devious track of the pioneer.

This paper (which is the only one of the period that survives) and its contemporaries were soon to be threatened by an insidious pretender in the *Caledonian Mercury*, which came out on the 28th of April, 1720, as the continuation of the *Mercurius Caledonius*, the first native Scottish newspaper. Now, as that journal had ceased to exist for sixty years—rather a protracted case of suspended animation—and had never lived above ten weeks, it must be confessed a bold stroke on the part of the projector of the new paper to profess to have resuscitated, after so long a period, a journal which might be reckoned to have come almost still-born into the world; but the founder, William Rolland, a lawyer, boldly brought it forth as a continuation of the *Mercurius Caledonius*, and to this day (for it still exists) it is, by some, stated to be the oldest paper in Scotland. It came out as "A Short Account of the Most Considerable Newes Foreign and Domestick, and of the Latest Bookes and Pamphlets imported from Abroad and printed here"—the latter feature being original in the composition of Scottish newspapers—"printed for W. R. by William Adams, junior, and sold at the signe of the Printing Presse in the Parliament Close." Its days of issue were the same as those of the *Evening Courant*—Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday—rather a singular arrangement, as the thrice-a-week papers generally appeared on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, and never on two consecutive days. Nearly four years after its foundation, and with its 590th number, on January 17th, 1724, Thomas Ruddiman, then under-keeper of the Advocates' Library, was employed to print it, his printing-office then being in Morocco's Close, in the Lawn Market. On the death of Rolland, the proprietor, in March, 1729, it fell altogether into the hands of Thomas Ruddiman and his brother Walter, and was "sold at the shop of Alexander Symmers, bookseller, in the Parliament Square." The size was at this time four small quarto pages, with two columns in each page, and fifty lines to the column, so that it contained in all only four hundred lines. In the year of the Rebellion of the young Pretender, the government kept its eye upon the *Caledonian Mercury*, on account of the avowed Jacobite principles of its conductor; and the son of Ruddiman, who managed it for his father, having incautiously copied a quasi seditious article from an English journal, was arrested and committed to the Tolbooth in Edinburgh, and although the interest of the elder Ruddiman subsequently procured his discharge, he shortly afterwards died of a disease which he had contracted in that prison. The *Caledonian Mercury* continued to be the property of the Ruddiman family until May, 1772, when it was sold, together with the

printing-house and materials, by the trustees of Thomas Ruddiman's grandchildren to John Robertson, a typographer, from whom it passed into the hands of the family of Mr. Allen, who is the present proprietor.

Ruddiman was much more than a newspaper printer, or librarian; he was a classical scholar and editor of classics; a grammarian and an annotator of grammar; an historian and an historical controversialist; and he has had his life written in nearly five hundred well-filled pages by George Chalmers. He was born on a farm on the shore of the Murray Firth, in the parish of Boyndie, within three miles of the shire town of Banff, and was educated at the parish school, the master of which, George Morrison, had the judgment to detect, and the sense to encourage, his peculiar leaning to the classics, and to Ovid in particular. In October, 1690, at the age of sixteen, he left his father's house clandestinely, with only a smuggled sovereign from his sister, to appear in King's College, Aberdeen, and claim one of the bursaries which are given annually to the best Latin scholars. The confidence of the lad was well founded, and the rustic, meanly clad and half dressed (for he had been robbed on the road by gipsies), carried away the richest prize, which enabled him to study Greek, physics, and metaphysics, during four terms. On the 20th June, 1694, he obtained the degree of master of arts. He then became tutor in a private family, and afterwards master of the school of Lawrence Kirk in the Mearns. In 1700 he removed to Edinburgh, and next year married a young woman of good family in the Orkneys. In 1703 he obtained the appointment of under-keeper of the Advocates' Library, and in 1706 sought to increase the small income which he derived from that office by taking a few select scholars, and writing and revising for the booksellers, and in 1707 by holding auctions of books and literary property. It was not until 1715 that he commenced printing, and from that time he continued to feed the press which his brother and partner, Walter, worked. His productions were chiefly classical, including a Latin grammar, which rose to great favour, till 1724, when he began to print the *Caledonian Mercury*. Ruddiman died at Edinburgh, possessed of well-earned and carefully husbanded wealth, on the 19th January, 1757, in the eighty-third year of his age.\*

The next paper of any note that followed the *Caledonian Mercury* was the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, which was established in or about the year 1744, and is still in existence, as is also the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, started January 3rd, 1764.

While these several papers flourished or failed in Edinburgh, the provinces were following the example of the capital, and raising presses of their own. The first of these towns appears to have been Glasgow, which, on November 11th, 1715, issued the *Glasgow Courant*—a title afterwards changed to the *West Country Intelligence*. It contained twelve quarto pages, and appeared on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at the price of three-halfpence, "or a penny to regular customers." A file of it is still to be seen in the Glasgow College Library. In 1729 came out the *Glasgow Journal*, which has existed to the present day.

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\* Chalmers's Life of Ruddiman. London. 1794.



Aberdeen comes next to Glasgow, having produced the *Aberdeen Journal and North British Magazine*, in 1746. It was founded by James Chalmers, and still continues in his family; and the first number has an historical interest as containing a report of the battle of Culloden, after which its publication seems to have been suspended for two years.

About this period, also, the *Dumfries Journal* appeared; but there appears still to have been but very little demand for newspapers in Scotland, for it is believed that at the period of the rebellion of 1745 there were only, in the whole of Scotland, three newspapers, two of which were published in Edinburgh, and one in Glasgow. In 1782 the number had increased to eight; in 1792 it was fourteen; and in 1796, thirteen.

## XVIII.

Irish Newspapers—The first Dublin Paper—George Falkener—The Provincial Press—Waterford—Belfast—*The Freeman's Journal*—Dr. Lucas—*Saunders's News Letter*—The Government Press discomfited—The Organ of the Night: the *Union Star*—Number of Papers at the close of the Century.

IN searching for the earliest Irish newspaper, we turn over the mass of papers published in the seventeenth century without finding it. When England was issuing her broad-sheets in flights, and Scotland was beginning to interest itself in public events, Ireland was still. The "Warranted Tidings from Ireland" were all printed in London, and there may possibly have been no press in the country—certainly there was no newspaper—until the year 1700, when a full-blown daily paper came forth and buzzed the news through Dublin. This was called *Pue's Occurrences*, and continued for more than half a century. The second Dublin paper was not started until 1728, but that, too, was a daily publication. It was printed by Swift's George Falkener, and named *Falkener's Journal*; but it was most carelessly printed and compiled.

Dublin was for some time content with two newspapers; but the provinces were evincing a desire for news, and, first of all, Waterford, which got a local organ in 1729, the *Waterford Flying Post*, "containing the most material news both foreign and domestick." This paper, printed on a sheet of writing-paper and embellished with the royal and city arms, came out twice a week, and the price was a halfpenny,\* or one shilling per quarter.

Apparently, next to Waterford comes Belfast, in which city appeared the *Belfast News Letter* (a paper still in existence), in 1737.

These are all the traces of a newspaper press which we can find in provincial Ireland during the first half of the century. Let us return to Dublin.

In 1763 there bounded into public favour a newspaper, nurtured by a committee of United Irishmen, and named the *Freeman's Journal*. This new and popular Dublin paper was put under the management of Dr. Lucas, who, by his talent and energy, won for it the highest position from the very first, and got such men as Grattan, Flood, Burgh, and

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\* It will be remembered that the Newspaper Stamp Act of 1712 did not extend to Ireland.

Yelverton for his coadjutors. Its influence increased when its editor was returned to parliament as one of the representatives of the city of Dublin, but it waned on his death in 1774, falling behind *Saunders's News Letter*, which had been started about the same time, and now took the lead.

The *Dublin Gazette* seems up to this time to have been less of an official organ than the *London Gazette*, for we find an order of council, dated March 18th, 1776, prohibiting its publishing any news not guaranteed by government.

The government, recognising the power of the press, and finding that it was all exerted against itself in Ireland, used every means to induce and encourage the establishment of an organ in Dublin—but in vain. No printer would run the risk to his windows, if not to his life, of printing a newspaper on the government side, so, in 1780, a press and types, and a staff of English editors, printers, and compositors, were sent out, and a paper started with the title of the *Volunteer Evening Post*, professing to advocate the popular side. At last it was found wavering—the secret oozed out, and an Irish mob was up. The editor fled for his life and got away, but the printer, less fortunate, fell into the hands of the populace, and was carried to the Tenter-fields and tarred and feathered. The paper broke down, and the press, types, and materials were advertised for sale; but no one would have anything to do with the obnoxious Saxon things, and, after three years, printers, plant and all, were fetched back to England.

It may well be supposed that during the agitation of the Union in 1797-98, the press was roused to stormy action. Sedition was uttered, treason called patriotism, and murder hidden under the name of political justice. The most violent, perhaps, of the papers of the time was the *Union Star*, which advocated assassination as a means of putting down opposition, and in one particular case headed an article attacking an individual with the motto: "Perhaps some arm more lucky than the rest may reach his heart and free the world from bondage."

This paper was secretly printed and posted up on the walls in the night, and all the efforts of the authorities were for the time unable to suppress it. A reward of seven hundred pounds was offered for the printer, but the secret was faithfully preserved, and the very placards offering the reward were covered over in the night with this dark organ of blood and murder.

The number of papers published throughout Ireland had increased far more rapidly than in Scotland. In 1782 there were only 8, but in 1790 there were 27, and in 1795 there were 35.

## EUTRAPELIA :

AN OMNIVM GATHERUM LITERARIUM, CHIEFLY ILLUSTRATIVE OF  
BARROW ON 'WIT.'

## VIII.

## THE "PAT ALLUSION."

## § 4.

Sometimes it [Eutrapelia] lieth in *pat allusion* to a known story.—BARROW: *Sermon XIV.*

THE writings of Thomas Carlyle are liberally interspersed with *pat allusions*, of a significant and highly diversified sort. Sometimes the "known story" thus alluded to, is of the homeliest; as where the *Editor* of "*Sartor Resartus*" ironically remarks, of Geology and Geognosy, that what with the labours of our Werners and Huttons, what with the ardent genius of their disciples, it has come about that now, to many a Royal Society, the Creation of a World is little more mysterious than the cooking of a Dumpling—"concerning which last, indeed, there have been minds to whom the question, How the Apples were got in, presented difficulties."\* One such anxious inquirer, at least,—a crowned head too—have all men read of, in the free-and-easy rhymes and pungent personalities of Peter Pindar. Sometimes again the "known story" is of sacred character; as where comment is made on certain admirers of Burns who have felt scandalised at his ever resolving to *gauge*, and who "would have had him lie at the pool, till the spirit of Patronage stirred the waters, that so, with one friendly plunge, all his sorrows might be healed."† Sometimes the allusion is to a nursery-tale; as where we read of Voltaire that having secured that stronghold, Public Opinion, with great art he maintained it, "though ever and anon sallying out from it, far beyond the permitted limits. But he has his coat of darkness, and his shoes of swiftness, like that other Killer of Giants."‡ Sometimes it is to a fact in history; as where, of the same Voltaire we read, that "even in the height of his glory he has a strange sensitiveness to the judgment of the world: could he have contrived a Dionysius' ear, in the Rue Traversière, we should have found him watching at it, night and day."§ Or where the author's favourite doctrine respecting Self-Consciousness is propounded, with the avowal of his "not wondering that Society should feel itself, and in all ways complain of aches and twinges, for it has suffered enough. Napoleon was but a Job's-comforter, when he told his wounded Staff-officer, twice unhorsed by cannon-balls, and with half his limbs blown to pieces, '*Vous vous écoutez trop!*'"|| And sometimes the allusion is to a bit of mythology, or apocryphal hagiology, of the kind following: "Consider it well, Metaphysics is the attempt of

\* *Sartor Resartus*, Book I. ch. i.† *Ibid.* "Voltaire."† Carlyle's *Critical Essays*: "Burns."§ *Ibid.*|| *Ibid.* "Characteristica."

the mind to rise above the mind; to environ, and shut in, or as we say *comprehend* the mind. Hopeless struggle, for wisest as for the foolishhest! What strength of sinew, or athletic skill, will enable the stoutest athlete to fold his own body in his arms, and, by lifting, lift up *himself*? The Irish Saint swam the Channel 'carrying his head in his teeth;' but the feat has never been imitated."\*

Hardly a division or subdivision of Barrow's *eutrapelia* but may find matter to the purpose in the writings, prose and verse, of Thomas Hood. His management of the pat allusion, his selection of some known story, it were a misdemeanour to overlook. When Tibbie Campbell, the

\* Carlyle's Critical Essays: "Characteristics."

Another example or two from so original an author will not be taken amiss, at least by those who have no insuperable objections either to Carlyle or to foot-notes.

Of the Old School of German Poetry, as attacked without mercy or intermission by the New, we are told, that it "was at length displaced and hunted out of being; or, like Partridge the Astrologer, reduced to a life which could be proved to be no life."

Again: "Pity that a nation [Herr Sauerteig *logischer*, 1843] cannot reform itself as the English are now trying to do, by what their newspapers call 'tremendous cheers!' Alas, it cannot be done. Reform is not joyous but grievous. . . . The serpent sheds not his old skin without rusty disconsolateness; he is not happy but miserable! In the Water-cure itself, do you not sit steeped for months; washed to the heart in elemental drenchings; and, like Job, are made to curse your day? Reforming of a nation is a terrible business! Thus too, Medea, when she made men young again, was wont (*de Himmel!*) to hew them in pieces with meat-axes; cast them into caldrons, and boil them for a length of time."

An Original Man in the act of *building* his life together is "a guess and problem as yet, not to others only but to himself. Hence such criticism by the bystanders; loud no-knowledge; loud misknowledge! It is like the opening of the Fisherman's Casket in the Arabian Tale, this beginning and growing up of a life; vague smoke wavering hither and thither; some features of a Genie looming through; of the ultimate shape of which no fisherman or man can judge."

In another mood: "If a Dr. Kitchener boast that his system is in high order, Dietetic Philosophy may indeed take credit; but [here we have the doctrine of Self-Consciousness again] the true Peptician was that Countryman who answered that, 'for his part, he had no system.'"

The first use of riches, our author elsewhere observes, is, especially for the man born rich, to teach him faith in them—till he becomes not a man but (alluding to that pet phrase in the Thurtell and Weare business) "a gigman,—one who 'always kept a gig,' two-wheeled or four-wheeled. Consider too what this same gigmanhood issues in; consider that first and most stupendous of gigmens, Phaeton, the son of Sol, who drove the brightest of all conceivable gigs, yet with the sorrowfullest result. Alas, Phaeton was his father's heir; born to attain the highest fortune without earning it: he had *built* no sun-chariot (could not build the simplest wheelbarrow), but could and would insist on *driving* one; and so broke his own stiff neck, sent gig and horses spinning through infinite space, and set the universe on fire!"

In a fling at the Game Laws occurs the question: "But if a Rome was once saved by geese, need we wonder that an England is lost by partridges? We are sons of Eve, who bartered Paradise for an apple."

And in a comparison of the conversational powers of our Johnson and of France's contemporary Diderot: "Had we the stronger man, then? Be it rather, as in that Duel of Cour-de-Lion with the light, nimble, yet also invincible Saladin, that each nation had the strength which most befitted it."

Said we not at starting that there was diversity in the known stories to which Mr. Carlyle's pat allusions are made? and do not our quotations prove it a true saying, as far as they go?

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"tartan woman," arrives at Tynley Hall, the driver pulls up with a suddenness which sends her, and the two horses, on their haunches, while the shock breaks the cords of her trunk on the roof: "The box immediately pitched off and burst open, and scattered such a quantity of miscellaneous articles, that, like the fisherman in the Arabian Nights, when the genie emerged from the chest, everybody wondered how such a bulk could have been contained in such a box. And as, in the same story, there came in the first place 'a very thick smoke which formed a great mist,' so out of the Scotchwoman's trunk there ascended a dense cloud of dust, which appeared to have escaped from a large bag or poke of oatmeal, &c.)\* We have already had this "known story" in the excerpts from Mr. Carlyle—but the distinct use made of it by the two writers is not a distinction without a difference.

That unique performance, the golden legend of Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg, overflows with illustrations of the kind now under review. That young lady's nativity is accompanied with signs and omens "more than at Owen Glendower's birth." Her birthday celebration is "on a scale as vast as that huge repast, with its loads and cargoes of drink and botargoes, at the Birth of the Babe in Rabelais."

Hundreds of men were *turn'd into beasts*,  
Like the guests at *Circe's* horrible feasts,  
By the magic of ale and cider.

She is fed from a golden boat, with a golden spoon—

And, although the tale seems fabulous,  
'Tis said her tops and bottoms were gilt,  
Like the oats in that Stable-yard Palace built  
For the *horses of Heliogabalus*.†

Of her immediate kinsfolk we are told that

—money had stuck to the race through life  
(As it did to *the bushel* when cash so rife  
Posed *Ali Baba's brother's wife*).

At the "christening," again,

Gold! still gold! it *rain'd* on the nurse  
Who, unlike *Danaë*, was none the worse;  
There was nothing but guineas glistening.

Then, as Miss grows up, as for her flatterers, toadies, *et hoc genus omne*, why,

They praised her falls, as well as her walk,  
Flatterers made cream cheese of chalk,  
They praised—how they praised her very small talk,  
As if it fell from a Solon;  
Or the girl who at each pretty phrase *let drop*  
A *ruby* comma, or *pearl* full-stop,  
Or an *emerald* semi-colon.

She is presented in due time with "a very rich bay named Banker"—

\* Tynley Hall, c. xv.

† A false quantity, by-the-by, or else a faulty rhyme: choose your horn.

And then when Banker obtain'd a pat,  
 To see how he arch'd his neck at that !  
 He snorted with pride and pleasure !  
 Like *the steed in the fable* so lofty and grand,  
 Who gave *the poor Ass* to understand  
 That *he* didn't carry a bag of sand,  
 But a burden of golden treasure.

Banker runs away with her, however ; and with the running away the  
 pat allusions too come fast and furious :

—Away ! away ! she could ride a dead heat  
 With the dead who ride so fast and fleet  
 In the *Ballad of Leonora* !  
 Away she gallops !—it's awful work !  
 It's faster than *Turpin's ride to York*  
 On *Bess*, that noble clipper !  
 She has circled the Ring !—she crosses the Park !  
*Mazeppa*, although he was stripped so stark,  
*Mazeppa* couldn't outstrip her !

From the park she is whirled onwards into stony streets :

Sick with horror she shuts her eyes,  
 But the very stones seem uttering cries,  
 As they did to *that Persian daughter*,  
 When she climbed up the steep vociferous hill  
 Her little silver flagon to fill  
 With the *magical Golden Water* !

The accident results in the Golden Leg, whereby hangs (or whereon depends) the tale. What a sensation is caused by the sound of that foot coming up-stairs to an evening party, among heiress-hunters and marriageable gold-worshippers all and sundry !—

When slow, and heavy, and dead as a dump,  
 They heard a foot begin to stump,  
 Thump ! lump !  
 Lump ! thump !  
 Like *the spectre in Don Giovanni* !

(Or—to take from another stanza a pat allusion to another known story—

Hark ! as slow as the strokes of a pump,  
 Lump ! thump !  
 Thump ! lump !  
 As *the Giant of Castle Otranto* might stump  
 To a lower room from an upper.)

And, once more, when on her way to church to be married, we see her wearing a wreath “of most wonderful splendour—diamonds, and pearls, so rich in device, that, according to calculation nice, her head was worth as royal a price as *the head of the Young Pretender* ;” as she stumps along,

Led by the Count, with his sloe-black eyes  
 Bright with triumph, and some surprise,  
 Like *Anson* on making sure of his *prize*  
*The famous Mexican Galleon* !\*

\* “Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg,” *passim*.

This is a selection only, from a single poem of Thomas Hood's : what then would a collection be of all the pat allusions ?

Yet must a few examples be added, by the reader's leave, from other of so "rich and rare" an author's miscellanies. Thus—describing the vanished joys of schoolboy life, this item occurs in the catalogue :

*My kite—how fast and far it flew !  
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew  
My pleasure from the sky !\**

A sleeper oppressed by a Night-Mare, of a thorough-bred sort, records how

With many a bound she caper'd round and round him like a dance,  
He fear'd indeed some wild caress would end the fearful trance,  
And felt himself, and saw himself—the phantasy was horrid !—  
Like old *Redgawtlet*, with a *shoe* imprinted on his forehead !†

Etchers are cautioned, in that admirably ingenious play upon words which comprises the entire rationale of the Etching art, to keep their *plate* out of the reach of servants, lest the footman change it, or the butler clean it—

Nay, the Housemaid, perchance, in her passion to scrub,  
May suppose the dull metal in want of a rub,  
Like the Shield which Swift's readers remember.

Even the known story of Lady Sale gets punningly if not over patly alluded to in the last stanza :

Thus your Etching complete, it remains but to hint,  
That with certain assistance from paper and print,  
Which the proper Mechanic will settle,  
You may charm all your friends—without any sad tale  
Of such perils and ills as beset Lady Sale—  
With a fine India Proof of your Metal.‡

In a certain episode about a deaf Welshman who came to a surgeon for advice, we are told that

— the Aurist only took a mug,  
And poured in his ear some acoustical drug,  
That instead of curing deafen'd him rather,  
As Hamlet's uncle served Hamlet's father !§

And, once more, the following grotesque allusion is Hood's Own, all over,—in the denunciation of Dame Eleanor's scandal-mongering, mischief-making gossips :

Women ! the wretches ! had soil'd and marr'd  
Whatever to womanly nature belongs ;  
For the marriage tie they had no regard,  
Nay, sped their mates to the sexton's yard,  
(Like Madame Laffarge, who with poisonous pinches  
Kept cutting off her L by inches)||—

this last bit being, like the whole of the poem whence it is taken, thoroughly characteristic of that strangely composite amalgam of the

\* "A Retrospective Review."

† "Etching Moralised."

‡ The Desert-Born.

§ A Tale of a Trumpet.

|| Ibid.

ludicrous and the serious, the ironical and the earnest—that conjunctive mood of warning and denouncing with punning and funning—which is almost peculiar to this true Thomas the Rhymer.

Pat was the allusion made by Charles Lamb when reproached for attending a certain wedding, to give away the bride, in his customary suit of sables. One of “the handsome Miss T——s” told him this was a solecism. “She was pleased to say that she had never seen a gentleman before me give away a bride, in black. Now black,” continues Elia, “has been my ordinary apparel so long—indeed I take it to be the proper costume of an author—the stage sanctions it—that to have appeared in some lighter colour would have raised more mirth at my expense than the anomaly had created censure. But I could perceive that the bride’s mother, and some elderly ladies present (God bless them !), would have been well content, if I had come in any other colour than that. But I got over the omen by a lucky apologue, which I remembered out of Pilpay, or some Indian author, of all the birds being invited to the linnet’s wedding, at which, when all the rest came in their gayest feathers, the raven alone apologised for his cloak because ‘he had no other.’ This tolerably reconciled the elders.”\*

The novels of John Galt show a fond frequency of allusion to known stories of a familiar sort. Lawrie Todd describes himself walking with that pawky plague of his life, Bailie Waft, in procession to the ceremony of founding the city of Judiville, “hand-in-hand as lovingly as the two babes in the wood.” The Bailie gets *fox*, and Lawrie saves him from getting suffocated; “but for all that he did not mend his manners; on the contrary, he was like the serpent that bit the countryman who warned it to life in his bosom, and vexed me as much as ever.”† Again: when Lawrie suspects the ancient vestal, Miss Beeny, of designing to lure him into matrimony, “Is it within possibility,” he exclaims, “that I may be caught in the traps of yon Tabitha Bramble? She’ll find I’m not a Lismahago.”‡ The Babes in the Wood, the Serpent and the Rustic, and Humphrey Clinker, being pretty well known stories.

Add a sample from Captain Marryat’s marine stores. When Lieutenant Phillott draws the long bow at a venture, in emulation of that Mendez Pinto, or Munchausen of the “real salt” service, Captain Kearney, “You’ll excuse me, Mr. Phillott,” objects the latter, “but you sometimes tell strange stories. I do not mind it myself, but the example is not good to my young relation here, Mr. Simple.” “Captain Kearney,” replies the first lieutenant, laughing immoderately (and alluding patly), “do you know what the pot called the kettle?”§

Next, a hurried dip into the “Ingoldsby Legends.” For instance, two knightly visitors to the Thoulouse conjuror observe, among other appropriate sights in his laboratory, that

From the roof a huge crocodile hangs rather low,  
With a tail, such as that, which, we all of us know,  
Mr. Waterton managed to tie in a bow.||

\* Last Essays of Elia: “The Wedding.”

† Lawrie Todd, part iv. ch. vii.

‡ Ibid. part vii. ch. vi.

§ Peter Simple, vol. ii. ch. xii.

|| A Legend of Languedoc.



When these visitors have seen all, and a little more than, they wanted,  
they dash homewards on horseback in furious mood,

And the stones rattle under their hoofs as they ride,  
As if poor Thoulouse were as mad as Cheapside—

alluding to the tolerably "known story" of John Gilpin, in whose instance

The stones did rattle underneath  
As if Cheapside were mad.

Sir Alured and Lady Denne are quoted by peasant and peer

As the rarest examples of love ever known,  
Since the days of *Le Chevalier d'Arbie* and *Joanne*,  
Who in Bonnington chancel lie sculptured in stone.\*

Let no man call Darby and Joan an *unknown* story, nor fail to recognise those old friends with a new French face.

One random specimen must suffice from the wide-spread pleasantries of Washington Irving. Ready Money Jack is described by Geoffrey Crayon as one of the most loyal men in the country, without being able to reason about the matter. "He has that admirable quality for a tough arguer, also, that he never knows when he is beat. He has half a dozen old maxims, which he advances on all occasions, and though his antagonist may overturn them never so often, yet he always brings them anew into the field. He is like the robber in Ariosto, who, though his head might be cut off half a hundred times, yet whipped it on his shoulder again in a twinkling, and returned as sound a man as ever to the charge."†

When Charles Stuart's creditors, the "roguish shopkeepers at Bruges," are dunning him, clamorously and *en masse*,—in Horace Smith's novel,—the monarch pooh-poohs a courtier's apprehension with "Tilleyvalley, man! the mountain and the mouse!" One pat allusion. But when one fellow noisier than the rest holds out, and persists in roaring, Charles exclaims: "Have I no Walworth to mace this brawler on the sconce?"—which makes a second. Anon the Marquis of Ormond appeases the entire corps of malcontents; and a third pat allusion occurs in the King's question to him: "Did you charm them with the wand of Prospero, that you have so soon allayed the storm?"—followed by a fourth, of the same kind, in the Peer's reply: "I visited them as Jove did Danaë; a little gold and a few fair promises sent them away contented."‡

Mr. Lowell's rhyming *résumé* of Dana's poetical enterprises and want of enterprise ends with a pat allusion:

That he once was the Idle Man none will deplore,  
But I fear he will never be anything more;  
The ocean of song heaves and glitters before him,  
The depth and the vastness and longing sweep o'er him,  
He knows every breaker and shoal on the chart,  
He has the Coast Pilot and so on by heart,  
Yet he spends his whole life, like the man in the fable,  
In learning to swim on his library-table.§

\* A Lay of St. Romwold.  
‡ Bramletye House, ch. ix.

† Bracebridge Hall: "A Village Politician."  
§ A Fable for Critics.

Another American poet and satirist, Dr. Oliver Holmes, shall supply us with two characteristic illustrations: one from his onset at the transcendentalists, whose scorn he professes to court—

O might these couplets their attention claim,  
That gain their author the Philistine's name;  
(A stubborn race, that, spurning foreign law,  
Was much belaboured with an ass's jaw!)\*—

the other from a general essay on dress, and a particular section on shirt-collars, of which twin duality one is so apt to be an unruly member:

Choose for yourself: I know it cuts your ear;  
I know the points will sometimes interfere;  
I know that often, like the filial John,  
Whom sleep surprised with half his drapery on,  
You show your features to the astonished town  
With one side standing and the other down.†

Dr. Holmes gustfully affects allusions of this nursery-rhymes' origin, sometimes taxing a little the rusty memory of his readers (as in this "my son John" case), to know what he is alluding to.

Theodore Hook, referring to the delegation of power to weak or vulgar minds as being at all times perilous and imprudent, describes the necessities of society, which invest the tax-gatherer or the toll-taker with personal authority, as great and flagrant evils, the obvious results of which are impertinence of manner, coarseness of language, and an unqualified disposition to tyrannise—and then patly alludes to the known story of "an eminent brewer, now no more," who, "finding himself universally despised in all companies with which he mingled, his facts doubted, his arguments refuted, and his capacity questioned, enjoyed a pleasurable counterpoise for the miseries of his insignificance, in walking forth into the yard of his brewhouse, and kicking the pigs that were feeding on the grains. It was a triumph to his little mind to tyrannise over something that had breath and life."‡

In another of his tales the same novelist describes how Lord Snowdon's attempts at grandeur were always marred; "all his projects for self-exaltation were failures; and it generally happened with his lordship, as it did with the monkey in the fable, that when he jumped the highest he exposed himself the most."§

So again Rushton and Lydiard are reconciled to Jack Brag's obtrusiveness, by the reflection that, after all, he may do good; the smallest wheel in a great piece of machinery has its work to perform to keep all the rest going; and the story itself is designed to show "the wonderful utility of which the meanest and stupidest animal extant may prove; as *vide* the fable of the Lion, the Mouse, and the Meshes."|| A fable that has been prodigiously in demand, first and last, in the service of *eutrapelia*. One other example, however, of its employment will here suffice—and from a wit and humorist whose ample funds we have not hitherto drawn upon, Mr. Douglas Jerrold. "Don't look so scorn-

\* Terpsichore.

† The Widow, ch. vii.

‡ Jack Brag, ch. i.

† Urania: A Rhymed Lesson.

§ The Marquess, ch. i.

ingly," pleads little *Cherub*, when *Mabellak* finds herself in the Fleet Prison—"mayhap I can serve you." "You!" disdainfully exclaims the captive beauty. "Perhaps," rejoins *Cherub*—"for all I am but the smallest of the prison vermin. Once, you know, there was a lion in a net, when there came by a little mouse.—Can't I run for bail?"\* suggests the mouse, as a nibble to begin with.

Nor must our fast-narrowing space omit *one* example from the humours of Mr. Peacock, an approved good master of *eutrapelia* in nearly all its phases; who, discussing the obstacles that lie between love and matrimony, remarks, in one of his sprightly fictions, that the arbitrary institutions of society have raised, at every step, so many complicated impediments and barriers in the shape of settlements and ceremonies, parents and guardians, lawyers, Jew-brokers, and parsons, that many an adventurous knight, "who, in order to obtain the conquest of the Hesperian fruit, is obliged to fight his way through all these monsters," is either repulsed at the onset, or vanquished before the achievement of his enterprise.†

Sir Bulwer Lytton's manner of dealing with the pat allusion must also be glanced at. When Vincent sneeringly congratulates Pelham on his party winning the day, and therefore gaining the prizes, in politics, "Pray," continues his baffled lordship, "among this windfall of the Hesperian fruit, what nice little apple will fall to your share?" "My good Vincent," answers the good-natured dandy, "don't let us anticipate; if any such apple should come into my lap, let it not be that of discord between us." "Who talks of discord?" inquires Lady Roseville, joining them. Whereupon Pelham replies, "Lord Vincent fancies himself the celebrated fruit on which was written *detur pulchriori*, to be given to the fairest. Suffer me, therefore, to make him a present to your ladyship."‡

Again. Let childhood have its way, Mr. Caxton advises, and as it began where genius begins, in inquisitiveness, it may find what genius finds. "A certain Greek writer tells us of some man, who, in order to save his bees a troublesome flight to Hymettus, cut their wings, and placed before them the finest flowers he could select. The poor bees made no honey. Now, sir [to Mr. Squills], if I were to teach my boy, I should be cutting his wings, and giving him the flowers he should find himself. Let us leave Nature alone for the present, and Nature's loving proxy, the watchful mother."§ And as we listen to Austin Caxton, we see him point to his little heir sprawling on the grass, and plucking daisies on the lawn; while the young mother's voice rises merrily, laughing at the child's glee.

Here is another of Mr. Caxton's maxims, with an Aladdin allusion in it: "Master books," he bids Pisistratus, "but do not let them master you. Read to live, not live to read. One slave of the lamp is enough for a household: my servitude must not be a hereditary bondage."|| And elsewhere, speaking of the diffusion of literary taste—insomuch that whereas the literary *πολις* was once an oligarchy, it is now a republic—the

\* Doves in a Cage, Act I. Sc. II.

† Pelham, ch. lxvii.

‡ Ibid. part ii. ch. I.

† Nightmare Abbey, ch. ix.

§ The Caxtons, ch. iv.

same quaint, wise-hearted scholar goes on to say : " Do you not see that with the cultivation of the masses has awakened the Literature of the affections? Every sentiment finds an expositor; every feeling an oracle. Like Epimenides, I have been sleeping in a cave; and, waking, I see those whom I left children are bearded men; and towns have sprung up in the landscapes which I left as solitary wastes."\*

Next for one or two brief obligations to Mr. Thackeray, in this same *crédit mobilier* department. His allusions are of all sorts and sizes, ages and aptitudes, countries and climates. Sometimes to the tritest of fables—as in the stanza from "Piscator and Piscatrix,"

O loving pair! as thus I gaze  
Upon the girl who smiles always,  
The little hand that ever plays  
Upon the lover's shoulder;  
In looking at your pretty shapes,  
A sort of envious wish escapes  
(Such as the Fox had for the Grapes)  
The Poet your beholder.†

Sometimes to an old-world story, sacred or profane,—as in lines on the havoc wrought by female influence on the hearts and homes of the Yankee Volunteers:

Thus, always it was ruled,  
And when a woman smiled,  
The strong man was a child,  
The sage a noodle.  
Alcides was befooled:  
And silly Samson shorn,  
Long, long, ere you were born,  
Poor Yankee Doodle!‡

Again: when C. Jeames de la Pluche, Esquire, finds himself in a fix between his new love Lady Hangelina, and his old love Mary Hann, "There they stood together," he writes,—“them two young women. I don't know which is the ansamest. I coodn help comparing them; and I coodn help comparing myself to a certing Hannimle I've read of, that found it difficklt to make a choice betwixt 2 Bundles of A.”§

That shrewd *ensor morum*, Mr. Brown, treating (for his nephew's profit) on the subject of Cheap Swells, incidentally remarks: "To be sure, since the days of friend *Æsop*, Jackdaws have been held up to ridicule for wearing the plumes of birds to whom Nature has affixed more gaudy tails; but as Folly is constantly reproducing itself, so must Satire, and our honest *Mr. Punch* has but to repeat to the men of our generation the lessons taught by the good-natured Hunchback, his predecessor.”||

Of the Pendennises at Fair Oaks, and the company they kept, it is said, "If they were not the roses, they lived near the roses, as it were, and had a good deal of the odour of genteel life.”¶ This is one of the author's

\* The Cartons, part vii. ch. i.

† Thackeray's Ballads. (Lines written to an Album print.)

‡ Ibid. (The Yankee Volunteers.)

§ The Diary of C. Jeames de la Pluche, Esq.

¶ Thackeray's Miscellanies, vol. ii. (Sketches and Travels in London.)

|| Pendennis, ch. ii.

cherished allusions. It is used again, for instance, in describing the value set by Harry Foker on Pendennis, because of the footing the latter enjoyed at Lady Clavering's: "Pen had become really valuable in Mr. Foker's eyes: because if Pen was not the rose, he had yet been near that fragrant flower of love."\* The transformation visible in young Pen's old schoolmaster, when school hours were over, is happily set forth: "You would not have thought it was the same man. As Cinderella at a particular hour became, from a blazing and magnificent princess, quite an ordinary little maid in a grey petticoat, so, as the clock struck one, all the thundering majesty and awful wrath of the schoolmaster disappeared."† When Pen, in love with the uncultivated Fotheringay, worships an ideal of his own creation, it is said: "He supplied the meaning which her words wanted; and created the divinity which he loved. Was Titania the first who fell in love with an ass, or Pygmalion the only artist who has gone crazy about a stone?"‡ When Pen can no longer meet Blanche Amory by the river-side where he goes a-fishing, we read: "He came day after day, and whipped the stream, but the 'fish! fish!' wouldn't do their duty, nor the Peri appear."§ And another favourite and oft-repeated allusion of Mr. Thackeray's occurs in the description of Pen's feelings to Miss Costigan, after recovering from the Fotheringay frenzy: "For though this young gentleman may have been somewhat capricious in his attachments, and occasionally have transferred his affections from one woman to another, yet he always respected the place where Love had dwelt, and, like the Sultan of Turkey, desired that honours should be paid to the lady towards whom he had once thrown the royal pocket-handkerchief."|| Every one must have observed the frequency with which the Sultan's pocket-handkerchief is made use of,¶ nor ever without effect, in the inimitable author's diatribes on man's treatment of woman.

\* Pendennis, ch. xxxix.

† Ibid. ch. ii.

‡ Ibid. ch. v.

§ Ibid. ch. xxv.

|| Ibid. ch. xxx.

Mr. Thackeray is at least as fond as Mr. Macaulay of the Arabian Nights, and Eastern tales in general. No sooner is Pen's first magazine article accepted, and paid for, than he cries, "Thank God! I can make my own way now!" and Warrington ironically continues, "I can marry the grand vizier's daughter," &c.,—while Pen himself anon exclaims: "What an Alnaschar I am because I have made five pounds by my poems."—(Ch. xxxii.) Of Blanche Amory we are told, under the rose, that "when nobody was near, our little Sylphide, who scarcely ate at dinner more than the six grains of rice of Amina, the friend of the Ghouls in the Arabian Nights, was most active with her knife and fork, and consumed a very substantial portion of mutton cutlets."—(Ch. xxxvii.)

¶ One other example, from Miss Blanche's quizzical remarks during the courting scene with Arthur. "And so provided I bring you a certain sum of money and a seat in Parliament, you condescend to fling to me your royal pocket-handkerchief! *Que d'honneur!* We used to call your Highness the Prince of Fairoaks. What an honour to think that I am to be elevated to the throne, and to bring the seat in Parliament as Backsheesh to the Sultan. I am glad that I am clever, and that I can play and sing to your liking; my songs will amuse my lord's leisure." "And if thieves are about the house," says Pen, grimly pursuing the simile, "forty besetting thieves in the shape of lurking cares and enemies in ambush and passions in arms, my Morgiana will dance round me with a tambourine, and kill all my rogues and thieves with a smile. Won't she?" asks Pen, looking as if he did not believe that she would.—(Ch. lxiv.)

We cannot refrain from adding one other, and eminently characteristic, specimen

When Judge Pyncheon, in Mr. Hawthorne's romance, bends forward to kiss his young kinswoman, Phœbe,—unfortunately, just at the critical moment, that young woman instinctively draws back: "so that her highly respectable kinsman, with his body bent over the counter, and his lips protruded, was betrayed into the rather absurd predicament of kissing the empty air. It was a modern parallel to the case of Ixion embracing a cloud, and was so much the more ridiculous, as the judge prided himself on eschewing all airy matter, and never mistaking a shadow for a substance."\*

Mr. Shirley Brooks's best tale will supply our ante-penultimate illustration of this department of Eutrapelia: "It was known that the Cabinet was to fall. The Opposition trumpets, some of them brazen enough, had long been sounding, fierce as those of musquitoes, around the Ministerial Jericho, whose walls were already heaving and riving. But few knew how near was the grand crash."†

Another "pat allusion" from the same tale, but of quite another kind. The fascination suddenly exercised by a dashing flirt over a shy recluse is thus described: "Flora turned her superb eyes upon Eustace, and almost felt compassion towards him for the extreme helplessness with which he instantly dropped at her feet. As usual, the man made no fight at all. It was really no victory for her; it was the poor racoon on his tree, calling to the never-missing American sportsman, 'Oh, is it you? you needn't fire, I'll come down.'"‡

Last scrap of all—from Mr. Dickens's just-concluded fiction (soon to be followed, let us hope, for his sake as well as our own, by another and a worthier of his faculty and fame): "Mr. Meagles thoroughly enjoyed Young Barnacle. As a mere flask of the golden water in the tale became a full fountain when it was poured out, so Mr. Meagles seemed to feel that this small spice of Barnacle imparted to his table the flavour of the whole family tree."§

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of the author's Eastern allusions; it is à propos of the treatment of Fanny Bolton by Helen Pendennis and her niece:

"When our Mahmouds and Selims of Baker-street or Belgrave-square visit their Fatimas with condign punishment, their mothers sew up Fatima's sack for her, and her sisters and sisters-in-law see her well under water. And this present writer does not say nay. He protests most solemnly he is a Turk, too. He wears a turban and a beard like another, and is all for the sack practice, Bismillah! But O you spotless, who have the right of capital punishment vested in you, at least be very cautious that you make away with the proper (if so she may be called) person. Be very sure of the fact before you order the barge out: and don't pop your subject into the Bosphorus, until you are quite certain that she deserves it. This is all I would urge in poor Fatima's behalf—absolutely all—not a word more, by the beard of the Prophet. If she's guilty, down with her—heave over the sack, away with it into the Golden Horn bubble and squeak, and justice being done, give way, men, and let us pull back to supper."—(Ch. liii.)

There is grave thought, as well as light manner, here; to which commixture the reader will not, we hope, object; else were it better for him to skip Eutrapelia altogether, in the course of his monthly intercourse with this magazine. Trifling indeed would this dish of trifle be, were there nothing solid by way of substratum to the whole, nothing to digest, nothing to carry away. *Eutrapelia* were indeed, in that case, the mere foolish talking, which is not convenient.

\* The House of the Seven Gables, ch. viii.

† Aspen Court, ch. xvii.

‡ Ibid. ch. xix.

§ Little Dorrit, ch. xvii.

## A SWEDISH VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD IN THE YEARS 1851, 1852, 1853.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. BUSHBY.

Sydney, October, 1852.

ON Monday, the 20th September, we sailed at an early hour in the morning for the rock Eimeo, or, as the French call it, Morea, which is faintly visible from Papiti. On reaching it the same day, our commander, who was always anxious to give us every opportunity of extending our scientific researches, sent us ashore in two boats, whilst the frigate lay at some little distance. Entering by a small channel within the extensive coral reef that surrounds the island, we rowed towards a large town, which stretched itself at the foot of the hills along one side of the deep gulf. The whole island appears to be, if possible, more hilly even than Tahiti, filled with rocks in the form of columns, having sharp pinnacles, and with ridges lying between them covered with rich vegetation. Just under the highest and most pointed peak lies a valley respecting which there is an old tradition. The story goes, that a god, in a fit of violent passion, once cast his mighty spear down thither, and that immediately the waters from the deep gulf flowed into it, whose blue waves, reflecting the surrounding lofty, well-wooded hills, has ever since offered a splendid picture.

From the town, where the Kanak houses, like those at Papiti, lay almost hidden by thick groves of palms and cocoa-nut-trees, I wandered along the shore amidst guava bushes and fig-trees to the end of the beach, where the Swedish consul resided at a charming "hacienda," and where I obtained a guide, who conducted me over the swampy low land to the foot of the rocky cliffs. Nature wore the same appearance here as at Tahiti. This place was very interesting in a zoological point of view.

Eimeo was formerly known for its coffee and sugar plantations, but these have fallen into disuse since the French invasion. Oranges grow here in great quantities, and they are shipped to California for sale; we saw an English brig lying in the harbour laden with them. This island is remarkable for a mineral spring, whence the gas ascends in large boiling bubbles; a supply from this spring was taken on board our ship for use. We sailed in the evening with a favourable breeze, and soon descried Cook's Islands in the north. On the 28th we approached Savage Island, lying east of the Friendly Islands. As, about mid-day, we were passing tolerably close to it, our captain kindly proposed to give us an opportunity of increasing our collection of objects of natural history, and entered himself into the boat to land with us. The billows broke wildly on the rocky shore, and the island, with its forests of bare-looking, greyish trees, had almost the same dark, stern, hostile look as Chatham Island among the Galapagos group. We were not aware whether the island had received its name on account of the wildness of its natural features rendering it an unfit habitation for man, or on account of the savage and

inhospitable disposition of its inhabitants. Our ignorance was soon to be enlightened, however, for we had not gone more than two cable lengths in our boats from the frigate before the beach was covered with an immense crowd of men, and five canoes came rowing out to meet us. These canoes were very long and narrow, with an addition in front and astern painted like the rest of the canoe with white stripes. As they pushed boldly forward, now seemingly swallowed up in the trough of the sea, now riding on the top of a wave, they resembled crocodiles advancing in no very friendly mood. In each canoe sat five savages: one or two individuals among them had some sort of rag as a covering, but most of them were entirely unclothed. A number of raised spears glittered in the boats. The men invited us with vehement gesticulations to go on shore, and displayed bunches of ripe bananas to us by way of an allurement. But as their appearance was by no means agreeable, and we were entirely unacquainted with their disposition towards us, we thought it more advisable to return to the frigate than to land, where we would probably pass anything but a pleasant time, and might possibly be spitted and roasted as dainties for the dinner of the gentlemen savages. When they saw that we had altered our course and were going back, there seemed to be an immense stir in their canoes. The savages plied lustily their short, round oars, laid their heads upon their knees, then suddenly raised them up with a great jerk, and in consequence of their strenuous exertions they managed to reach the frigate almost at the same moment that we did. Upon our giving them a friendly invitation to go on board, one single individual at first ventured to clamber up on our deck, but as a score of canoes had now come out towards the frigate, we had soon a considerable number of visitors. Then followed a scene which had all the interest of novelty to us, for at length we saw the wild, uncivilised natives of a distant land unchanged by foreign influence; and memory recalled these now fast-fleeting days which afforded materials for voyagers to describe their interviews with savages. Attitudes and groups were exhibited that would have graced a painter's pencil, and amidst all the incidents of our long voyage, this one will be the last effaced from our memory, because it was fraught with the most originality.

The whole of our visitors were of the male sex, and most of them were under the middle size. The upper parts of their bodies were tolerably robust, but their lower limbs were not at all in good condition, looking weak and infirm. Their shining skins, of a copperish reddish hue, were smeared over with cocoa-nut oil; their features and countenances were not at all disagreeable; their noses were generally aquiline, their eyes black and sparkling, and their mouths well formed. Some of them had their hair cut close, others had permitted theirs to grow to a great length, and being also thick, it either spread out like a glory on all sides, or was fastened on the crown of the head, or at the back of the neck, looking like a bush. Some had ornaments hanging among their thick beards, and the ears of all were adorned with rows of teeth strung together, or with two long, projecting feathers. I did not observe that any of them were tattooed, but one had a dark streak painted on his forehead, and another on each cheek. None of them appeared to be provided with any articles of luxury, unless among such may be reckoned some mussel-shells, which one individual wore in a string round his neck,



and which are regarded among them as holy, and also a sort of apron tied round their waists, made of dried grass, in which, however, but few appeared, and which probably resembled father Adam's fig-leaves. They had all, without any exception, larger or smaller scars on their backs and arms—a proof that they had been accustomed to have sharp skirmishes among themselves.

The first who ascended the side of our ship literally sank down on the deck, overcome with astonishment at our "swimming land," and burst forth into exclamations that soon induced others to follow him. And when we brought out the dazzling stores of glass-beads and rings, and bright-coloured pocket-handkerchiefs, with which we had supplied ourselves in England, they evinced the wildest delight that human tongue, or human countenance, could express. And now a spirited scene of barter commenced—a veritable free trade. The frigate became quite a mart; the stern, the port-holes, the shrouds, the deck, all were crowded with savages, who offered for sale spears, fishing tackle, nets, cocoa-nut oil, neck and ear ornaments, fruit—in a word, everything that they possessed. At first they bartered those articles for our gay pocket-handkerchiefs; but when the blue, red, and white glass-beads were brought out into the light of day, they cared for nothing but them.

To see such a reddish-brown, naked, rough-bearded savage, with one hand clutching a spear, with the other stretched out for the glass beads, while every limb of his body and every feature of his face evinced by passionate gestures and expression—hope, desire, joy—and reiterated cries from his quivering mouth gave vent to his excited feelings—was really to witness an interesting dramatic spectacle. One savage gave three English sovereigns and half-a-crown for a string of glass beads, and when he had thus dearly bought the shining bauble, the self-cheating blockhead sank on the deck in an ecstasy of delight at his acquisition. Those children of nature might have taught us what relative terms good fortune and happiness are. Another went round the ship trying to sell a broken compass; a third, a fragment of a sextant; a fourth, a couple of English books. All this, in conjunction with their being in possession of English money, awakened in our minds the painful suspicion that some English ship had been wrecked, and its crew overpowered here. What might not have been their fate! Were these savages cannibals? We could not, by any means, find out anything from them, but their apparent violence of disposition made such an idea not improbable; and when afterwards, at the Friendly Islands, we made inquiry about their neighbours, we received this answer, "*No good*," and were given to understand that they had been in the habit of murdering and eating their missionaries. Occasionally they were at strife among themselves. Then cocoa-nuts, sugar-canes, and other missiles were flung at each other with wild fury from the canoes of the respective belligerents, and the whole quarrel, we were told, was conducted in the most barbarous and murderous way.

While the barter scene was going on, many curious little episodes took place. Some of the savages stood gazing at the cannons, muskets, pistols, and swords, expressing by their gestures the utmost terror, yet apparently not fully understanding the use of these weapons. Others tried races on board, and laughed with delight at the length of deck on

which they could run. Our captain's epaulettes and chaplain's spectacles astonished and pleased many; and when our band began to play, some of them went up to the musicians, tried to stuff their ears into the instruments, attempted to blow them, listened anxiously if any sound followed, and seemed exceedingly perplexed when their efforts did not succeed. At length they squatted themselves down before the band, listening with open mouth to the music, though many were too much engrossed with their glass beads to care for anything else. When our distribution of articles of luxury was at an end, and they found that nothing more was to be got from us, they sprang one after the other into the sea, like fishes into their own element, and swam to their canoes.

Our voyage was only marked the following day by the catching of a shark. This is always an event on board ship. It was amusing to see how every one rushed to the side to look at the rapacious creature, and to observe what glances of abhorrence were cast on him, as, gliding along, he showed from time to time his dorsal fin above the water. A piece of meat was thrown to the monster on a strong hook, attached to a long line, and when he had taken the bait he was hauled up on deck, where he lay in a fury lashing everything near him with his tail. But he was not long left in existence, for the sailors forthwith attacked him, some in anger, some in sport, but all glad to have a hand in destroying one of the much-dreaded tigers of the sea.

On the last day of September, the anniversary of the day on which we had commenced our voyage, we sighted the middle isle of the Friendly Islands, but the wind having changed during the morning, we made *Foua*, outside of which we anchored the same evening. On all sides we saw ourselves surrounded by fragments of land. In the distance, to the west, we discovered the three-sided, sugar-loaf-formed mountain of Rao, which is three thousand nine hundred feet in height, and by its side the somewhat lower Tofoua, on whose northern extremity immense columns of smoke ascended towards heaven from the burning, but not flaming, volcano. To the east lay three long straggling islands enclosed within one coral reef, and well protected from the wind. These were Haano, Foua, and Lefouga; and in the north there was a good deal of land, consisting of a number of smaller islands. The basin which opened to the east and west was filled with little coral islets covered with leafy trees, and with numerous coral reefs, of which, however, but a few were visible above water. Though, among these islands, there was a great variety in form and size, they all, with the exception of the two volcanic islands to the west, resembled each other in one respect, namely, that they were every one formations from the coral reefs, and therefore all low and flat, though thickly wooded.

While we were yet a good way from the islands, a canoe came out to us holding two men. The Christian name of the one who steered was Cornelius. They afforded a good specimen of the race of people we were soon to meet. Tall, fine-looking men they were, but without garments of any kind, except a girdle round their waists manufactured out of the bark of a tree, and as thin as paper. We bestowed some clothes upon them, and in the course of a few minutes they were in shirts, pantaloons, and frock-coats; to which we added belts, uniform hats, and even gloves, though the latter were none of the cleanest. They were delighted with

this, to them, magnificent costume, in which they strutted about like peacocks; but we, on our part, thought that their new finery did not become them at all, for they lost their natural ease of motion, and master Cornelius, in particular, looked extremely stiff and awkward as he resumed his post in the canoe. While on board they were delighted with the music, especially with the tones of the bassoon. We found them well-disposed, good-tempered fellows, who received with enthusiastic joy whatever we chose to give them: and no doubt they would look upon this day as a festival-day in their lives.

Early next morning I landed. It was with difficulty that we found a passage between the coral reefs, but having at length got in, we betook ourselves to an establishment belonging to a countryman of ours, who had been at one time Swedish and Norwegian consul at Tahiti, but had removed hither to carry on, in conjunction with an English company, a manufactory for producing cocoa-nut oil. This must have been a thriving trade here, for never have I anywhere beheld such numerous cocoa-nut-trees. I saw vast heaps of the nuts lying on the beach near the manufactory, and the work is carried on by means of a steam-engine from England. Our countryman's dwelling was a very airy one, standing on high posts.

Notwithstanding that the rain was pouring in torrents, I explored the shore and the adjacent woods. I visited also several of the huts of the natives, tasted their food, and obtained some of their articles of household use in return for glass beads and similar ornaments, though I found that they did not value these so much as clothes or empty bottles, which they found useful to hold the cocoa-nut oil when it was expressed first from the nut. My stay in the island having been only about twelve hours, I am not able to give a minute account of its interesting inhabitants. As I have already said, the whole island stands upon a coral foundation, and is low and level. Over the coral ground is a tolerably deep layer of rich fertile soil, and in this grow plants, which, in luxuriance, if not in beauty and variety, may be compared with the vegetation of any other patch of land. Although during the short time I was on shore I could not gather many herbs, I ascertained that the Flora here could number about 400 species. What astonished me was to find so slight a similarity to the vegetation in the islands we had visited earlier. There were of course many plants common to all, and perhaps these were the most important, but the general character was different. Besides the total want of hills, it was observable that the ferns did not play so conspicuous a part here as in the volcanic islands. Amidst the entirely new plants here we saw a sort of palm—a curious tree, something between a palm and a fern—whose stem was about as tall as that of a cocoa-nut-tree. Maize grew here in great abundance, likewise garden herbs, and the tea-plant, sugar-cane, and banana.

In the animal creation the same difference was also evinced. Wild hogs and fowls were seen everywhere. A number of birds with remarkably beautiful plumage enlivened the woods with their song, but there seemed to be few insects. A showy worm wandered over the coral rocks on the beach, but there appeared to be fewer lizards than at Tahiti. At ebb tide the shore was from four to six ells high, consisting of a solid coral wall, which, from the action of the water, had been worn away to

almost isolated blocks, which were so hard that the hammer could hardly break off the smallest piece of the uneven outer surface. These stony masses appear to be composed of several distinct formations.

The natives themselves were very different from the inhabitants of the other islands. Their dwellings were prettier and cleaner than those of the Tahitans, and splendid compared to those of the Sandwich Islanders. They were elliptical in shape, composed of bamboo posts of two or three ells in height, which, with a light and pretty plaited work, formed walls that could be moved aside at pleasure. They stood on a kind of platform, supported by poles, and a cool shade was thus thrown around the house. The roof was of leaves woven together over arched sticks. The interior of the huts did not consist only of a single room, but were divided by thin, plaited walls into three apartments, of which one was a sort of store-room, another a sleeping-place, and the third and centre division a sort of saloon, where, sitting on the mats which covered the floor, the inhabitants worked and took their meals. From the roof hung their dresses, and various articles of domestic use, while chests were ranged along the walls containing pieces of tapestry and other goods. In some of the huts were hung up some well-polished muskets; no other weapon seemed to be in use, for the few spears and clubs we saw seemed to be only relics from ancient days. The manufacture of tapestry and mats appeared to be their principal employment; and I saw some stuffs which evinced in their workmanship a great degree of perfection—they almost resembled fine shawls. There was not much furniture in the huts, but among the household articles was a hollow wooden vessel, in which they made an intoxicating drink, called *Ava*, which they enjoyed extremely. All their household utensils were brought from the Fejee Islands, whose inhabitants seem to excel in manufactures that require some skill and taste.

I have already given a slight description of our friend Cornelius and his companions. All the natives here appeared to be of the same type. The men had finely-formed heads, which they carried high and somewhat proudly, and they had fine figures. I should not think, however, that they had much muscular power, although they could carry fearfully heavy burdens. The women were not so charming as those of Tahiti, though possessed of more regular features. The skin of both sexes was copper-coloured, shining from being well rubbed with cocoa-nut oil. Most of the men were tattooed, but very few of the women. Almost all of them wanted a forefinger; this was as a memento of the time when, on the death of a kinsman, it was customary to parade their sorrow before others by mutilating or maiming themselves, and presenting the severed limb as an offering to their idols. It was a custom with the females to rub lime into their hair, so that it looked almost white, and then to frizzle it up very high over finely-carved combs. The number of women and children was unusually large; the latter were always adorned with two great "ailes de pigeon" by each ear, which made them look like apes. A number of old women were also to be seen—a proof of the good disposition of the people.

Many natives and descendants of the natives of the Fejee Isles, Navigators' Islands, and other groups of islands, reside here, so that there is a great mixture in the physiognomies and dispositions, for it is scarcely credible how dissimilar all these races are to each other. Doubtless they

all spring from one original Polynesian stock, akin to that of the Malays, but not only are their languages so different that the inhabitants of the various groups of islands understand each other with difficulty, but their physiognomies are very unlike. The dissimilarity in their dispositions and habits is still more striking. For instance, though living together, it is easy to distinguish the savage settlers from the Feeje Islands from the mild, kind-hearted natives of the Friendly Islands. Since the introduction of Christianity, however, more amalgamation has taken place, and soon, it is to be hoped, there will be among them but one God and one people, unless the original inhabitants should be extirpated.

Cook had good cause to name this group "the Friendly Islands," for the people who inhabit them are the most good-natured, hospitable creatures under the sun. If a stranger enters one of their huts, they shake hands with him in the most cordial manner, and offer him coconuts, papaws, bananas, bread-fruit, and meat, all served on fresh banana leaves. If you have anything which they would like to possess, they do not beg it of you, but if you give it to them, they always proffer something in return.

I have reason to believe that there is more Christianity here than among the other islanders; a Bible is to be found in every hut, and these Bibles have all the appearance of being in frequent use. As early as 1797 some missionaries from London arrived at Tonga-Tabu, the principal island in the south; three of these were murdered, and the rest returned home. In 1822 some Methodists established themselves here, but it was not until 1828 that Christianity began to be properly preached, and at this moment there are several native pastors spread over the islands. I visited one of their churches; it was a comfortable, spacious hut, with a pulpit in the centre of it, and the floor covered with soft mats. At a little distance, close to the shore, was the burying-ground, where, over the graves, simple mounds had been raised, adorned with flowers, and with small, coloured stones placed together in the most fanciful figures. Idleness appeared to be the besetting sin of these islanders. But there really is no inducement for them to labour in a climate and place where clothes and food may be said to grow of themselves, and mankind have merely to put out their hands for them. In the course of a few minutes they can raise their huts—their protection against the sun and the rain, their sleeping-place—and they require nothing more. A very scanty portion of clothing is enough for them. To quench their thirst they break a cocoa-nut, and drink its refreshing milk; their hunger is appeased by vegetables and delicious fruits of various kinds. The cocoa-nut, banana, and bread-fruit-trees afford shelter to their huts; from these trees they obtain all that they wish for on earth; without them they would not enjoy a paradise. They derive from the trunks of the cocoa-nut and palm-trees, wooden beams, canoes, and firewood; mats, baskets, ropes, cordage, and clothing, from their leaves; meat, drink, wine, oil, and many vessels of household utility from their fruit.

During my absence the frigate had been surrounded by a mass of canoes, which brought as visitors, not merely representatives of the common people, but a prince, the brother of the reigning king, and the governor of the island. Both of these distinguished individuals were

noble in appearance as in descent. The race, however, from which the governor sprang, was even more aristocratic than the king's family, and his looks did justice to his birth. Even in this primitive place the difference of caste was very observable. I was told that the visitors from shore were all charmed with our "big canoe," as they called the ship.

The Friendly Islands consist of three groups, and at present they are all under the government of one sovereign—King George—who is the first that has united them under one sceptre. His own name is Tautauhau, and he is a grandson of Mumui, who lived in Cook's time. He has had by no means a peaceful reign. Himself a Christian, and a zealous propagator of the new doctrines, he has been continually at war with the powerful pagan chiefs, and it was only lately that, with the assistance of the English, he has suppressed a widely-extended threatened insurrection. Tonga is the principal island, and its chief town is Nukunono.

Favoured by a fresh breeze, we made, on the 5th of October, this isolated spot called Solitary Island, which, high and romantic-looking, towered above the liquid plain, and was surrounded by coral rocks, whose green surface was covered with foam from the dashing waves. A canoe, with two natives and an Englishman, came off to the ship, but our visitors did not remain long on board, as our commander did not intend to stop at the island, the anchorage being very unsafe. The Englishman was a gold-digger from California, who had given up the uncertain search for treasure within the bowels of the earth for the peaceful calm of a lovely South-Sea island. He told us that the island had about four hundred inhabitants, a good, mild race of people, who, to please their missionaries, went to church three times a day, had given up the use of tobacco, abjured other "improprieties," and in all things resembled their brethren at Tonga.

I cannot refrain from saying a few words about the missionaries, though I am well aware it is rather a delicate subject to touch upon. In the statements published by them, one reads not only exaggerated accounts of the severe trials, the great discouragement, and the fearful dangers these pious men encounter at every step, but also of the excellent fruit borne by the seeds they manage to sow, the changes in heart and mind which they produce, the happiness they spread over the people and the country, and at these new dark, now smiling pictures, tears flow, sympathy and praise are poured forth, and, what is of more importance, golden contributions are bestowed. Let me not be misunderstood: I am far from charging the missionaries with charlatanism when they describe the converted as demons and themselves as martyrs. Far be it from me either to charge those with simplicity who give not only their sincere prayers, but also solid coin to promote the success of the missionaries. I am too sincere a believer in the power which religion possesses to transform and regenerate human beings to doubt its efficacy in many cases. One must be blind not to observe that Christianity is daily gaining ground among mankind; and it would be very unjust not to admit that the Lord has zealous, devoted, and faithful servants. But I protest against untruth in all shapes; and that untrue statements are sometimes given by the missionaries there is no denying; records of conversions which never took place are set forth;

and descriptions of sufferings and miseries are too often got up to awaken compassion and collect money.

The situation of the missionaries is by no means so trying as they often give out. Wherever, at least, we have traced their steps, we have seen that they have made the natives work to promote their plans for their own comfort; and that they have not only acquired spiritual, but also secular dominion over them. They do not drag out life in poverty, and are not condemned to the weariness of solitude, for they generally live surrounded by their families, and have plenty of worldly comforts.

What they are most blamed for, and what they deserve to be blamed for, is their great want of tolerance, which reminds one of the spirit of persecution that prevailed in the middle ages. It seems often to be rather a religion of dissension and hatred that they preach than one of love. The various sects that overrun these heathen lands, fight there with each other as if for life or death, and make use of every possible means to thwart each other's efforts towards being useful. This is particularly the case with the Methodists, to whom the Roman Catholics are a much greater abomination than the pagans who worship miserable idols. The Roman Catholic missionaries, on their part, are not less violent and intolerant. And it is these savages, these untutored children of nature, who are erected into judges of the Christian dogmas! And at the same time that they are told that Christ is willing to gather the whole world under his wings, that He is all love and compassion, that all are brethren who believe in Him, all united in the great atonement made for sinful mortals by Him, they are witnesses of the most fanatical persecutions and enmities carried on in the name of Christ! What can these poor, half-civilised creatures think of the *truth* of this doctrine of love, whose very teachers themselves act so entirely contrary to the spirit of love?

Too often have the flames of civil war raged among these islands, kindled by the missionaries, who would rather see the native races extirpate each other, and be swept from the land of their fathers, than that they should become converts to the creed of some other church party. The histories of the Sandwich Islands and of Tahiti tell of many bloody feuds. In the year 1844, a shocking war broke out in the Tonga Islands.

Wilkes, the chief of a North American discovery expedition, wished to be a peace-maker, but the Methodists cried, "Let the heathens become Christians or perish!" And they *did* perish by thousands, and among them many Christians. The accounts given of this affair stated that a battle had been fought in the cause of Christianity, but nothing was said of the thousands who had met death in these bloody frays. What a colossal lie to call this slaughter a Christian act! Is there any proof that it was productive of faith and good will? Ah! fanaticism does not enlighten, does not convince, does not inspire kindly feelings! It is not by preaching from morning till night, nor by long prayers, nor by dry lessons in moral philosophy, that a people can be worked upon who live in the midst of the poetry of nature, and of all the unsophisticated enjoyments that it affords. What is the happiness which the missionaries offer to their flocks? They deprive them of every innocent pleasure, they embitter their lives, they confuse their understandings, and awaken the wish for acquisitions that were not formerly thought of. But they do

not improve their condition, nor teach them those arts which might be useful to them. What is the meaning of the word civilisation, which is now upon every tongue? In Europe it embraces the idea of trades, manufactures, industry, knowledge, as manifestations of increased intelligence and purified desires. But the strangers have brought wants and banished peace, else how can the phenomenon be accounted for, that the native races are dying out, and that hundreds now are scarcely found where formerly there used to be thousands? And whence come all these diseases, all these vices, that were formerly unknown? When these good, gentle children of nature see that we come to them to teach them virtue and propriety, we, whom they learn to know from the unworthy and disagreeable aspect we present to them, must they not be inclined to exclaim to us: "Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye."

Yet I am far from denying that the philanthropic among mankind have not alone tried, but have, to a great extent, succeeded in spreading the word of God abroad upon the earth, and that many upright missionaries are to be found, with warm hearts and clear heads—men who are worthy heralds of the true faith, and who preach the Gospel in its own pure spirit. It would be well if the milder means used by these apostles of peace were more generally resorted to, and that mere fanatical enthusiasm were less prevalent. Above all, that blood should not be caused to flow in the name of the religion of Christ; that regions, each created a paradise by Nature, should not be turned into scenes of misery and desolation, and that those who profess to be the servants of God should not prove themselves to be wolves in sheep's clothing.

There was nothing in our voyage farther to the west that deserved to be remarked. On the 6th of October we passed the meridian, on the 18th sighted Howe Island, high and solitary, and on the following night we had one of those storms which, from the electricity of the air, the blinding and prolonged lightning, and the torrents of rain, reminded us of the Pamperos in the River Plate.

On the evening of the 21st of October we cast anchor in the large, magnificent harbour of Sydney, which shall form the subject of my next letter.

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## CRUSHED ON A SUNDAY.

BY E. F. ROWSELL.

VERY dreadful certainly, that of so many who but now were doubtless full of life and full of glee, some should be lying bruised and battered corpses, and others maimed and mangled in a manner almost too frightful to behold. Yes, it is very appalling, and the lesson to be learned from such a scene we would most gladly take to heart.

But is that lesson the lesson which would be suggested by the words "Warning to Sabbath-breakers, or God's Judgment manifested in the late Accident on the North Kent Railway," heading a placard in our oilman's window relative to a forthcoming discourse from a dissenting minister? Or again, has our own clergyman accurately described this calamity when he has told us that we must not be so short-sighted as to attribute the catastrophe to the carelessness or inefficiency of a railway official—we must look beyond this immediate cause, and remembering the wickedness of which these sufferers had been guilty in dishonouring God's day, feel no surprise at their punishment for breaking God's law? We purpose venturing a few remarks in reply to this inquiry. True, the subject is worn enough, and we have scarcely hope of saying upon it anything new, but the point at issue is so important and so serious, is debated still with so much earnestness, that a page or two may not be ill occupied by one more endeavour to arrive, concerning it, at a sound and satisfactory conclusion.

Now, in the first place, we cannot enter on the Scriptural argument. We have heard and we have read, we believe, all the reasoning which can be founded on the Holy Scriptures regarding this question. But we must candidly confess, without the slightest intentional irreverence, that we are always fearful of arguments based on Scriptural texts. It is difficult to speak our mind frankly on this point and to steer clear of an accusation of disrespect towards the Bible. Yet will you deny, reader, that you have often been staggered by apparent inconsistencies in the Bible, and then pained by the almost ludicrous manner in which some of our divines seek to remove these inconsistencies? Words in the Bible are too often saddled with a meaning which would be regarded as preposterous if forced on them when used elsewhere. Our learned men never seem disposed to sit down quietly before an unintelligible or irreconcilable text. They cannot rest until they have coerced it into something like harmony with other texts. There must be nothing hid from the light of their intellects, and the things hard to be understood must be fought and wrestled with until their mystery is torn from them and they stand fully revealed.

Heaven forbid that I should not learn my duty, my faith, my hope, in the Bible. Let me draw near to it for comfort in this life and encouragement to look for a brighter and a better; but there are many questions, albeit connected with religion, answers to which are so doubtfully set forth in its pages, that I dash away the fetters which a few isolated texts seek to cast around me, and in the flood of light shed by its broad, noble

truths which can never be mistaken, behold a surer, safer elucidation of every mystery than could be accomplished by the minutest inquiry and the most laborious investigation.

What strangely different interpretations are put upon the same texts. Some years ago we heard a powerful discourse upon the words "Where-soever the body is, thither will the eagles be gathered together." The text was used to sound an alarm to the careless and impenitent. Where-soever sinful man should be found, there in an after day would be gathered the eagles. No escape—no possibility of flight—on the very spot occupied by the risen body would be found a minister of vengeance ready, nay, eager to hurl to destruction the eternally lost. Now what a vastly different meaning was given to this text by a divine to whom we listened some time after. According to his view, "the body" here meant—not a miserable criminal, crouching before coming judgment, but the Blessed Saviour beneficently drawing all men unto him, and "the eagles," instead of representing terrible, avenging angels, signified good, holy men attracted to worship the Son of God.

Again, with what singular acuteness and force did we once hear a clever minister discourse on the extreme improbability of the sudden, instantaneous conversion of the dying thief on the cross. The very next sermon we heard on this subject was devoted to the showing the mercy of this one instance of clearly instantaneous conversion, and how grateful we should be for its occurrence. It is needless to multiply cases. The great truths of the Bible, they will stand fast for ever. The rock of man's salvation—every eye can see *that*. The sure hope to the faithful of everlasting life—no shadow rests on *that*. A broad flood of sunshine is upon the road to heaven. Oh, let us be content, and be thankful that the Bible teaches us so much distinctly and directly, and be satisfied with its only giving us the foundation upon which to settle minor and less important questions.

Putting aside, then, but without the slightest disrespect, the Scriptural argument, let us submit this question to the scrutiny of our reason, and dealing with it calmly and without prejudice, ascertain the conclusions to be arrived at concerning it.

Now, do Sunday excursion trains, and such like inducements to recreation on Sundays, turn from attendance at church any who would not otherwise be absent from the sanctuary? Those flaming posters in diverse colours, describing marvellously cheap trips to places which the walled-up citizen delights to think of, do they seduce the regular worshippers at church from their holy and laudable employment? We say, unhesitatingly, that of all those who go systematically to church on the Sunday, there is scarcely one who is even tempted to break his custom under the pressure of any suggestion of pleasure, however enticing. The fact is, attendance at church, like so many other proceedings, is pretty much a habit. It may be a very good habit—a very right habit, if you please—but it is nevertheless a habit. Jones, who sits before us at church, would be shocked at the notion of going to Brighton on a Sunday; and inasmuch as he would be perfectly sincere in his avowal of horror, who shall blame Jones? But when Smith would denounce such a suggestion even more loudly than Jones; and Smith, we know, is a monstrous sinner, albeit that he is never absent from church, invariably holds a plate after charity sermons, and sings

with a fervour which draws the eyes of the whole congregation upon him. Mrs. James is a conscientious woman, and she, we do believe, comes to church for a good purpose; but then there are the Miss Landerses, who are quite as regular as Mrs. James—only their desire is to——Well, as they are young and pleasant, never mind. Then there's that old Biggs, the crossing-sweeper. Have we not often wondered at his regular appearance in church immediately all the pennies have been gathered in, and been astounded at the vigour with which he has joined in the responses and psalms? Yet in his doing this lies Biggs's unprecedented success as a sweeper. He is making a fortune by sweeping. The rector favours him—everybody favours him; the old ladies favour him especially. But he owes his good fortune entirely to attending at church, and getting a character thereby. Biggs is a vile old hypocrite; never mind that, he keeps up appearances, and is worthy of prosperity.

Depend upon it that cheap trains, or anything of the character, have little or no effect in taking from church those who are in the habit of going to church. We all have a clear and distinct motive for our attendance, very difficult indeed to set aside. Whether I attend because it is respectable to attend, or because I admire the preacher, or because it is an easy mode of whiling away a couple of hours, or because proximity to my friends the Miss Landerses is pleasant, or whether I go from the possession of a faint shadow (oh, reader, let us be humble—who has more?) of the feeling with which I ought to go,—still, irrespective of everything else, there is a chain upon me in the *habit* of my going, which will bear the strain of a multitude of seductive influences striving to draw me away.

Now let us turn to the question—who are these whom the flaming posters *do* fascinate, and who do go by Sunday excursion trains, and indulge in other modes of recreation on Sundays? Friend reader, you may start back if you like, but here is the fact—there is an immense multitude of human beings in this professedly Christian country who never enter a church, who have no idea of a church, who really hardly know anything with reference to matters which may be learned in church, beyond that some day or other they will die, and be put in a coffin, and be buried.

Stirring up their intellects a bit, they may then venture a notion that if they do not during their lifetime do anything very bad, if they pay their way and do not defraud anybody, if they do not swear very much, do not often get tipsy, and are not dirty in their habits, then they may go to heaven; though, except that it is a place where there is no work to be done, their impression of heaven is the vaguest and mistiest that can possibly be conceived. Robinson, the little tailor hard by, puts on his blue coat on a Sunday and smokes an extra pipe after dinner; and that is his way of distinguishing the day. Higgs, the grocer, lies in bed the greater part of the day and reads the "Weekly Horrors." Wiggins, the lawyer's clerk, makes short trips into the country when he has the wherewithal, and stays at home smoking cheap Cubas when he has not. They are verily heathens, every one of them. Do we bear hardly on them? are we ungenerous when we say that these men have no religion? They have a sense of right and wrong, and they are very attentive to the law of the land. They are not by any means scoffers at religion, but they

look upon it, so to speak, as an extra thing, a sort of luxury, which people with leisure may very properly have regard to, but which is out of their way, their time is so completely taken up. Now what shall we do with men in such a benighted state as this? Supposing you had the power, would you take them by the throat, hurl them into the sanctuary, and bar their exit? Do you think any good would result from such a course? Do you imagine Robinson's heart would very freely absorb Divine truth, or Wiggins's intellect manfully grasp the doctrinal points which the rector would expound? Do you not rather think that at least in the immense majority of cases the result would be the reverse of that you would wish? Much we fear that the truth falling upon unwilling ears would only render more callous already cold and darkened hearts, and that this work, like every other work begun in the middle and not at the beginning, would not only end in failure, but would issue in a state of things worse than the last.

Now, surely it is something to get Nature to preach to these men. Robinson, who, poor wretch, is as completely a slave (or even more a slave in regard to the quantity of work which he performs) as any negro, whose head bends over documents the driest, the dreariest, and most wearisome, from the first thing on Monday to the last hour on Saturday, whose only recreation consists in a journey occasionally to serve a writ, shall I be hard upon Robinson when I say that his intellect is rather of Tom Thumb proportions, and the subject of theological inquiry would be about as palatable to him as a peremptory demand for his overdue rent? Yet poor Robinson is not a perfect blank; do not think that. Something of a heart he still has within him, and yet a few sympathies remain which may now and then be stirred. One of his poor little children died last year. He had six. Being needy, of course he has a large family, and five plump children, large eaters and requiring extensive garments, form his blessings. But this sixth child, who now is not, was a great contrast to the others. Poor little fellow! disabled from birth, what a martyrdom was his, and how patiently he bore it! On a tiny bed, in a room scarcely bigger up-stairs, lay that small, wasted, and wasting form, until the bonds were broken and the young spirit fled forth. The child had but one amusement during those years of suffering. As he lay by the window, his blue eyes fixed on the sky, and scarcely ever turned elsewhere: it was his only pleasure. Robinson never looks upward now but he thinks of that poor boy, and marvels whether his child can see him, still toiling on below. And especially his heart glows when he has a fair, full view of the heavens above him, such as he may get on a Sunday when enabled to quit the bricks and mortar for a few hours, and enjoy the inestimable luxury of a roam some miles from town. Not the most eloquent sermon of which he could be an auditor could preach to Robinson with one-tenth part the force with which the blue sky preaches to him on a fine summer day. The poorest specimen of our race, who, alas! may know nothing of a mighty Creator from his word, may feel the existence of a loving Father from his works.

Not only is the blue sky eloquent, but the fields and the trees preach—the very silence preaches—the deep calm preaches—the fresh air preaches—the sense of freedom, the thankfulness for rest, preach. Robinson's intellect cannot soar very highly, and Robinson's heart is sor-

nowfully contracted, but they may be reached through such influences as these, and, stirred and animated by them, there may come across his faint, worn spirit a gleam of heavenly brightness lighting the road to a heavenly home.

But take a lower grade still: take the mechanics, artisans, and labourers of the metropolis. A vast number of these, it is to be feared, not only do not go to church, but they employ the Sunday in modes most detrimental to their moral and social welfare. Robinson, just alluded to, would not do himself any mischief if left at home on the Sunday, he would merely reap no advantage from the day. But Barker, as a representative of quite the lower class, has, unhappily, a decided tendency to turn the day into a positive evil. Having nothing to do, and feeling very jaded and miserable, he suggests to himself to get drunk, and he does get drunk, and time still hanging heavily on his hands, he conceives the notion of beating his wife, and he does beat her accordingly. Then the neighbours, hearing her cries, run in, and a man interposes, and Barker fights the man, and gets sorely bruised, so that perhaps he can do no work on the Monday. Now, it is evidently absurd to take Barker to church while he is in such a state as this. How are we to raise Barker from this brutish plight? What ameliorating process shall we put in operation to raise and elevate him, so that we may hereafter find him in a condition which will give real hope of attendance in church proving advantageous? We do sincerely believe that here again we cannot do better than ask Nature for a sermon. Bright sun, broad heavens, green trees, preach to Barker. We would rather, certainly, he went to church, but even could we get him to church (which we could not) as he is now, he would nod over the prayers and snore during the sermon, and become more callous than ever. But in some moment, dear Nature, this poor creature may be stricken by *thy* teaching. The very happiness which he enjoys when witnessing thee is calculated to soften his heart. Here is something to be thankful *for*, and *who* is he to be thankful *to*? Once advance Barker as far as this, and thought leading to thought a fire may be kindled within him, which, with God's blessing, may never be put out.

Reader, do you know much about the courts and alleys in and about London? Pious lady, lying on a luxurious sofa, fanning yourself and complaining of the heat—pretty girl of twenty, district visitor, Sunday-school teacher, missionary fund collector, a perfect little saint in thy way—did you ever really examine the localities and dwellings of the poor about London? I declare to you that, except upon the score that God's goodness fits a man's back to the burden it is destined to bear, I am utterly unable to imagine how human beings can possibly exist in many of the inferior parts of the great city. Mercy! how stifling is the sensation which oppresses one even when hastily traversing them. How we hold our breath so that we may not inhale the abominable atmosphere into which we have entered. And if we, thus troubled only for a few minutes, shudder, shall we not deeply commiserate the life-long burden to be borne by those whose lot it is to know no other homes than these until they shall have been called to enter the common home of our race. They may, indeed, become very hardened and callous to sufferings which their

wealthier brothers and sisters would inevitably sink under, but poverty, privation, sorrow and sickness, are grievous ills. O God! incline our hearts to deal mercifully with the poor.

Will our revered minister turn us out of church next Sunday for that which herein appeareth?—and shall we be scouted by those of our acquaintance who *used* to look upon us as a pious youth? Will our protestations, that we seek to make the poor religious quite as much as the Sunday-school teachers, the district visitors, the scripture readers, the missionary fund collectors, and all the other regiments in the mighty army of combatants for religion, be utterly disbelieved, and we be summarily denied further communion with the good and saintly? Oh, lady, fanning thyself on the sofa, and complaining of the heat and denouncing the desecration of the Sabbath, be merciful! That bright sun at which you now murmur, and that blue sky which you care not to look upon, they breathe new life into many a wasted frame, and infuse new vigour into many a fainting spirit. And *must* the hearts of the lower classes be so dead that they *cannot* be grateful? Because only a coarse woollen shirt covers the breast of the poor man, can no worthy emotion arise within him? Nature talks to the labouring man in the language he can understand; and though, alas! she does in too many cases speak in vain, we will still maintain she is a most eloquent, effective preacher; her style is peculiarly adapted to the working classes, and the larger congregation she has the better.

Stick up the blue and red posters. Behold that thin, sickly man reading out, "To Brighton and back, three shillings and sixpence." How very pale and ill he looks. He turns with a sigh, and is wending his way to Deadman's Court hard by. It is Saturday afternoon. To-morrow we have charity sermons. I was going to give five shillings to the Ojibbeway Indians' Tract Society. "Hoi! hoi! my friend, you are ill; you want to go to Brighton? Yes, I thought so. Here is three-and-sixpence. Go by all means; it will do you good. And just a word: there is no reason why you should not take your Bible with you, and read it while you lie on the beach. Good-by."

I have now only eighteenpence to give to the Indians' Tract Society, but it will do. }

## THE BATHS OF LUCCA.

BY FLORENTIA.

## IX.

The Guinigi Tower—Count Marescotti—Ball at the Palazzo Orsetti.

At the conclusion of the examination, Count M. appeared, claiming our promise of allowing him to cicerone us round the city. He was in high spirits, and talked incessantly as we drove along, our party consisting of ourselves, the cavaliere, and Baldassare. "Come, Baldassare," said he, in his good-natured way, "sit down by me. You must take a lesson in national history. I dare say that much we shall see will be as new to you as to these ladies. Every man has his forte, and we all know yours is the ball-room, where you reign supreme." Baldassare smiled at this allusion to the "swiftness of his heels," and the cavaliere chimed in, declaring that there was "never a man" in Lucca that danced the cotillion like him. So, for once, we all started harmoniously.

We drove first to the church of the Franciscans, situated in a retired part of the town. Here, on a marble monument, is inscribed the name of the great Castruccio Castracani—a boot and part of the bones of a leg having been found near this spot, which tradition marks as the place of his interment. Nothing certain is, however, known of his grave; but the city has seized on these dubious relics as an opportunity of expressing the grateful remembrance in which she bears her hero's memory.

Here is also the tomb of the celebrated Cardinal Guidiccioni, the particular friend of the highly-gifted Vittoria Colonna, wife of the Marquis of Pescara, whom Azeglio has so happily introduced in his delightful novel of "Ettore Fieramosca" as the protectress of the persecuted Ginevra. I noticed on the altar a pair of crossed hands and arms, pierced with the marks of nails, and, on inquiring of the count, learned that they represented two of the five miraculous wounds ascribed by the Roman Church to St. Francis. "Your Protestant Church does not," said the count, "I know, believe in these modern miracles, but persists in denying the evidences of their truth, however convincing."

"Our Church," said I, "holds the entire machinery of modern miraculous interposition as useless and unprofitable, and affects entirely to ignore it; a view in which I cannot fully concur, for I have, during my residence in Italy, already seen and heard much to surprise me and induce me to modify my views materially on these subjects."

"You are right," said he, "to judge of these religious subjects without any conventional prejudice of creed or country. For," added he, his eyes beaming with enthusiasm, as he stood like some inspired preacher of good-will and charity on the steps of the altar, "are we not all Christians? Away with creed and Churches! Do we not all worship Christ? What are these vain distinctions, these miserable disputes—'I am of Paul,' 'I of Apollos?' Let the whole world unite in adoring that

divine Redeemer—let our minds be 'fixed on his immortal precepts. Then, indeed, shall we be all brothers—all common worshippers in one universal Church. Ah!" continued he, clasping his hands, and speaking with vehemence, "I long for, I desire, that happy day; I believe that the mercy of God will not allow it to be long retarded. Already, in imagination, do I see the wretched divisions and differences raised by schismatics, and maintained by ignorance and prejudice, annihilated, and the whole Christian world united in one fold under one shepherd."

"Such a consummation," said I, "will be difficult, unless both parties are prepared to make mutual concessions." . . .

The count, whose countenance still beamed with the anticipated realisation of his religious millennium, now descended from the altar, wrapped in a brown study, which rendered him unconscious of our presence. At the carriage all his natural politeness returned, and the visionary disciple of Savonarola passed in an instant into the polished gentleman. I have been told that his religious impressions are so powerful, and work to such an extent on his ardent imagination, that at times he entertains the most painful apprehensions of condemnation and falling into the power of the Evil One. These impressions are occasionally so vivid when his mind is particularly excited, that he often confesses three and four times a day! We all re-entered the carriage, and next drove into a narrow street, where stand the two spacious palaces of the Guinigi families—placed opposite each other—almost equal in size, magnificence, and antiquity. They are built of red brick (now mellowed by age into a fine rich tint), in the florid Italian style of Gothic architecture, with mullioned Venetian windows and heavily sculptured portals. The most ancient of the twin palaces, which nod to each other in dignified fraternity from across the narrow street, was constructed by Paolo Guinigi—one of the chiefs of this powerful family—who ruled the destinies of the republic for forty years. Attached is a lofty campanile, one of the solitary remains of those seigneurial domestic fortifications so universal in Italy during the confusion of the middle ages, when every man's house was literally *his castle*.

To ascend the tower of the palace Paolo had inhabited was the purpose of our visit; but as Count M., by reason of too much imagination, and Baldassare, by reason of too little, had neither of them any memory, the key and the guardian of the tower were not forthcoming, and we had long to wait with the old cavaliere in the large vestibule opening from the street.

"Ah," said he, "these young men—this gioventù—are all mad; they have heads, but no more brains than a pin! When I was a young man, should I have brought ladies to see a palazzo, and then leave them shivering in the hall because I had forgotten the key? No, per Bacco! those were not the manners of my day: such rudeness was never heard of at our court, where women were treated like divinities, as they ought to be. But the present generation—Bah! they are fools; they don't know even how to kiss a woman's hand."

Thus did the worthy old chamberlain grumble on until the gentlemen reappeared with the custode and his keys, when we began to ascend story after story of the lofty palace. As long as we were on the broad stairs this was easy enough, especially as at every landing an opening, like a



verandah, or gallery, showed us how well we should be rewarded by the view when once arrived at the top; but at last, having reached the summit of the palazzo, we began to mount into the tower, and here the difficulties of the ascent commenced. The custode opened a small door, when stretching above us appeared the bare walls of the hollow tower; sealed by insecure-looking flights of wooden steps, with very fragile banisters winding round the interior. It looked so dangerous, I hesitated whether or not to continue the ascent, but was assured it was perfectly safe. We all joined in entreating the cavaliere to remain below, telling him that really at eighty he ought not to be so frisky, and that it would be folly for him to attempt to follow us. He listened with great politeness to our remonstrance, but said he was determined to come, as he could mount the ladders as well as any of us, and was so obstinate that all opposition was fruitless. On we strode up the tottering stairs in anything but a happy state of mind. The last flight was dreadful, as there were several loose steps that shook between our steps. The old cavaliere slowly stepped on in the most persevering manner, supporting himself now and then on his large stick, but by the time we had reached the trap-door opening to the exterior, there he was beside us, smiling as composedly, and looking as fresh as if he had been our age. A most marvellous old man is this Trenta, as all who know him can testify, and quite a contradiction to the general opinion that a life passed at court, and amid the pomps and dissipations of life, is injurious to health and longevity.

The trap-door opened, and we emerged on a grassy platform. The platform was shaded by a cluster of ancient bay-trees that had grown and flourished spite of the wind and the storms of centuries, looking fresh and green in their old age as our aged companion, who was glad to sink on a seat to rest. The view was glorious. At our feet lay the fair city and all its elegant buildings, winding streets, numerous monasteries, with their low towers pierced by open galleries; ancient churches, divided from the streets by gardens and trees; open piazzas breaking the uniformity of the lines of streets, stretching away towards the several gates, all halted round by the strong walls, fringed with trees, and encircled by a broad extent of green esplanade, enclosing the beautiful city like a casket of beauty. On one side appeared the Duomo, with its long lines of extensive roofs and lofty campanile, just under the fortifications; farther on was the spacious ducal palace, rising out of its pretty planted piazza, and other notable churches and buildings all mapped out before us.

Beyond the walls the waters of the river Serchio wound in silvery lines through the smiling plains, teeming with cultivation. Mountains entirely hemmed in the level ground, of every shape, of every shade, from the sternest precipices of dark rocky crags to the green and fertile mountain, the little Borgos nestling amid the chestnut woods, and splendid villas peeping forth from amid the deep groves of bay and ilex. Opposite, at no great distance, was the hill of Monte Catini, famous for its mineral waters, crowned with glistening buildings. To the right, the vast expanse of the waters of the Lake of Bientina, whose low and marshy shores look redolent of fevers and malaria. Under the cover of those fertile hills by royal Marlia, surrounded by a perfect court of sumptuous villas dotting the olive woods, and rising heights swelling around it, terraced with long-trellised vineyards, crowning the undulations of the lower slopes. Above

towered the barren rocks of Pizzorna, their rugged summits unshaded by a tree, but sheltering the rich scene below from the keen winds. Towards the sea rose the mountains of San Giuliano, which are recorded by Dante as preventing Lucca from contemplating her implacable rival; Pisa; other ranges uprose in the direction of the Via Reggia and the Gulf of Spezia. But I was not allowed to drink in all the delicious beauty of this magnificent view.

The count, delighted with the scene, charmed with the prospect, pleased with our company, became violently excited. He rushed to and fro on the narrow enclosure until I began to fear he would end by falling over the battlements. He talked incessantly, and far from approving my quiet enjoyment of the scene, dragged me from side to side, by way of showing me every object and each point of view, until I was quite alarmed at his vehemence.

"Che bel giorno!" exclaimed he; "qual scena inantevole! Is it not divine? is it not transporting? I shall never forget this meeting, here on the top of the old Gainigi tower, under the shade of these classic bays. Are you not enraptured?"

"Indeed I am," said I. "But now, you must tell me the different remarkable objects, the points of view, the building below."

"Yes, yes," replied he, quickly, his burning eyes glancing at the surrounding scene, but let me have a few moments to *sfogare* all the emotions I feel. Remember, I am a poet; imagination is my world, the unreal my home, the muses my companions. I live in the clouds. The dreamy shadowings of my brain, and this scene—you—your sister—who like guardian angels here seem approaching your native skies—overcome me with a thousand emotions."

He walked to and fro communing with himself.

"Ah, he's fairly off," said the cavaliere. "M. is far too poetical for this world, and the fit is now on him furiously. I hope, Baldassare, he'll not jump over the parapet in his ecstasies."

Baldassare, who with his glaring eyes, and hands thrust into his pockets, had been contemplating his movements, laughed heartily. We all joined. I could not help it, for there was something ludicrous in the count's absolute abstraction. His lips moved, his features worked, and he had thoroughly wrought himself up to a pitch of the most extravagant excitement.

"Ha! ha!" roared Trenta, "questo è un bel vedere—all very fine—but give me a little plain common sense. Some of these days M.'s ecstasies will turn his brain, and he'll be lodged in a madhouse. I don't think at this moment he's in his perfect senses. Look at him striding about. Custode, per amor di Dio—fasten the trap-door or that gentleman will fall through. See how his eyes roll, how his whole body works. He's not safe, and I swear it by all the saints."

"Oh," replied Baldassare, "you are quite mistaken. I know him well: he is only composing, and we shall have an improvised sonnet shortly. He is extraordinarily imaginative, and when his mind is once set working, he is quite lost to all that is passing around."

I was inexpressibly amused; there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and here we had it exemplified. Trenta's comical countenance was packed up into the most farcical expression of terror and dismay,

and Baldassare laughed until I really began to give him credit for being something more than a handsome statue. How long the count would have continued in the clouds, I cannot say, but fortunately an unexpected event brought him to earth—or at least to the earth on the top of the tower.

A little girl, one of our party, had accompanied us—a fair-haired, delicate-complexioned, blue-eyed Saxon of some eleven years old. She had been wandering about, amusing herself in her own way, and unconsciously had seated herself on the ground in a kind of bower formed by the overarching branches of the dark bay leaves, to which her fair complexion and white dress formed the prettiest contrast. Instantly the count was transfixed. He paused, and exclaimed:

“Move not, sweet child, or rather, celestial muse; you are the very genius of poetry—Poetry herself descended in a vision. What can be more beautiful than that fair and innocent face, shaded by these classic bays, those white robes, too, floating in the breeze? Let me adore in you the muse whom I worship, and honour you as Erato, who, having left her golden harp in heaven, commands me to raise my feeble voice to sing her charms. Stay—let me wreath you with laurel. Remain, I implore you, while I prepare the crown. Here, custode, assist me—*su via, spicciatevi.*”

The poor man, looking utterly astonished at the ecstasies of the strange visitor, obeyed him, and we all tried not to laugh, with various success. The little girl sat in the bower as she was desired. When he had twisted the garland, he advanced towards the bower, took off his hat, and, kneeling on the ground, first offered it to her, and then placed it on her head. It really was a pretty tableau. The child was lovely, her head encircled with the dark green leaves; the count's glowing, inspired eyes, and noble countenance, lit up with all the fine fury of a poet, kneeling before her and offering the wreath, looked like some classical bard worshipping at the shrine of Innocence. The parapet of the old tower, the clouds that hovered over us, the distant view, the town spread out like a map far below, such a graceful group, with so mighty a background,—it was very singular. Years and years long hence I shall recal that hour with all the freshness of to-day.

When the child, who gravely lent herself to the allegory, was crowned, the count stood contemplating her, rapt in silent musing. I advanced towards him, and, touching his arm, claimed his attention.

“You are quite inspired,” said I. “Your whole being is engrossed by poetry; the present has passed from before you, giving place to the fervent visions of your soul. Let that soul speak in its own voice—the voice of poetry; speak to us, in the musical language of your native land, the thoughts that move you so powerfully. Improvise aloud what is passing in your mind.”

“Yes,” said he, “it is true, I am enthralled. The image of that pure and lovely child—these bays, planted amid the clouds—the strangeness of the scene—has powerfully moved me; and, instead of doing the honours of the town to you, I have been quite in another world—dreamy, misty, visionary, far—far away. But,” continued he, passing his hand over his face, and seeming to collect his scattered thoughts, “if I once express my feelings, the vision will pass by, and I shall be myself once

again, and more worthy of your company. Give me a paper and a pencil; and I will write down the thoughts that have occurred to me."

Fortunately, the old cavaliere had a pencil, and some one else the back of a letter. The count took them, and, seating himself before his little muse, who, still pleased at the scene, sat motionless in her leafy bower, he in a few moments had written a sonnet.

"Oh!" cried I, when he had concluded, "give me, I implore you, those lines. I shall value them so much. They are beautiful, I am sure, and will be doubly valuable by association. Count, pray give them to me." And I seized his hand. But, regardless of my entreaties, he suddenly crushed the paper, and, rushing forward, in an instant had flung it over the parapet. "Why have you destroyed them?" cried I. "How unkind—how cruel. I would have kept and prized them always."

"Scusi, cara signora," said he; "they were too hurried—too imperfect for aught but the moment; but if you will permit me, I will write another sonnet on the subject that I will endeavour to make more worthy of your acceptance."

"Ah! never," cried I, "can you recal this charmed hour so as to write as vividly, as fervidly, as it were, from the heart. Even your skill cannot accomplish this feat. Why, why did you throw the paper away?"

"Indeed you did wrong," said the cavaliere; "the sonnet would have been excellent."

"It would have been superb," added Baldassare, who flattered the count, in consideration of his birth and connexions, not a little; "non era possibile di far meglio. We all know your genius, count."

But the verses were gone, and our lamentation would not bring them back. The little Genius of Poetry came out of her arbour, but would on no consideration resign her wreath; and the count plucked a sprig of bay for us all to wear, as he said, in remembrance of this delightful excursion. I again turned to the beautiful scene stretching around us, and begged him to tell me the names of some of the numerous ranges of mountains that reared their lofty summits in terraced grandeur to the clouds.

"There," said he, pointing in the direction of the Serchio, that topmost range, with indented zigzag tops and deep rocky precipices, "are the mountains of La Pagna, some of the loftiest of the Apennines. The twin summits of those two mountains, almost equal in height, that unite beneath, are in the direction of Massa and Carrara, joining that famous chain from whose bosom is torn the snowy marble that decks the palaces of princes, or serves to develop the genius of the sculptor. Yonder steep hill, terminating the narrow valley before us, crowned with a castle, now looking like a dot in the clouds, is the castle of Bargilio, over the Baths of Lucca. Is it not beautiful? How gorgeous are the colours, the tints on the mountains, the variety of the landscape—plains, woodland, forest, barren mountain-tops blending into a sublime whole—worthy of the hand of that great Creator whom we all adore and worship. Methinks here I can realise the poetical image of Jean Paul Richter, that the morning is a rose, the day a tulip, evening a lily, and night the morning, ever renewed fresh in immortal youth."

I was delighted at his enthusiastic language; and, as we leaned over  
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the parapet, somewhat apart from the rest, I wished that time would pause, and not hurry us from the old palace. "See the city at our feet, how she lies stretched out before us, shrouded in an emerald robe of loveliness! What classical recollections rise in my mind as I behold those ancient buildings and those venerable walls, once the bulwark of her independence! for, though small, Lucca, as a republic, was respected and feared by even her mightiest neighbours. Great names are connected with our city: Julius Cæsar ruled as our proconsul, and trod these very streets on which we now look down. After his conquest of the Nervii (those most savage and intractable among the Gallic tribes, of whom he slew in one day sixty thousand in the recesses of their native forests), he crossed the Alps, and returning into Italy, wintered on the banks of the Po; from thence he came to Lucca, where the most illustrious personages went from Rome to salute him. Pompey and Crassus were among them. The streets were crowded with armed lictors, attending their masters, who loved to display all that pomp of power prevenient to the decay of the tottering republic. It was at this time that Domitius—Cæsar's enemy (then a candidate for the consulship)—boasted that he would ruin him; but Cæsar, seizing the opportune moment afforded by his recent success, and his meeting with Pompey and Crassus at Lucca, formed the bold plan of mounting the universal throne by means of his deadliest enemies, who, rather than see the supreme power vested in each other, united to exalt him whom they both equally feared and hated. The first triumphate was the consequence of this meeting; and as long as Cæsar stayed within this city he was accompanied by two hundred of Rome's noblest senators, as guards, or hostages of the fidelity of the capital. Here was the magnificent Countess Matilda—daughter of Duke Benifasio—born; and here this friend of Hildebrand and the powerful ally of the Church held her court, and by her counsels, assistance, and the rich legacy of her patrimonial dominions, she founded the temporal power of the Popes, afterwards enlarged and consolidated by Charlemagne. Living as she did in the very midst of the conflict between feudality and the increasing power of the Church, she nobly aided the latter in gaining its signal triumph over tyranny, ignorance, and cruelty, and received the just reward of her talents and virtues, by being interred within the glorious shrine consecrated by the Church to the chief Apostle. Five centuries after her death, Urban VIII. removed her body from Mantua, and deposited it in the stately monument where, guarded by the statue of Bernini, it now reposes.

"Here, in the fifth century, came Charles VIII. of France, called by the ambitious Ludovico Sforza, the usurper of Milan, to achieve the conquest of Naples, and was received with festivities, pomp, and rejoicings. Here, too, came the mighty Emperor Charles V., from the farthest side of the Alps, to meet in solemn conference the Roman Pontiff, Paul III., under the roof of the cathedral hard by. But," continued the count, "remarkable even among all these shadowy recollections of earthly pomp and grandeur, suggestive as they are to the historical student, is the remembrance that this city is the Geneva of the Italian Reformation, and that these walls resounded to the teaching of

the Reformation. Such progress had their doctrine made, that it was solemnly debated in the council of the city if they should not openly declare themselves a Protestant community. But their schismatic intentions were frustrated by that very meeting of the Emperor and the Pope. I have mentioned who united their authority against it. The Protestant converts being soon after obliged to fly, Lucca remained still embraced in the great fold of the Catholic Church. Much as I, being a Catholic, ought to rejoice at this happy consummation, I cannot approve of many of the measures adopted towards them. It was the same Church who blindly, wilfully used its prerogative in condemning to the flames the inspired prophet Savonarola—that saint, whose advent lighted up once more the beacon of truth, dimmed by the superstitions accumulated during the dark ages—that glorious disciple of a glorious Lord.”

Now at the name of Savonarola I began to quake, for I knew this was a subject on which the count was particularly *tête montée*, and I anticipated an interminable oration, much less interesting to me—who rather share the general opinion that Savonarola was somewhat of a fanatic—than the other subjects on which we had been conversing. But fortunately the old cavaliere, who had grown quite tired, having vainly watched for a probable termination to the count’s oration, came to the rescue.

“Count,” said he, “if I stay up here in this wind any longer, I shall have an attack of rheumatism. Do you know how long we have been here already?”

“No,” replied the count.

“Then I can tell you—for I am neither a poet, an improvisatore, an antiquary, nor a saint—we have been sitting here three mortal hours. *Corpo di Bacco!* it is an eternity. *Voglio assolutamente scendere!* Ecco venite! Custode, open the trap-door.”

The cavaliere spoke angrily. The count was in an instant all politeness and consideration.

“Caro mio amico!” said he, “I would not allow you to descend alone on any account. A thousand pardons for keeping you so long. I had not the slightest conception how the time had fled. Such an audience,” turning to us, “would make any man forget the passing hour; and I have been so delighted with our romantic excursion. Pray forgive me, my dear cavaliere, and allow me to assist you.”

“Grazie, grazie!” said Trenta, now quite in good humour, for his anger was the most easily appeased thing in the world.

But a general cry was raised for Baldassare, who was not to be discovered.

“Why, where the deuce is the boy?” cried Trenta. “He’s never been practising his steps for the new polka masurka, and taken a false one over the parapet?”

We searched for him, and, as the space was easily looked over, soon discovered him, stretched full length on a wooden seat, fast asleep, under one of the bay-trees.

“Come, count,” said the cavaliere, “can’t you compose another sonnet to this sleeping Adonis? Don’t he inspire you?”

Being called, and punched and pinched various times by the cavaliere,

who was charmed to tease him a little, Baldassare opened his eyes in great bewilderment, after stretching and yawning for some time.

"Mille diavoli!" cried he, "why, you needn't pinch me so. *Giusto Cielo!* I shall be black and blue. What could I do but go to sleep? Nobody talked to me. There was M. holding forth to the ladies, and hunting the Genius of Poetry, and Trenta so cross, he won't even quarrel with me. So what could I do, *Santa Madonna!* but sleep?"

"Well, I fear you have learned but little about Julius Cæsar and the antiquities of Lucca," said M., smiling.

"*Al diavolo!*" said Baldassare, "what in the name of Heaven are they to me? But I protest you, cavaliere, have hurt me very much, and the next time that I go to sleep in your company I'll trouble you to have a little more consideration for my skin, and not rap me as if I were made of parchment; it's what I don't understand."

The cavaliere roared with laughter, and Baldassare, looking very wrath, and rubbing the various hurts inflicted by the fingers of the mischievous old chamberlain, descended the wooden stairs in an exceedingly bad humour.

When we had reached the bottom, the custode showed us into the garden belonging to the palazzo, enclosed with lofty walls like a monastery. Luxuriant beds of flowers lay in wild tangled masses over the parterres, divided by gravel walks. Large magnolia-trees, loaded with snowy blossoms, joined to the orange and lemon-trees in full bloom, scented the air deliciously. In one corner was a small wood, with statues and a hermitage. Bearing me on his arm, M. rushed into its recesses, but was so resolutely followed by Trenta, that he had no opportunity of again becoming inspired. Along one side of the garden were the suites of rooms inhabited by General Guinigi, the solitary remnant of this noble line. Here he lives alone, in the lonely halls of his magnificent palace. The windows descended to the ground, and we entered one of the vast apartments, furnished with all the refinements of modern taste, the tables covered with curiosities and books. Here is the celebrated picture of the heroic Castruccio Castracani degli Antelmelli, the only likeness of him extant. The features are the very perfection of manly beauty: a full, expressive eye, finely marked eyebrows, chiselled nose, and a mouth classically small, yet with a look of mingled sternness and gentleness, are admirably characteristic of his life. He is clad in silken robes, trimmed with ermine, the insignia of the princely and ducal power conferred on him by the emperor. It is one of the most interesting portraits in Italy, and has long been multiplied by engravings. General Guinigi, of whom more anon, was from home. The cavaliere, whose good breeding was sadly shocked at our entering the room in his absence, scrupulously laid his card on the table, apologising to the custode for our intrusion, by saying we were foreigners and strangers.

The afternoon had now become evening, and the waning light warned us to return to the good old palazzo—the *Universo*—where dinner was awaiting us. The cavaliere dismounted at his own home—one of the largest and most ancient palazzos in Lucca, where report says he only inhabits two rooms; for though immensely rich, he is accused of being extremely penurious. The young *Æsculapius* disappeared at the paternal

establishment, where medicines are sold under the superintendence of his father, a very respectable medical man. The count, not residing permanently in Lucca, made his way to a neighbouring trattoria. We were to prepare for the Countess O.'s ball that evening, given in honour of the *fêtes* of Santa Croce, for which she had kindly sent us invitations.

Countess O., whom I have often had occasion casually to mention, is quite the Lady Paramount of Lucca, and receives in the most splendid manner in her very magnificent palace. She resides with her unmarried son, who, although arrived at years of discretion, and the real possessor of the large revenues, amounting to upwards of twelve thousand a year—an immense fortune for Italy—is in all respects subject to her will, obeying his haughty mamma with the alacrity of a child dependent on her bounty. He prefers petticoat government and residing at Lucca to all the gaieties of Paris or Vienna; for having visited the various European capitals, he declared on his return that he saw nothing in them to compare to his native city. So much for the taste of the young count.

On arriving at the palazzo we found the large portals thrown wide open, the lights in the vestibule shedding a broad glare across the street, where crowds of dirty beggars and nasty children pressed on us as we descended from the carriage. Five or six stalwart *camerieri* in handsome livery received us, the major-domo, a majestic-looking personage, assisting us to disembarrass ourselves of shawls and wraps. He then opened the double door of trellis-work, painted green like Venetian blinds, leading to the reception-rooms, everything in the lower suite, which are the summer apartments, being done with a reference to air and coolness. In the first ante-room (of which in every well-arranged palazzo one invariably traverses two or three before arriving at any livable apartment), rustic chairs were arranged, and a sofa placed under a delicious little arbour, formed of light iron-work, over which were wreathed real creepers in full flower. A glass door, shaded by curtains, leading to the first room, was thrown open, and as we entered the brilliantly illuminated apartment, Madame O. advanced to receive us, with the *empressé* politeness usual with Italians. She is no longer young, but is still a remarkably fine-looking woman, extremely dignified in her bearing, with an expression of hauteur that rather contrasts with the studied courteousness of her address. Her hair is fair, and still beautiful, and her neck and shoulders, which are white and smooth as satin, were certainly not concealed by the berthe of gold blonde trimmed with pearls, which she wore. Of course she addressed us in Italian (although, like all Italian women of rank, she speaks excellent French), asked how long we had been at the Bagni, how we liked Lucca, and a variety of other chit-chat questions. She then presented her son, the young count, who is about three or four-and-twenty, a *bourgeois* young gentleman, without a *soupon* in either air and bearing of his noble birth. Strange that nearly all the young Lucchese nobles are so insignificant in appearance and manner. The countess placed us in the front row of chairs, which were arranged in lines near the piano, as a private concert was to begin the entertainment, and seated herself beside me, speaking of her residence in England, her admiration of the country, and various other well-turned phrases. Soon her attention was called to her rapidly arriving guests, and



I was left alone to observe the scene around. The room was nearly filled with ladies, ranged around on divans or ottomans; the gentlemen keeping quite apart, either in the doorways of two other rooms, right and left of the centre one in which we were, or retreated inside, altogether out of sight. Innumerable glass chandeliers shed a brilliant light around; the windows were thrown wide open, allowing the crowd assembled in the streets to stare in *à volenté*. Walls, divans, chairs, and *portières*, were all of rich crimson silk damask; these latter, the *portières*, superbly embroidered with the coronet and arms of the family; vases and bouquets of exquisite flowers covered the consoles and tables, arranged in patterns and *concetti*, with a perfection incomprehensible to any one who has not seen the finish to which this "flower painting" is carried in Italy. The guests arrived in rapid succession, all in the most beautiful toilettes, fresh as if just arrived from the *atelier* of the *modiste*, very different to the shabby gowns, tumbled trimmings, and crushed flowers one often sees even in a first-rate London ball-room. The young ladies generally were extremely handsome, not of the pale, olive-complexioned, lustrous-eyed, black-haired beauties of the Romagna, but fair-skinned, fresh, blooming, full-cheeked damsels, inclining perhaps a trifle to the *grisette* style. The fashion of wearing natural flowers in the hair and dress was very general, and the wreaths that ornamented their pretty heads were arranged with a taste and regard to colours worthy of Isidore himself. First and foremost was the lovely Theresa Ottolini, the belle *par excellence*, with white flowers twisted into braids of her rich chestnut hair. She was surrounded by a bevy of lovely girls, whom she was amusing with some diverting anecdote, for they all laughed with that ringing joyous laugh one rarely hears after sweet seventeen is passed away. The Countess Nobili, too, was splendid, her pale, statuesque complexion, dark eyes, and raven hair, offering more of the Italian type. She was dressed in white and lilac, and looked exactly as if she had walked out of an old picture. The pretty Baroness was radiant in an unexceptionable pink dress. Her pale, pensive face is very pleasing, and one sighs to think how that innocent child-like expression will give place too surely to intrigue and deceit as soon as she passes from innocent girlhood to matrimony; for how can she expect to escape the contagious effects of national example?

Our old cavaliere hovered about our chair, proud of his ladies, the only English present, and Baldassare, somewhat humbled by the presence of the grandees, bowed to us from one of the doorways. As this was the first thoroughly Italian reunion at which I had ever "assisted," I of course observed everything narrowly.

The guests having all arrived, Count O. took his place at the piano, and ran over the keys in such a masterly manner, that one at once perceived that his reputation of being one of the first amateur performers in Italy was quite deserved. A chorus was first sung by gentlemen; then came a solo, which was exquisitely sung by a tenor—one of the sweetest voices I ever heard; and, after that, a trembling young lady executed a piece of Thalberg's. She played neither better nor worse than other schoolgirls, and was therefore decidedly *de trop*, as I hold instrumental performances, unless not super-excellent, to be intolerable. She sat down

very pale, and rose, on the conclusion of the *morceau*, extremely red—was, of course, highly applauded—and returned to her seat in a great flutter. A lady now approached the piano, conducted by Madame O., who was evidently considered the *prima donna*. Madame — is verging towards forty, but has still the remains of much beauty. This lady executed a duet from “*Le Nozze di Figaro*,” together with a bass voice, and never did I see any living creature in such a state of agitation; the whole body worked and quivered as if the notes came out of her waist instead of her throat. As to her face, it was contorted into such painful grimaces I could not look at her—it was really too terrific. She sang with wonderful execution; but how could any performance charm that seemed to threaten an attack of convulsion every instant?

The concert was now over, and all the company adjourned to the adjoining saloons, hung with blue satin and blazing with light, being prepared for dancing. The band struck up a waltz, and the gay Lucchese were soon whirling round with marvellous rapidity. I have already noticed how much better the Italians dance than the English, specially the men, our gallant John Bulls being anything but desirable partners; whilst here it is almost impossible to find a gentleman who is not quite a *maestro di ballo*, thanks, I suppose, to the early training at the colleges, where dancing is considered part of a *classical education*. Young Medice footed it with the best, and I was surprised to see that this most decided bourgeois danced indiscriminately with all the noblest dames, none appearing to think him beneath their notice; even the haughty Marchesa A., bowing her swan-like neck, accepting him as her cavalier. The old cavalier instantly resumed his old occupation of marshalling the dancers, and was as implicitly obeyed as at the court balls, the countess having given him *carte blanche* to manage the whole company.

After having danced with Prince Raspoli—who, by the way, is an exception to my rule, for he dances atrociously—and with the son of the prefect, I sat down to rest, oppressed with the extreme heat of the room.

The Baron de —, a fat little man, looking like a supernumerated Cupid, danced furiously, and flirted too, but, on the whole, the manner of all the ladies was far more reserved and quiet than in English society. Extreme tranquillity and reserve marks the high-bred Italian lady in general society, and the gentlemen almost entirely abstain from those public expressions of admiration, called *flirting*, in England. Did an Italian lady permit the same amount of public attention, and accept it as smilingly as many an Englishwoman most innocently would do, she would be set down in Italy as quite *tum-di-dy*, and treated accordingly. Every one would think she had tumbled into some *grande passion*, and was veritably intriguing *à toute outrance*, so little do they comprehend the reserve of our private manners as compared with our vivacity and frankness in society. With us it is *reality*; here it is *appearances* which are so scrupulously attended to. Indeed, between the various dances the gentlemen all retired into the centre saloon, leaving the ladies quite alone, and only re-entered when the music again struck up to claim their partners. I made my way into the last room of the suite, a splendid apartment, where various elderly groups were playing at cards, or reclining in little circles on the sofas and settees. There

was a mass of flowers of immense size arranged in a flat dish, in a pattern so beautiful that it would have sent every one at a Chiswick *fête* wild with admiration; but here they are used to see this pretty floral patchwork, and don't observe it. Beyond this room was the countess's bedroom, also thrown open, where many little knots of ladies collected to chat. This apartment was furnished with Parisian luxury, and was not the least worth seeing of the whole suite. Consoles and tables were arranged with essences, flowers, and valuable porcelain, and the toilette, with its enormous mirror and superb display of plate, brilliantly lit up, was quite princely.

These lower rooms are, I am told, not to compare, however, with the upper suite of apartments, infinitely more spacious and gorgeous in their decoration; but these are only occasionally thrown open, and then only in winter. On our return into the ball-room the cotillion, that most characteristic dance, was forming. I should not, for my part, have objected to a little supper, but there was none, only trays of ices and drinks, all so outrageously sweet they quite sickened one. A great commotion delayed the beginning of the dance, Madame N. having discovered a large tarantella rising on the wall behind her. No one seemed to like to touch it, and the creature ran up and down to the great terror of all those placed at that side of the room. At last, a handsome Italian, very like Charles Kean in one of his most becoming "gets-up," secured it in his handkerchief, and quiet was restored. I was fatigued with the various excitements of our long day, and took but little interest in the foolish figures of the cotillion arranged by Prince Ruspoli. As I sat on the divan, waiting my turn to be called, I fell into a moralising mood as I observed the passing scene. All looked so *comme il faut*, so proper, reserved, and well-bred—the ladies modest, the gentlemen quiet, and the whole company *retenu* to so remarkable an extent—that a stranger might have believed that all the gallantries of the fair Italians—the want of principle and manliness in the men, who are said to smile, encourage their own dishonour, and applaud the success of their wives, the tales of Cicesbeos and lovers, and all that—were sheer wicked invention, and all utterly false. Let us not lift the veil.

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## STEIN'S MEMOIRS.\*

1809—1814.

WE have seen Baron von Stein as the victim of his devotion to the good cause, proscribed, banished by foreigners who usurped authority in Prussia; in the present paper we propose to narrate the various measures he took to gain the victory over his powerful adversary, and the unswerving energy with which he urged on the princes the necessity of removing Napoleon from the throne of France, as the sole security for the future welfare of Europe. It is just possible that a spice of vindictiveness was at the bottom of his unrelenting perseverance, and that Stein's own prosperity depended on the overthrow of the great man, who had appeared on the scene as a modern Attila. But we will prefer to leave this consideration out of the question, and merely relate the facts that occurred without trying to explain the motives.

When Stein had obtained a present shelter from the generosity of Austria, the King of Prussia did not hesitate a moment in blindly following the temporising policy recommended by Alexander, and a visit to St. Petersburg fully confirmed him in his ideas. Gneisenau wrote on this subject very sharply to Stein: "The journey to Petersburg has a fearfully enervating effect. The emperor believes he has done wonders by promising to send a corps against Austria in case she assumes the offensive. Our court will, consequently, do very little, unless the enthusiasm of Austria drag it onward. This Alexander was born as a curse for Prussia. In 1805, he rang the storm bells before any preparations had been made. The war was arrogantly announced; he marched into Moravia, and he marched back again, after receiving a very sharp lesson. He then allows his troops to disband, not foreseeing the speedy outbreak of war. His assistance is as ruinous to the country he wishes to protect as the assault of the enemy, and he ends by plundering his own allies."

While the King of Prussia was lulled to sleep by Russian promises, the Austrians were preparing for a new campaign by which their independence could be saved. But Austria suffered from the usual curse of procrastination, and delayed the attack until Napoleon had in a measure arranged the Spanish affairs, and was enabled to concentrate his attention on Austria. Stein writes to Gneisenau: "I fear greatly that *cunctando perdimus Romam*, and they are attempting to oppose the snail's slow march to the rapid flight of the eagle." His apprehensions were only too just; and he was forced to leave his asylum to secure his own personal safety. His sister was at this time arrested and dragged to Paris, where she was compelled to remain for four months, undergoing examinations apparently for no object but to annoy her brother. At length she received permission to return to Germany, but the whole of her property was confiscated, and she was left to the charity of her friends and relations.

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\* Das Leben des Ministers Freiherrn von Stein. Von G. H. Pertz. Berlin: G. Reimer.

Not long after, and Austria formed that connubial alliance with the Emperor of France which was destined to prepare his overthrow. There is no doubt that Austria temporised in this matter, and hoped to gain time for fresh preparations; but the effect the marriage produced through Germany was most dispiriting. The patriots had looked to Austria as their natural ally, and now they were left to fight the battle by themselves. But the immediate consequence of the alliance between France and Austria was the rupture of the alliance with Russia, which had oppressed the Continent since the meetings at Tilsit and Erfurt. Stein returned again to Prague, where he devoted himself to the education of his daughters, but had scarcely settled down in comfort, when he was again called upon to devote himself seriously to the affairs of Prussia. During the Austrian war, all lovers of their fatherland had urged on the king to declare war once more against France. But Frederick William could not make up his mind, and Austria, after six months' useless negotiations, had made peace for herself and left Prussia to her fate. Napoleon was perfectly acquainted with the king's vacillation, and only regard for Russia and the Spanish war had caused him to spare Prussia from annihilation in 1809. The payments of the war-tax had fallen in arrear, and the king now, utterly exposed to Napoleon's good pleasure, obeyed orders, and returned with his court to Berlin. The Emperor pressed for payment of the arrears, and the king had no resource but to recall Hardenberg to the government—always with Napoleon's permission—which was graciously conceded. But the new minister was unable to draw up any financial plan by which the money could be raised without utterly ruining the country, and hence it was referred to Stein, who solved the difficult problem. Of course, this had to be kept an intense secret from Napoleon, and a lengthened conference took place between Hardenberg and Stein in a small hunting chateau on the Bohemian frontier.

In the summer of 1810, Prussia suffered an irreparable blow on the death of Queen Louise. Her death, in the prime of her youth and beauty, caused the most sincere grief through the nation, for it was generally believed that her sorrow at the sufferings of her country had undermined her health. The blow felt very heavily on Stein, for the queen had been an intimate friend and correspondent of his, and he had trusted in her to work upon the king. But this was no time for vain regrets; the rupture between Russia and France was attaining gigantic proportions, and it was easy to foresee that Napoleon would not allow such a dangerous rival to retain her independence if he could possibly prevent it. And it seemed that everything was in favour of the French, for the Russian army was suffering from all the vices of peculation and corruption.

From 1806 to 1812 two million of recruits had been enrolled in Russia, but the instance of a single province will show how small a portion really joined the army. Of 5000 recruits raised in Esthonia only 300 joined the army, the rest having been neglected and died *en route*. The emperor and his minister Arak-tijev had been forced to the most extraordinary exertions in complementing the army, which had melted down to 46,000 men after the battle of Friedland, and the number of men under arms was far below the official strength. At the commencement of the war a division consisted of 7000 men instead of 24,000, while eleven battalions which marched to Dräja in July lost 1700 men from fever on the road.

The army which the Emperor Alexander opposed to the French had a paper strength of half a million, though in reality only amounting to 140,000; while the French crossed the Niemen with 400,000 excellently equipped troops with a Napoleon at their head. The King of Prussia was placed by the impending war in a most awkward position, and orders received from Napoleon that he must maintain the strictest neutrality made him only more uncomfortable. Still, preparations were secretly carried on, and negotiations entered into with England, who willingly promised the king a refuge in case of the worst eventualities. But Napoleon was not inclined to leave so dangerous a foe in his rear, and at last a defensive alliance was offered the king, by which he would join 20,000 men to the French army, and retreat to Breslau, which would be considered neutral. It was, probably, the bitterest moment in the king's life when he was forced to sign these degrading conditions, and give up all the resources of his unhappy country to a merciless foe. But no other course was open to him; he doubted the efficiency of the Russian assistance, and dared not await the assault of the entire French army. The treaty was signed, and Prussia virtually blotted out from the map of Europe. Austria, in the mean while, gave Napoleon the assistance of 50,000 men, who were to move on the Gallician frontier, and nothing now delayed the outbreak of hostilities.

In this state of things, Stein began to look out for a new refuge, and felt an attraction to England, where his old friend Count Münster had been residing for years. They were of very different character, but both equally animated with hatred against the oppressors of their country, and indefatigable in struggling against them. Münster, at this period, was in his forty-fifth year, enjoying the benefits of a very extensive education, and a taste for fine arts which had been developed during a lengthened stay in Rome and Naples with the Duke of Sussex, and had first entered on a diplomatic career as Hanoverian envoy to St. Petersburg, distinguishing himself greatly by the activity he displayed during the negotiations of 1804 for the formation of a grand alliance against France. Summoned near the person of George III. as minister of Electoral Brunswick, he gained and kept a very independent and influential position with the king, and afterwards with the Prince Regent.

The Hanoverian cabinet minister, summoned solely through the confidence of the king, retained his position through all the changes of the English ministry, and enjoyed through this circumstance a degree of political importance which every new ministry was bound to recognise. Count Münster, who held this station for twenty-five years, secured at the outset the office of negotiator between England and the continental states. During the entire period of the revolution, the English ministries suffered from the consequences of a poorly-developed diplomacy. The embassies were given away as a reward for services done in parliament, and were too frequently managed with ignorance, want of tact, and carelessness. Hence the English ministry were deficient in that accurate knowledge of persons and relations which must be the foundation of political action. The expensive and unpleasant experiences resulting from this produced among ministers a great disinclination toward continental affairs, which was only increased by the unhappy result of the wars of 1806, 1806, 1807, and 1809. The consequences of these wars excluded English diplomacy and English commerce from the Continent, and hence the highest members of the government did not possess the ordinary means to acquaint themselves accurately with the state of

continental courts and countries. Count Münster, as head of the Hanoverian diplomacy, which possessed recognised and secret agents all over the Continent, filled up this gap, and through him a connexion was maintained between England and the Continent. . . . . These circumstances explained the great field of action left open to the count, and to him naturally applied all those persons who felt the disgrace of their country, and wished for employment in the British army. To him Gneisenau, Wallmoden, Nugent, and others, owed much of their future celebrity.

But the war could not be carried on without Stein's active interference; and the Emperor Alexander, who entertained a great respect for Stein's abilities, and felt the necessity of having some unbending adviser by his side, summoned him to Wilna. He responded to the call, but declined to enter the Russian service, thus maintaining his independence and keeping aloof from that jealous spirit with which Russians are apt to regard foreigners. Stein therefore devoted himself exclusively to the cause of Germany, and his first step was the formation of a German legion, which should take an active part in the war.

Alexander was at this period thirty-five years of age. His exterior, Stein remarks, is pleasant, his features regular and noble, his carriage graceful, and the inclination of his head, as he puts forward his left ear to listen, is not unpleasant. The principal trait in his character is good humour, friendliness, and a wish to render mankind happy and noble. His instructor, the Genevese La Harpe, at an early period imbued him with respect for man and his rights, which he was anxious to call into vitality when he ascended the throne. The emperor commenced with educational establishments and improvement of the condition of the peasant. But he wants the mental strength to detect the truth perseveringly, the firmness to carry out his decisions in spite of all obstacles, and bend the will of his opponents. His good humour often degenerates into softness, and he is frequently forced to employ the weapons of cunning and stratagem to carry out his designs. These latter qualities were developed by his tutor, Field-Marshal Soltikov, an old courtier, who early recommended his pupil to be subservient to his grandmother and her favourites, and the caprices of his father. The despotism which Paul exercised upon his family must have confirmed him in these views. On ascending the throne, Alexander summoned to his side friends of his youth, Prince Adam Czartorinsky, and other men of talent and energy, who confirmed him in his opposition to the French policy. But when the war, begun by their persuasion, ended badly, he was forced to dismiss them, and summon others to his councils, in whom he placed an implicit confidence. It is possible, however, that the emperor possessed no depth of feeling or capacity for enduring friendship. "His preference for the Crown Prince of Sweden will not last a fortnight," the Grand Duchess Catherine, who knew her brother, remarked. The future, however, corrected these views.

At the time when Stein went to Russia, the foreign affairs were entrusted to Romanzoff, a man of narrow character and views. Through his sweet lisping manner, the young Frenchmen in Caulaincourt's suite had christened him "*la vieille marquise du Marais*." He was deficient in the first qualities of a statesman, and incompetent to advise in the hour of difficulty or danger. He was respected by nobody, and had only been advanced to his present post owing to his usefulness in carrying out the servility to France, which was the fashion of the day. The emperor kept him afterwards through habit, but transacted much important business without his cognisance. Napoleon bluntly called him a fool, but he was an excellent tool of his. He was personally hostile to the English, it was said, because the English ambassador, Michell, had given him a

sound thrashing for insulting a lady, and took every opportunity to annoy them. During his ministry, Russia had been weakened by two wars against Sweden and Turkey. Both had to be carried on with an outlay of ready money, at a period when the closing of the ports and the cessation of trade had lowered the funds. The Swedish war procured Russia a secure frontier. The Turkish war, on the other hand, cost her about one hundred million silver roubles, 50,000 men, and had scarce any result. So soon as the war with France was foreseen in Russia, all sensible men pressed for peace with Turkey, but Count Romanzoff was mad enough to fancy it would keep Napoleon quiet, because it rendered Russia innocuous. Romanzoff's great idea was "*de faire loucher l'Empereur Napoléon*"—that is, to distract his attention from the main point to unimportant matters. But the emperor took the affair out of his hands, and ordered Admiral Tchitchakov to sign the peace without delay. But the extension of Russia to the Pruth was a sorrowful result, gained at the price of blood and money, which must infallibly insult the Turks and render Austria restless. Still worse were the terms on which Russia stood with England, with whom she ought to have instituted amicable relations immediately a rupture with France was impending. The English cabinet placed as little confidence in the personal character of the emperor as in that of his minister, and the latter had no notion of any approximation to England, for he still believed in the chance of a reconciliation with France. Such was the political state of Russia as Stein found her: at the moment of the greatest danger, friendless, isolated, possessed of no confidence, without a single man of high character at the head of affairs who would be able to develop fresh strength or concentrate what she already possessed. But in this serious position Alexander perceived what sort of man he required. His summons to Stein was dated the 27th of March, 1812, and two years later, on the 31st of March, 1814, he entered Paris in triumph.

From Stein's letters it is quite evident that the Russians only owed their defeat of the French to the elements, for they were the same in 1812 as they proved themselves in 1855. The leaders were always quarrelling with each other, and ended in deposing Barclay de Tolly, and having Kutusoff appointed in his stead, to the great delight of the Russians, although he was seventy years of age, and had never distinguished himself in any way. But his false bulletins aroused confidence in the nation, and though the Russians were utterly defeated whenever they dared to cross bayonets with the French, still recruits flocked in to fill up the ranks and share the same fate as their predecessors. But we may be allowed to turn from war's alarms for a moment, and quote a passage relating to a very celebrated woman whom Stein met in St. Petersburg:

I have met Madame de Staël (he writes to his wife); she has an appearance of good temper and simplicity when she does not take pains to please; she has a peculiar *abandon* that explains the countless negligences in her manner and conversation, which, however, may be excused through her long residence in the midst of a corrupted nation; her face does not bear a matronly stamp, or trace of purity, morality, or feminine dignity: there is something common about her mouth and very passionate in her eye. I do not believe she will please here, for there is no taste for literature in Petersburg.



and the ladies are extraordinarily indolent. . . . . I dined to-day at Count Orloff's, and spent a remarkably pleasant evening. After dinner Madame de Staël read us some chapters from her book about Germany. She saved a copy from Savary's clutches, and intends to print it in England. She read us the chapter on Enthusiasm: it moved me greatly, through the depth and nobility of the feelings, and the elevation of the thoughts, which she expresses with an eloquence which touches the heart.

The first news of the evacuation of Moscow by the French caused intense joy in Petersburg. The court was holding a family festivity, and Stein was present. At the termination of the repast the empress-mother, who had so recently recommended peace, rose and said, "If a single man of the French army crosses the Rhine again, I shall be ashamed to call myself a German." Stein turned from red to white, and, suddenly rising, said, "Your majesty is in the wrong to say that, especially before Russians, who owe so much to the Germans. You ought not to say that you would be ashamed of the Germans, but of your cousins, the German princes. I lived on the Rhine from 1792, and I know that the brave German nation is not to blame: had it been trusted, had they known how to use it, not a single Frenchman would have crossed the Elbe, much less the Vistula and Dnieper." The empress, at first startled by this sharp remark, soon collected herself, and replied with dignity: "You are right, Sir Baron, and I thank you for the lesson." But the retreat of the French did not satisfy Stein; he foresaw that a decided blow must be struck to crush Napoleon's power. But Kutusov was satisfied with the glory he had already acquired, and, not disposed to expose his renown to further risks, was urgent for peace, and was supported by the Chancellor Romanzov. Stein then applied to the emperor, and explained to him how important it was that Germany should be liberated from the French, and Napoleon driven back into the natural limits of his country. Alexander decided on following his advice, and set out for the army, accompanied by Count Nesselrode and Stein.

Stein, writing from Wilna to his wife, says: "There are 15,000 patients in the hospital of Wilna alone. Nothing is to be seen but carts full of corpses, some half eaten by wolves, picked up on the highway, others removed from the hospitals. Germany has lost 80,000 of her young men. . . . . It has been proved, on credible testimony, that the French ate portions of their own countrymen, and were caught roasting them over the fire. The demoralisation was so great, that two thousand Frenchmen surrendered to a single Russian sanitary inspector; the Wilna Jews fell upon the rear of the army, and took a number of prisoners from the Imperial Guard. . . . . These dreadful events were accompanied by a multitude of incidents, which would seem ridiculous if you could laugh in the midst of an immense charnel-house. Murat came into Wilna, wrapped up in a shawl, with a coachman's hat on his head and a stick in his hand; Narbonne walked through the snow from Moscow to Smolensk; while Napoleon's adjutants thankfully received a handful of bread when offered them by Wilna Jews. . . . . The Russians have taken an extraordinary amount of booty, estimated at 800 ducats per Cossack. They have given the church of Maria Kasan, in Petersburg, 1600 lbs. of silver."

In the mean while, General York, by his defection, forced Prussia into breaking her neutrality, much to the terror of the king, who had a very wholesome dread even of the fallen lion. York's act was officially disavowed, but events pressed onwards so rapidly that the king was forced to act on the offensive. Stein was appointed by the emperor commis-

senet in Prussia, and proceeded to Königsberg. For a while the Prussian king listened coldly to the offers from Russia, for he feared lest he might be stripped of East and West Prussia, for the formation of a kingdom of Poland; but at length the treaty was signed, and Prussia openly took the field against Napoleon. There was considerable danger in such a step, for the strength of Prussia was not yet developed, and Russia had scarce 40,000 men between the Oder and Elbe, while Napoleon was collecting all the strength of France, Italy, and the Germanic Confederation. The court retired to Breslau, where Stein was attacked by a fever, which brought him to death's door; but while all the courtiers, with the royal princes at their head, paid him the most flattering attentions, the king still remained aloof. But the presence of Alexander in Breslau restored confidence, and the king issued his memorable "summons to the nation." So soon as Stein had recovered his strength he proceeded to Dresden, to arrange the internal administration of Saxony, as the king still adhered to the French alliance. While in that city, Stein was invaded by projectors, proposing all sorts of impossible schemes for the destruction of the enemy. Among others, a professor sent him an immense packet of documents referring to a monster magnetised battery, which should march at the head of the allied forces and attract the enemies' bullets. This was a little too much for Stein, and he wrote to Arndt, to whom such schemes were generally referred, "*Colum ipsum petimus stultitiâ*. Write to the fool that he had better come here, and be loaded in a gun like a bullet, and fired against his magnetic hill, that we may see whether the thing acts." But the courtiers were far from feeling confidence in the campaign, and even Goethe was indignant at the notion that the conqueror's chains could be shaken off. He said to Professor Körner, whose son, the poet, had just joined Lützow's free corps, "You may shake your fetters as much as you please: the man is too mighty for you, and you will never be able to break your chains, but only cause them to sink deeper into your flesh." When this remark was repeated to Stein, he merely said, "Let him be: he is growing old."

The assistance which England was willing to grant the allies seemed destined to be overthrown by the ignorance of the agents. Thus Stein writes to Münster: "The amount of arms sent to the Continent is considerable: among them are 50,000 to Russia, which requires no muskets; 40,000 for the Hanoverians, who have about 5000 men; and 5000 for Prussia, which has a landwehr of 120,000 men, and is ruining herself to arm them." At the same time the duello between Napoleon and Stein was going on with greater fury, and the great Emperor did not think it derogatory to mention the ex-minister in his bulletins. Thus, after the battle of Lützen, appeared the following passage in the *Moniteur*: "The notorious Stein is an object of contempt to all honest people. He wished to instigate the populace against the proprietors. We can scarcely recover from our surprise at seeing rulers like the King of Prussia, and especially the Emperor Alexander, whom nature has gifted with so many excellent qualities, giving their names to support such traitorous and fearful machinations."

Both sides requiring a rest, an armistice was signed, which the allies employed in trying to draw Austria over to their side. But Austria was not disposed to make any sacrifice, and cannot be blamed for her hesita-

tion, when we remember the way in which the Prussian king had duped her in the last war, and hence she only consented to act as negotiator between the contending powers, in the hope of establishing a European peace. But it was fortunate for Germany that the peace, as proposed by Austria, was not accepted, and both sides prepared for war again, Austria having thus a favourable excuse for joining the allies. We have a multitude of letters written by Stein during this period of eager expectation, the most characteristic being the following extract from a letter to Münster:

"Your excellency recommends *suaviter in modo* with the German princes. What do you say to the conduct of these miserable fellows? I send you herewith a specimen of the King of Saxony, whom Napoleon is making undergo every variety of insult and contumely, because he regards him as a secret traitor to his cause: thus, for instance, he forces him to be present and laugh at the immoral play of the 'Visitandines'; then the poor scamp keeps his father confessor by him all the rest of the evening, to obtain absolution; and yet he considers Napoleon all the while as a man sent by God. These little tyrants rejoice in their sovereignty, and the enjoyment of their plunder, and are indifferent to the suffering and disgrace of their fatherland."

While the armies, however, were opposed to each other, the diplomats carried on their labours, and at length produced the alliance between England, Prussia, Russia, and Austria. The great battle of Leipzig showed the allies that Napoleon was not invincible, and gave them hope that they could drive him within his own frontier, if they did not begin disputing among themselves. The fate of the luckless King of Saxony was sealed; he was carried as a prisoner to Berlin under military escort, and his country taken possession of in the name of the allies. Stein was appointed chief of the central committee in Dresden, and Metternich was thus enabled to remove a very dangerous opponent from the side of Alexander. In the matter of the war, Stein and Metternich were diametrically opposed; while the former insisted on Napoleon's overthrow as necessary for the safety of Europe, Metternich would have been satisfied with driving him back into France and allowing him to re-establish a powerful monarchy. On the 8th of November, scarce a month after the battle of Leipzig, negotiations were commenced with the French envoy, St. Aignan, and he was sent to Paris with letters from the Emperor Francis to his daughter, and injunctions from Metternich to pay on his part all due respect to the noble character of the Duke of Vicenza—who had carried off the Duc d'Enghien from Ettenheim. In the presence of Nesselrode, and with the assent of Aberdeen and Hardenberg, it was settled that the allies should set about negotiating a permanent peace, in which France would be guaranteed her natural frontiers—the Pyrenees, the Alps, and the Rhine. Napoleon, however, did not take advantage of the offer; two months were spent in vain attempts to patch up the truce, and then Stein returned to Frankfort and induced Alexander to continue the war. And it required a man of unbending energy like Stein to regulate the affairs of Germany; the princes of the Confederation threw every obstacle in his way, but he succeeded in raising an army of 106,000 men within six weeks, who were found of very great service after the unsuccessful engagements in the ensuing February. As an instance of the reputation which Stein enjoyed at this period, and the confidence placed in him, we may mention that officers of the allied army went to the celebrated Pro-

fessor Voigt, in Frankfort, and asked him whether, according to the laws of the empire, Stein could be elected as emperor ; to which the professor gave an unhesitating assent.

By the beginning of December, the French were in full retreat from Germany ; their army had melted away to 40,000 men, who crossed the Rhine ill and exhausted, and the great question remained for decision, whether the war should be carried into France itself. The views at head-quarters were divided. Austria was inclined to peace, and drew the attention of the allies to the danger of a popular upheaving in France, and the employment of the militia, after the mode so recently put in practice in Germany. Alexander, on the contrary, and Stein as his adviser, believed that no permanent peace was possible so long as Napoleon retained the throne; and as the emperor declared that he would carry on the war alone if necessary, Austria gave way. The allies marched in, and the campaign recommenced. When they reached Langres, the old dissension commenced at head-quarters, and the peace party appeared to be strengthened. The troops went into cantonments for several days while the discussions were being carried on.

The peace army was originally diplomatic, its centre being Prince Metternich, with the Emperor Francis, who did not desire Napoleon's deposition, and hence tried by delays of various sorts to give him an opportunity for making peace with the retention of the Rhenish frontier. In the person of the commander-in-chief they had the simplest means to frustrate the movements of the chief army; and although Prince Schwarzenberg tried to reconcile the views of the various courts, still he had a natural bias towards his own, which feared the prominent influence of Russia perhaps more than that of Napoleon. The Austrian military head-quarters consequently declared for peace. The Prussians were divided. The king certainly desired an honourable peace, but the experiences of the years between 1806 and 1812 had convinced him that no real tranquillity could be expected from Napoleon ; and the gratitude he owed his nation for its gallant uprising led him to attempt the attainment of the great object. His chancellor of state, Hardenberg, had been carried over to the peace party by Metternich, and at Prussian head-quarters the Adjutant-General von Knessebeck had established the principle that the campaign must not be extended beyond Langres : the plateau of Langres must be regarded as the Rubicon which must not be traversed. The general had expressed these views in a memorial. The English diplomatists of the second rank were not equal to cope with Metternich ; they who, as the arch-enemies of Napoleon, should have been too glad to see his power overthrown, feared the attacks of the opposition, and preached peace. Cathcart was incompetent, and Aberdeen not much better. At a ministerial dinner at Vesoul, the latter said it was unworthy a great nation not to keep the conditions it had once offered ; as if an offer unaccepted could be binding afterwards. Count Münster was about to reply, when Metternich pulled him by the coat-tail, saying, "*Laissez-le donc, c'est la naïveté en diplomate.*" Charles Stewart declares himself in his Memoirs as opposed to the Austrian views, but, in fact, promoted their policy. Owing to the acknowledged incompetency of these diplomatists, the Prince Regent yielded to the wishes of the allies, and sent Castlereagh and Count Münster to head-quarters. They were of diverging opinions. Castlereagh soon became a partisan of Metternich, and voted for peace ; while Münster saw that the only salvation for his country was in a continuance of the war, and strongly opposed any negotiations. Nesselrode had been for a long time influenced by Metternich, and tried to bring about a peace ; and many military men in Alexander's suite shared the same views. The Emperor of Russia and Stein were for the strenuous continuance of the war, and its conclusion by the overthrow of Napoleon. Alexander's will and Blücher's sword led the allies to Paris. Had it not been for the unbending decision of the em-

peror, backed up by Stein, and the inextinguishable fire which impelled the leaders of the army of Silesia onwards to restore the martial honour of Europe by the conquest of Paris, Napoleon would probably have been the victor in this great campaign.

The decision was therefore arrived at, that the war should be continued; but Alexander yielded so far, that the negotiations commenced at Frankfort should be carried on at the congress of Châtillon. The emperor most unwillingly assented to this half measure, and gave his envoy, Rasumoffsky, the most stringent orders not to sign a peace without his express authority. Another potent ally for the emperor arrived about this time in the person of Pozzo di Borgo. The battles of Brienne and La Rothière, in which Blücher distinguished himself so greatly, threw open the road to Paris, but the Austrians were not disposed for such active measures. The allied army was divided, and while Blücher was sent in the direction of Châlons, the main army remained inactive at Troyes. The emperor was very angry, and insisted on the troops marching, and the news of Blücher's defeat caused him to speak very sharply to Castlereagh on the subject of the delay. At length the Emperor Alexander was driven to assent to an armistice, against his better judgment; but Napoleon purposely delayed negotiations, and they were eventually broken off. The blows which Napoleon had struck on the isolated armies confirmed him in the belief that he could expel them from France, and the allies, in the presence of danger, came to an agreement to continue the war energetically. For this purpose Schwarzenberg fell back from Troyes to march forward by another route, and Blücher received orders to join him. But the old field-marshal was not afraid of Napoleon or his generals, and boldly disobeyed orders, trusting to a permission given him by Alexander. At Bar a council of war was held: the peace party proposed a further retreat of the two armies, but Alexander declared that he would in that case separate his troops from Schwarzenberg, and march with Blücher on Paris. The King of Prussia agreed with him, and the Emperor Francis was of the same opinion. The allied army marched once more in the direction of Paris, but with extraordinary slowness, and remained inactive for fifteen days, although it was of vital importance to deal Napoleon a heavy blow while his army was weakened by recent losses.

During the entire campaign Alexander's plan had remained unchanged; he wished to come to a decision in Paris, and seek the popular will as expressed by the Legislative Assembly. He only vacillated as to the succession to the throne, for he was indisposed towards the Bourbons, and entertained the idea of putting up the King of Rome under the regency of his mother and Bernadotte. But in this matter Stein disagreed with him, for not only was he in favour of legitimacy, but he thought great danger was attached to a long minority, and the slight respect and confidence entertained for Bernadotte. But the Bourbons were not inclined to give up their claims tamely, and the Comte d'Artois commenced a progress through France in rear of the allied army, and fondly imagined that the indifference of the nation would eventually burst forth into a flame. Soon after, the Emperor Alexander was induced by the Confederates to issue a proclamation in behalf of the Bourbons, and all that appeared left to do was Napoleon's expulsion from the capital. This was speedily effected, partly by treachery, partly by

external pressure, and the great man was trampled on by his enemies. The worst feature in Stein's character appears to us to have been his vindictiveness, which led him to unwarrantable excesses of language. When he wrote these lines to his wife could he have believed in their truth? It seems hardly possible that misappreciation of Napoleon's character could go so far:

"The tyrant has ended like a coward. So long as he could shed the blood of others he was most extravagant with it, but he does not dare to die, and thus have at least a courageous end. He accepts a pension, he returns to his nothingness, he negotiates to save his life and prolong his disgraceful existence. I am assured that he spends his time in sighing and sobbing. What a monster, and what a depth of degradation! Ouvrart wrote me lately, that in Bonaparte's history there is a mixture of oddity and greatness, of Tamerlane and Gil Blas, but there is a third component in that terrible misshapen union forming his character, and that is commonness. It was displayed in his flight from the army in Russia, in his treatment of those he persecuted and oppressed, in his choice of friends, in his language, and at present in his conduct under misfortune; it degenerates into shameful fear for his life—into cowardness."

We should not have quoted this passage were it not that the same charge of cowardice is insinuated by Marshal Marmont in his Memoirs. It is the most untenable of all the accusations brought against the Emperor, and the whole history of his life proves that he never thought of the danger he incurred. This sudden change from confidence to despair may appear to Stein unworthy a conqueror, but it is strictly in accordance with Napoleon's southern temperament. We are far from wishing to depict Napoleon as that faultless monster whom the world ne'er saw—and without his faults he would, probably, not have been so great a man—but we are bound to enter an earnest protest against detraction which the position of such men as Stein and Marmont might induce persons to accept as true.

The Emperor Alexander behaved with extraordinary magnanimity to the French, and evinced no desire for that requital which might justly have been claimed. He hoped in this way to soothe the excited passions of the nations, and establish a long-lasting peace in Europe. But his kindness fell upon a barren soil. In his desire to secure the French against the tyranny of the returning Bourbons, the members of the provisional government, with Nesselrode, drew up a liberal constitution, which was immediately published. On the 29th of April, Louis XVIII. arrived at Compiègne, and Alexander hurried to meet him and induce him to accept the constitution. Louis showed the emperor by his manner that he had not forgotten his expulsion from Metz, and Alexander took no pains to conceal his poor opinion of the Bourbons. But the emperor's plans were frustrated by the fickleness of the French. According to his own words, he found in France neither patriotism nor support. The king declined to accept the constitution, and what could Alexander do, when the nation came forward spontaneously to recognise the most antiquated claims of the royal house? Still the emperor insisted on a satisfactory proclamation, which Louis XVIII. published at St. Owen, and which contained a promise of a liberal form of government, and a general amnesty for the past. The next day the king entered Paris.

In the mean while, the discussions about the regulation of the French

frontiers and the peace of Europe had commenced. Owing to the vast extent of topics for discussion, they were divided among eight committees. Up to the present hardly anything is known as to the course of the negotiations, as the documents have been kept secret: just as if regenerated Europe had cause to feel ashamed of her exertions and their result. The French, however, who had access to the documents, felt no inclination to make known a matter in which their national pride was so deeply wounded. After some general arrangement had been made about the future extent of France, the congress proceeded to divide the conquered country among the participators in the war. Here the four great powers stood in the first line. Russia desired Poland, Prussia thus seeing herself referred to Germany; while Austria demanded not only Tyrol, Salzburg, and the Inn district, but also the greater portion of Upper Italy. England, disinterested as usual, exerted all her influence to establish kingdoms on the north-east and south-east frontiers of France, which would separate that kingdom from Prussia and Austria, and would be bound through gratitude to England. An additional support was also expected in the Netherlands by the marriage of the Prince of Orange with the Princess Charlotte of Wales. In the discussions about the regulation of Germany, Prussia was most deeply interested, and demanded Saxony and the fortress of Mayence as protection for her Westphalian dominions; but Austria strenuously opposed this, and wished to give Mayence, with Frankfort and the country between the Rhine and Moselle, to Bavaria. The danger of entrusting a fortress of such importance to a second-rate power was repeatedly discussed by Stein and the Russian statesmen. Stein was always most energetic in all matters relating to his fatherland. He urged Hardenberg to strike the iron while it was hot, and earnestly begged the support of the Russian cabinet for his views. It was clear that the Prussian affairs must be settled in Paris. Here the remembrance of what Prussia's army and nation had effected was fresh and unweakened. Austria was hence disposed to give up Saxony. France was not regarded in the arrangements the allies made among themselves, and if England and Austria desired Prussian support in their claims in the Netherlands and Italy, they could not refuse to back her up in her German claims. All this Stein explained to Hardenberg. The king was also of the same opinion; but the chancellor signed blindly, without any reservation, and quitted Paris without any arrangements being made for Prussia's aggrandisement. The question was referred to Vienna. The Emperor Alexander, too, magnanimously neglected to have the regulations settled about Poland and Saxony, and the only arrangement fixed was that relating to Upper Italy and the Netherlands. The negotiations for peace were also greatly delayed by the magnanimity of Alexander, who wished to augment France instead of weakening her; and Louis XVIII., who had only just been drawn from his nothingness, displayed his gratitude towards the allies by demanding Belgium and the left bank of the Rhine. These demands had to be combated inch by inch, and the Emperor Alexander began to display a coldness with reference to German affairs which augured ill for the future. The English ministers were only too glad to gain France to their side at the expense of a third party, and thus increase their influence on the Continent; and if Austria could be gained over, they could safely oppose Russia and Prussia. This commencement

of an opposing alliance was not hidden from Alexander, and he watched the signs of the times with apprehension. He was very much dissatisfied with Louis XVIII. and the Bourbons. In a conversation with Lafayette, he complained that they had nothing but the prejudices of old times; and when the general replied that misfortune must have improved them, he replied, "Improved! they are incorrigible. There is only one among them, the Duke of Orleans, who possesses liberal ideas: as for the others, you can never hope anything from them." He declared that the whole business was a mistake, and quitted Paris in a very desponding humour.

The discussions about peace and surrender of the country came to a conclusion about the end of May. Stein's business in France was thus terminated, and the weighty matters relating to the future of Germany awaited discussion at the Congress of Vienna. Stein longed for home-pleasures, and begged the emperor to allow his return to Germany. This was granted, on the promise that he would be present at the congress, and write to the emperor regularly on these important matters. By the middle of June, Stein returned to his estate in Nassau, and was most heartily welcomed after his lengthened absence by his tenantry. But he could devote no long time to the simple pleasures of domestic society; the welfare of his country called him to Frankfort, where he was busily engaged for the rest of the summer in drawing up schemes relating to that brilliant *ignis fatuus* the restoration of the Holy Roman Empire. At his residence, near the Eschenheimer Thor, Stein was surrounded by all the great and noble, who came to draw wisdom from his lips. During the summer the Crown Prince of Bavaria (better known to us as the friend of Lola Montès) spent a week in Frankfort, and never failed to make his appearance at Stein's tea-table. "In his wild and enthusiastic manner," Arndt tells us, "the crown prince spoke openly about German affairs, and was furious against Wrede and Montgelas. One evening, however, Stein became impatient, and said, 'I am not King of Bavaria, nor you either; if you cannot remove Wrede and Montgelas, I am still less able to do so. Your royal highness speaks so loudly, that the people out there must fancy I am holding a Jacobins' club.'" Another anecdote, also referring to this period, we may quote from Arndt. A Rhenish count, who paid Stein a visit, walked up to him, and began rather solemnly to enumerate his titles and dignities. Stein interrupted him, laughingly, with the words, "Pray take a chair, my dear count; you see I have not sufficient seats for all those gentlemen."

During the interval that necessarily occurred between the treaty of Paris and the meeting of the Congress of Vienna, Saxony was greatly disquieted by attempts to restore the imprisoned monarch. Even the army joined in the movement, and for a while it seemed as if the country would be exposed to anarchy and rebellion. Stein, however, took his measures with great skill, and the settlement of the Saxon affair was deferred until the Congress of Vienna, that great curer of evils to which all Europe was looking with such eagerness, and which was destined to prove a stumbling-block and rock of offence.



## A TRIP TO NORWAY.\*

It would not be a disagreeable alternative to exchange, at this season of the year, urban, or even rural, England for the climate and scenery of more northerly countries, and to awake some fine morning, after having been rocked all night by the stormy waters of the Skager Rack, in the tranquil fiord of Christiana. Every country has its beauties which are unlike the beauties of other countries. The fiords of Norway are dotted with innumerable islands, some small, some large, sometimes in groups, at others dispersed or isolated, sometimes rocky, at others pastoral, with villas and cottages, groves and orchards. Then, again, the day is divided into five or six climates, each very distinct from the other. The early morning is enveloped in fog; at ten there is almost invariably a slight fall of rain; at twelve a touch of a Syrian sun; at four the sea breeze, dry and cold; and in the evening a calm. The sunsets are splendid to a degree, and are followed by nights of unexampled stillness. Christiana itself is a quaint city, built upon the ruins of Opsele, destroyed by fire in 1624. It has its Oscarlot, or royal palace, a handsome prison, a splendid railway station, and a picturesque bazaar. Grouped in a small central mass, the town has long, irregular suburbs, of which those near the harbour are known as Algiers, Tunis, and Morocco—names significant enough of their dubious morality. There is a university, a Konst-Forening, or gallery of paintings, a museum of antiquities, and a theatre, the artists of which are Danes. The prison of Christiana has a legend attached to it of a certain Ouli-Eiland—a Norwegian Jack Sheppard—who was always escaping from durance vile.

He was often arrested, tried, condemned, and imprisoned. He cared little about it, and did not even take the trouble to defend himself. When he heard his sentence, he used to bow to the judges, and then, in allusion to his proximate flight, he would smile and say, "Poor governor! how grieved he will be to hear that I have left him again." They would take him back to prison and cast him into a dungeon, but somehow or other the bolts would come undone, the iron bars would give way, or the walls would open of themselves, for Ouli-Eiland would make his escape. When he was imprisoned, it used to be a matter of dispute as to how long he would remain so. That he would effect his escape, no one doubted for a moment. The unfortunate gaoler exhausted his ingenuity in his endeavours to frustrate the audacity of his prisoner. One day he rejoiced exceedingly. He had succeeded in having constructed an arm-chair of extraordinary elasticity; the flexible back adapted itself to the human form, whilst its strong yet pliant arms enveloped the person who sat in it in a terrible embrace: the arm-chair, in fact, caught hold of the person, while it itself was made fast to the flooring by thick bars of iron. It was a *chef-d'œuvre*. The governor was proud of it. He sent for Ouli-Eiland, that he might contemplate the marvel designed for his express benefit, and he showed to him its peculiarities with the pride of a triumphant gaoler turned an inventor. But Ouli-Eiland could not understand the thing. He walked round it, as a fox who has lost its tail walks round a trap, and in the most innocent manner possible he said,

"Well, it is of no use; I keep looking, but I can't understand it."

"Stupid! nothing is more simple. See, now."

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\* La Norvège. Par Louis Enault.

So saying, the governor illustrated his invention by sitting down in it; whereupon it seized him at once, and held him fast.

"Ah!" said Ouli-Eiland, "I understand now;" and at the same moment he threw the table-cover over the governor's head. Five minutes afterwards he was in the country.

The authorities were perplexed. They declared Ouli-Eiland to be an outlaw and a public enemy; almost an army of men were employed to capture him; more than a league of forest was invested, and he was blockaded in its recesses. At length he got hungry, and went himself to ask for the reward promised to whosoever should capture him. The return of the highwayman assumed all the proportions of a political event. The governor sent for him.

"Eiland," he said, "you are a prisoner again; this time you shall not escape me."

The prisoner looked at him without uttering a word.

"I have found a vigilant keeper. He will not leave you for a moment; he shall sleep with you, eat with you, awake with you; you shall not move a step without him. And I tell you more than that, he is one of the sharpest-witted fellows in Norway."

"It is yourself, then, your excellency."

"No; it is yourself!"

Ouli took a step backwards: he did not relish the idea of taking care of himself.

"It is my idea," continued the governor. "I make you a prisoner on parole. You shall give me your word as a thief that you will not run away, and you shall be left at liberty—in prison. Add to that, bread and beer *à discrétion*."

The poor devil had been hungry for a long time: he accepted. From that moment a new era commenced for Ouli-Eiland. The gaolers, having no apprehensions of his evasion, loaded him with attentions. But he was not happy; the kind of life did not suit him. He asked to see the governor.

"My lord," he said, "I come to inform you that it is my intention to go away."

"But your parole?"

"Precisely so; I come to recal it."

"It is, then, who shall succeed, you or I?"

The governor had a great cage constructed with the trunks of fir-trees. Each cross-bar made a bell ring the moment it was touched. This cage was placed in the centre of a stone house constructed on purpose; keepers were placed in the house, sentinels around it, and Ouli was shut up in the cage.

Bells, keepers, bars, and sentinels were of no avail. In six weeks' time Ouli was once more at liberty.

The people, as usual in such cases, began to take an interest in the thief, and even to sympathise with him. They actually rejoiced at his successful evasions, for Ouli had never killed any one, and he had often given to the poor what he had stolen from the rich.

At last matters ended as badly with the outlaw as with others—that is a kind of satisfaction which is due to public morality. He perished at thirty years of age, miserably enough, after having displayed in his crusade against society as much energy and invention as would have rendered ten generals illustrious, or have enriched ten financiers. All that he wanted, like many others, was a stage upon which to change his crimes into glorious actions. A woman said of him, "He was only a brigand because he could not be a hero." Unfortunately, at the criminal court, prisoners are not tried or defended by women, and arguments of that kind are not admitted as extenuating circumstances.

Whoever goes to Norway is soon satisfied with its cities. What the tourist longs for is Norway where it frowns in its mighty terrors, and that is precisely what is not easily reached. Once beyond the Mjosen, to

which you can go by rail, and across the lake by steam, there are no public conveyances of any description; the tourist has no resource but the *vogns* or *karrioles* of the country—vehicles which appear at first sight to be simply inconvenient, but which finish by becoming insupportable instruments of torture. So at least M. Louis Enault affirms, and, from what we have experienced of Russian and Turkish karrioles, we readily believe him. But this is not all. Take our French tourist's experiences for an example. The traveller must know something of the language of the country, or, as our tourist expresses it, "*Se livrer à tous les périls d'une prononciation de fantaisie au service d'une langue très imparfaitement sue.*" Then he must drive himself, and our French tourist admits the difficulty of the undertaking, but, as usual, in a way to salve his vanity. It was only, he says, because he was engaged in studying how his horse, carriage, and harness got on, and not from any difficulties presented by the new position in which he was placed, that he exposed himself to be suddenly stopped by his postboy.

"Why don't you look?" exclaimed the peasant, stopping the pony suddenly.

"I looked."

The fact was, that he had driven, without knowing it, across one of those wooden bridges which make lowlanders, unaccustomed to Alpine scenery, shudder as they look down from them. This was in the Gulbrandsdal. At the Vaalin Elv, two torrents rushed through their rocky beds in close contiguity. "It is noise," he exclaims, "motion, life! my horse stops to breathe the *humid dust* that refreshes it; it would wish to bathe in that impetuous froth." We can easily believe that the horse stopped from much less poetical reasons.

Our tourist was pleased with the scenery, the cultivation, and the peasants of the Gulbrandsdal—indeed, with all that it presented. He remarks, justly enough:

In a country where there is no longer a nobility nor yet a bourgeoisie, where industry is null, and commerce does not extend itself beyond the precincts of a few towns, it is in the country that we must seek for the nation. In Norway, the peasant constitutes the people. The state of the peasant constitutes the whole social state.

Norway is a country completely by itself, and what we see there must not be compared with what we see in any other portion of Europe. The Norwegians possess the sense of their own strength, hence they do not have recourse to any deceptions to lead the traveller astray in forming an opinion of them, as is the case with those vain nations who have only a theatrical appearance and a false grandeur.

Elsewhere he argues that all the peasants alike are descendants of the nobility of olden times. You may dine one day with a descendant of Haco, or of Hroll the Walker. The grand-nephews of Harald Harfager are now postmasters. But, he adds with some naïveté, "I must admit that the simple grandeur, somewhat too calm, of the Norwegian peasant, has nothing in it that reminds me of the impetuous audacity of the seakings, who, like their brothers, the Germans, had only one fear, which was that heaven should fall on their heads. They rather resemble the sons of patriarchs than the descendants of Vikings."

On ascending from the lovely Gulbrandsdal to the uplands of Dovre,

our tourist says that he passed from the smiling and pastoral zone into the arid and desolate zone, *lasciat ogni speranza!* The revelation of the North comes with the vast expanses of shining lichens on the Dovre-field. Jerkins, in the same region, is one of the most ancient and venerable inns in the world. It dates from the twelfth century, having been founded by the good king Eysten in 1128. It is the Great St. Bernard of Norway. The uplands of Dovre present, our traveller tells us, "*des chasses magnifiques*," and trout abound in its lakes and rivers. This brings many English to the neighbourhood. There were two at Jerkins—anglers and gentlemen. One was from London, the other from Bristol. They had been fishing there for six weeks, but, not having been introduced, did not speak to one another. M. Enault says he took upon himself to effect an understanding between the two stubborn insulars. But for this addition, we should have doubted the truth of the statement, and we are not even now quite convinced that two such fools could have been really brethren of the gentle craft. Our author certainly does sometimes make considerable demands upon our credulity—as, for example, when he describes himself as driving the Countess of T. and her fair daughter in a four-in-hand on the Dovre-field, and when he converses in Latin with a simple pastor who is washing his linen in the torrent of Gula; but perhaps he thinks travellers are licensed to give tone and colour to their sketches. We prefer a specimen in which the latter are more happily and harmlessly combined.

There are valleys in Norway not above a league in length which combine in themselves all that is essential to constitute a site. Nothing is wanting: neither torrent, nor cascade, nor precipice, nor little lake, nor forest, that aspiration of the poet,

Et super his silvam paulum foret !

nor even sea, which undulates like a great ball on the horizon. The great charm of Norway, however, its greatest beauty, its most graceful scenery, are its lakes. These lakes are small, but so numerous that I believe they number thirty thousand, and occupy nearly half the superficies of the land. Norway, land of lakes, says somewhere old Ossian; a Norwegian poet calls them "the eyes of the earth"—eyes full of tears and melancholy! These lakes seldom communicate with one another, and never communicate with the sea, as is almost always the case with the great lakes of Scotland, stormy and as troublous as the ocean. These, on the contrary, are isolated in the midst of their forests; sometimes Nature has hewn out their basin like a cup at the top of a mountain. The rosy heath-flowers on their borders, a thousand wild and massy tufted plants frame them and festoon them, as the acanthus of Corinth folds its garlands around an antique vase; at morn and eve wild reindeer and red deer are seen to approach them, and at times eagles sweep down upon them with hoarse shrieks, and seem to disturb their sleepy waters. But they soon recover their serenity, which no breath of wind furrows. Often, on contemplating them, I thought of those solitary souls living far away from the world beneath the eye of Heaven, and which become calm by dint of being deep!

And then again another sketch :

One evening, towards ten o'clock, after having traversed plains clothed with a rich and various cultivation, I reached the last hills of the parish of Oust. Trondhjem (Drontheim) was before me; long, straight streets, cutting one another at right angles, divided it with all the regular symmetry of a gigantic chess-board. The houses being small and low, made the streets appear still

larger. The cathedral, dark and heavy, last monument of the power of the North, crushed the town with its proud and ponderous mass, whilst the Nidm, the royal river of ancient Norway, softly encircled it, with its waters just rippled by the wind, as with a belt of dark fur. On the other side of the town was the gulf, where a thousand vessels slept at anchor; close by was the little island of Munkholm; further off, Strandt and Frosten; and lastly, at the extremity of the horizon of this varied scene, were the rude summits of the Stoerdal.

Professor Forbes has given some remarkable pencil sketches of many effects in the North. Here is a pen sketch from another hand:

He who has not seen the majestic sun go down slowly into the icy ocean, and loiter on the top of the flambant waves as if it could not make up its mind to quit our hemisphere, that person will never know to what extent the magnificence of a prodigal nature can go: the East itself has no more splendid spectacle. All those who have visited the fine regions of Africa or of Asia know with what rapidity the sun abandons that brilliant land of light. At its quick setting everything radiates with phosphorescent gleams like a chest of precious stones, and then in a moment black night comes over the land, and everything is enveloped in darkness till the stars come forth.

There is nothing like this in the North: the sun goes down little by little with a solemn slowness. Arrived at the borders of the horizon, it hesitates and stops, and even when it has disappeared it remains so near to us that its presence is always guessed. The sky at the same time in the west is dressed up in the most brilliant colours: it is like a radiant palette, upon which the richest hues mingle and embrace one another. There are, perhaps, only two primitive colours, red and yellow, but they mingle so, penetrate one another so, and combine in such a manner as to present to the eye the most radiant hues in warm harmony. This light, which has its origin from a band of deep purple on the horizon, dies away towards the zenith in light orange-coloured fleeces, which shade it off into the dark azure. It fades away from one tint to another, and then sometimes it suddenly revives, resumes existence, like a voice stealing along from echo to echo, and whose vibrations strike one another and mingle in the sonorous air; sometimes two tints are superimposed upon one another, and their intensity seems to be doubled by contrast; sometimes great clouds with a strange aspect, chariots with sparkling wheels, thrones of gold, palaces of fantastic architecture rolling before the wind, rise up from the sea, ascend into the heavens, and trace their sharp outline upon a field of gold and fire. One understands then, in the presence of so sublime a spectacle, how it was that Odin placed the paradise of heroes in the clouds.

M. Louis Enault speaks well of Trondhjem, a provincial city which has been a capital. It seems to remember the fact, and it has preserved a certain reserve and elegance of manners united to the open hospitality of a more primitive state of society. The presentation of formal England, he says, is unnecessary; a stranger is the host of the city, and the very fact of his isolation is a title to the attentions of all. The Norwegian Sunday, he also adds, has not the morose hypocrisy of the English Sunday, when cant gets fuddled at home after pulling down the window-blinds. Norwegian hospitality manifests itself principally in the dinner line. M. Enault acknowledges that he approves of the system; not, however, for the sake of the dinner, but because, he says, cordiality arises from such sociality. A Norwegian proverb says, "One only becomes really acquainted after having eaten salt together."

Among rich merchants, and in houses where there are official receptions, dinner is served up à la Russe. The table is covered with plate, crystal, and artificial flowers; the attendants carve and hand round; every guest has at his

right hand a little bill of fare; everything is done to avoid a surprise. I must, however, acknowledge, that to a stranger such a precaution is nearly useless, and even when informed he is little better off. All the culinary ideas of the temperate zone are utterly unknown in Norway; the customary arrangement of our feasts is turned topsy-turvy; their "potages" would figure pleasantly enough in the middle of the dessert; they are mainly composed of cherries and of gooseberries swimming in a liquid which betrays its nature by a strong spirituous odour. These poor fruits never enjoy a real sunshine: they are ripened by the kitchen fire. The dinner itself is a mixture, a conflict, a combat of discordant tastes, of opposite flavours and inimical aromas: sugar and the gravy of game, preserves and cayenne pepper, rum and caviare, ginger and fresh cream. They eat red-hot coals and drink flames. One feels from time to time the wish for a little water to extinguish all these fires; but it would not be polite to ask for such a thing; there is not a decanter on the table. Little is eaten, but a great deal drunk. They have the good taste to give a marked preference to French wines. The great growths of Bordelais succeed in the North, and the brand of Madame Cliquot enjoys as much reputation in Norway as in Prussia. In winter, when they wish to have the champagne *frappé*, it suffices to open the windows. Each guest receives at the beginning of dinner a piece of white bread of microscopic dimensions, and two or three slices of black bread. That is deemed sufficient for the whole repast. Toasts are numerous, and etiquette requires that due honour should be given to each. Before passing into the dining-room a table is visited in another apartment, upon which are placed trays of sandwiches, raw ham, and herrings marinated. To partake of these is considered an essential preliminary, and every one adopts the custom, eating at the same time a few slices of bread and butter, and washing the whole down with one or two glasses of white brandy. After dinner, on regaining the saloon, each of the guests, before taking his seat, shakes hand with every person present, without distinction of sexes.

The "shake hands," as M. Enault calls it, is universal among the races of the North. After dinner, the conventional expressions are, "Tack for mad"—Thanks for this repast; to which the other answers, "Wel be-komme"—May it do you good. On meeting in the streets, the common expression is, "Tack for sidste"—Thanks for our last interview; and this is said even to persons who may be encountered for the first time. The future is thus taken for the past: it is only a question of time. Advantage is taken in Norway of its republican constitution, and of the absence of all hereditary nobility, to establish an impassable line of demarcation between a patriciate that does not exist and a plebeian which, says M. Enault, ought not to exist. Norway thus furnishes a lesson to France of the *égalité* which flows from republican institutions. All persons in Norway who have an official position look with contempt on the rest of mankind. In addressing any one, even a lady, all the qualities, honours, and distinctions of the husband must be duly detailed—to omit even a single one would be the greatest insult. Only in writing to an individual, as one cannot always be presumed to know all his titles, it is permissible to write the name simply without either a Mr. before or an Esq. after, but with a gigantic S. T. placed above to signify "*salvo titulo*"—save the titles. The women of the bourgeoisie are nonentities in the house: the husband does everything. Yet in the better classes very little attention is paid to the sex, nor are they accustomed to receive attentions. M. Enault relates, that being on board a steam-boat, he saw a young beauty embarrassed with a cup and saucer, being at some distance from the table, the transit to which was rendered difficult by the motion of the vessel.

A group of men were standing close by discussing the latest proceedings of the Storthing. M. Enault, who did not talk politics, says he advanced towards the young lady and took the cup. "A Frenchwoman would have smiled upon me, a German would have thanked me, an Englishwoman would have looked at me—perhaps. The Norwegian seemed so excessively surprised that I was obliged to make apologies for doing her a kindness."

M. Enault does not admire the Norwegian beauties: the face is too square, the nose too frequently turned upwards, the eyes are of a too delicate blue, like the Dutch tiles; their ears are also too large and badly put on—not suited to receive adulations and flatteries! Yet their long golden silky locks resemble those given by Byzantine artists to the Madonnas, and the purity of their blood, which no passion disturbs and no admixture corrupts, gives to them a wondrous degree of transparency, and an almost luminous brilliancy.

People read a good deal in Norway. They do not get their books of the booksellers, but at their annual fairs. No one goes home from a fair without a book of some kind or other. They are chiefly Bibles transmitted by the British and Foreign Bible Society, historical summaries printed at Christiana, almanacks and books of songs and ballads, the Little Catechism of Luther, the Book of Common Prayer, the reports of the Storthing, the Constitution printed on a folio board, the Code of Christian V., and last, not least, the *Cuisinière Bourgeoise* of Copenhagen.

M. Enault extended his travels into Lapland, and the Laplanders, being a nomadic or erratic people, he says Lapland is great, but the Laplanders are little; one cannot see them when one wishes, or as one wishes; indeed, nothing is more difficult than to stumble upon them. He had been wandering for four days with an intelligent Finnish guide, a hammer in one hand, a reap-hook in the other, geologising and botanising (the latter must have been upon a large scale, with reap-hook in hand!) in valleys unknown to classical geographers, sleeping by starlight, and drinking the water of nameless torrents, when, one fine day, he perceived, under a mid-day sun, little blue clouds floating away at the level of the earth, and as soon dissipating into air. It was the smoke of a camp of Laplanders hidden behind an undulation in the soil.

There were but four huts, and our traveller found their various occupants—with the exception of two girls, whom he afterwards met at the rivulet—were assembled in one, listening to the teachings of a missionary, for it was Sunday. Some, he says, were on their knees, some seated, smoking their pipes, whilst others listened to the word of life leaning on their fowling-pieces, their dogs at their feet. One woman, seated in the ashes of the fireplace, was busy mending a garment, another was rocking a baby suspended to a beam of the hut. Upon observing how the Laplanders were engaged, the visitor discreetly withdrew without interrupting them. In the evening, however, he renewed his visit, and saw the reindeer coming home in herds of sixty to eighty animals, with three or four men, assisted by dogs, to drive them. Once within an enclosure, men, women, and children set to work to milk them. M. Enault spent the night with these semi-savages. He partook of their fare of smoked

reindeer flesh, washed down with seal oil; pitied their sore eyes, the result, he asserts, of living in smoke; defended the virtue of the ladies, which, he says, is protected by a cold climate against the attacks of Regnard; and would have been altogether happy in the results of his visit had it not been that he himself made little or no impression upon the stolid Laplanders. "Venir en Laponie pour n'y produire qu'une si faible impression!" he dolorously exclaims. But if the Laplanders were chary of their attentions the mosquitoes were not, as he found to his cost when disdaining the crowded hut, and in defiance of rheumatic twinges, reminiscences of the Lebanon, he took his reindeer skin and laid it at the foot of two birch-trees near the enclosure, where were the animals which are to the Laplanders camels, horses, cows, and sheep. Still M. Enault does not appear to have disliked the novelty of his position in an encampment of Bedouins of the North. The next morning, he says, his guide came to him at the foot of the trees, and after the usual complimentary inquiries,

"May I interrogate you?" he said, in a voice which was much less submissive than his words.

"You may do so, Johansen."

"What do we do to-day?"

"Nothing."

Johansen rubbed his hands.

"But please, sir, where are we going?"

"We are not going, we are resting."

"Ah!" said Johansen, with a sigh of satisfaction. Johansen was particularly fond of going nowhere and doing nothing.

"A beautiful country!" he ventured to remark, casting his eyes furtively towards the naked rocks.

"A very pretty country," I added, like an echo.

"Yes," repeated Johansen, hesitatingly, "but one is very badly fed."

"Indeed! You are particular; reindeer at every repast, and fish oil!"

"Yes, smoked reindeer! If it was fresh, that would be another thing. If you wished it, sir, we could have fresh reindeer. A year ago I brought some milords here. Oh! they were rich, those milords," added Johansen, all the time that he was casting doubtful glances at the spare travelling bag which served me for a pillow—"they were rich! and they eat fresh reindeer every day." And Johansen, as he concluded, swept his lips with his tongue with the sensuality of an old cat.

"And how much does a reindeer cost?"

"You can have a tender one for three species" (17 francs 50 c.).

"And shall we have to remain here till it is eaten?"

"Oh, that won't be a long time," said Johansen, with an expansive smile. For my part, I had had nothing for the last ten days but an insufficient, disagreeable, unwholesome food, and I allowed myself to be seduced into the purchase of a reindeer. Johansen was entrusted with the details.

If reindeer flesh was desirable, reindeer sledge-travelling was, according to M. Enault, by no means so. The Norwegian karriole, the Maltese cars, the talikas of Scutari, the arabas of Constantinople, or even the camels of Damascus, which make one sea-sick, were, he declares, exquisite Sybaritism compared with the reindeer sledge. This is enough to say that his journey from the rocks and forests of the Laps to the city of Bergen was not remarkably comfortable.



If Christiania, founded on the ruins of Opsle, is in the present day the official capital of Norway, and Trondhjem, the antique home of its Koning and its Jarls, is always regarded as the real metropolis of the North, the city of Bergen, less aristocratic, has other reminiscences attached to it. It was the capital of commercial Norway. Bergen was the first city, according to M. Enault, with which England effected a treaty of commerce. This was in 1217. It is well known, he adds, that England did not remain satisfied with that diplomatic act; she found that what she had done was good, and she continued in the same path. The separation of Norway from Denmark brought Christiania into importance. Bergen remained stationary. What is more curious, being separated from the capital by mountains without roads, and lakes and fiords innumerable, it is actually looked upon by the Norwegians themselves as a city that is scarcely Norwegian. Its whole relations are with the sea, and in the present day its commerce is limited mainly to the export of wood, stock-fish, herrings, and cod-liver oil. Bergen was once decimated by the "black plague." It was conveyed thither by a phantom ship driven into the harbour by the winds, and which, for cargo, had nothing but corrupt bodies. The whole crew had perished.

One would fancy (says M. Enault) that the people of Bergen are complete ichthyophagists. You never, by any chance, meet in the streets men carrying bread, or women loaded with fruit, or young girls offering flowers to you: men, women, children, girls, half the town sells fish to the other half. Lobsters are also the source of a profitable fishery, and every week a squadron of little English schooners come to load with these ugly creatures, so much desiderated by the *gourmets* of London.

All the houses of Bergen are constructed of wood, but instead of being painted red or brown, as at Christiania and Trondhjem, they are painted white. Fires are, as may be imagined, very common. The objects of greatest interest in the city are the altar-piece at Saint Mary's, a splendid specimen of wood sculpture of the thirteenth century; and a figure, suspended in the air, over the sacred piscina or baptismal font. The Museum is admirable, as illustrative of local natural history. The cathedral has a choir only equalled, according to M. Enault, by that of York, which, according to the same authority, is the best in Europe; and British tourists, we are told, pay for the landscapes and interiors of M. Buntz their weight in gold.

Every site has its peculiarities. The inhabitants of Hardanger are the gayest people in Norway; they do nothing but dance and play upon the national fiddle, the four cords of which are carried through the interior. We are wrong: the Hardangers also manufacture their own rifles, and shoot grouse and heathcocks with a bullet. So fond are the Hardangers of pleasure, that every one goes to a marriage festival taking his or her own prog and own drink, and they keep up the festivities for eight days. It is obvious that by such a system any one who is so inclined, and who can afford it, may pass the year in a succession of matrimonial festivals.

From Bergen to the North Cape and Hammerfest our traveller effected his transit by steam-boat. He was one of the lucky ones. The sky was blue and limpid, there was not a breath of wind, and the sea was calm as a lake. He had heard, as every one has, much of the wonders of

navigating along the coast of Norway: the reality, he says, exceeded his anticipations. Those long, narrow channels, with their rocky walls, which separate island from island, and through which the steamer has to make its way as through a labyrinth, never fail to fill the traveller with wonder. At Aalsund are the ruins of the stronghold of the old pirate Hrolf-Gangr, Rollo the Walker, for the legend says he was too heavy to ride on a horse. This pirate became Duke of Normandy, wedded a daughter of France, and gave kings of his race to Great Britain. Molde is noticed as a site which contains within itself, in a remote corner of Norway, almost all that is characteristic of the country. An incomparable valley encloses within a space of a few leagues a little summary of all the beauties and all the terrors of nature. Its islands abound in hares and red deer, its rocks in sea-fowl, among which the eider-duck, whose spoliation is regulated by the laws, and is a source of considerable revenue to the dwellers on the coast. Of Christiansund, a town built upon three little islands which encircle its wondrously safe harbour, all that our traveller has to say is, that a cod eight to ten pounds in weight can be purchased there for twopence. It is, however, in reality, the history of the place. It is curious, M. Enault remarks of the coast of Norway, how few remnants of military architecture are met with there. Their castles, which, like the Arabs, they called Burg, or Borg, were mainly built along the coast of Scotland: they were always on the offensive, never on the defensive—at least when at home.

As we advance towards the north, the islands become more wild, and the rocks more naked and precipitous. A hill covered with verdure, or crowned by a grove of pine-trees, becomes a real relief, and the last that is met with is at Hildringen. The curiosities beyond that station are of a purely rocky character. Such is the great natural tunnel of Torghattan, produced by an arrow shot by a giant after a troll or magician, who was running away with his mistress. The shot missed "the necromancer of the north," and made a hole through the mountain. The petrified bust of the giant is still to be seen at a distance of some twelve miles in the interior; as to the damsel, she was turned into stone in the island of Leka.

Among the more remarkable rocks of the north are the Seven Sisters of the island of Alsten, and the Hestmand, or Herseman, who announces the proximity of the polar circle. Once within this region of ice and snow, even the sheltered bays, as those of Hundholm and Bringebeer, present nothing to the eye but *holms* and *baers* of granite topped by perpetual glaciers. At last, passing the well-known Maelstrom, and the little less celebrated fishing stations of Lofoden Tronso, one of the most northerly towns in Europe is attained. It is, as may be easily imagined, but a small town of some 1500 inhabitants, built on an island and rising in successive terraces from the shelly beds level with the sea to the slopes of the hills above. Yet is Tronso the seat of perhaps the most extensive and the least peopled diocese in Christian lands. The bishop has only a cathedral of wood, as the governor of the province has a wooden palace, and the people have wooden houses. These wooden houses are flanked by the sea on one side, and by a glacier, whose green and blue peaks assume the most fantastic appearance when reflecting the midnight sun,

on the other. What a truly Arctic scene? Yet is there in this town, built in contact with a perpetual glacier, a college, a public library, a reading-room, a theatre, and a concert-room ; nay, Tronso had its own newspaper, which was to have appeared twice a week, but as it grew irregular it was thought as well to leave it off altogether, and its editors probably derive more emolument from salting cod-fish.

There are also in the same northerly parallels—the land of the Quæners, or Quæns—Bosekop, where the French scientific mission had its headquarters, and Talvig, mere villages ; and, lastly, the better known Hammerfest, the most northerly town on the earth. This is a port of no small importance, although the town itself is insignificant enough, and the climate most repulsive ; the mean temperature being below zero. The island on which the town is built is enveloped in perpetual fogs, through which the sun rarely forces its way, and when it does it gives out but little heat. A wealthy merchant of the place has endeavoured to create a garden, but as yet he has only succeeded in getting the soil. He does profess to have grown mustard and cress enough for two salads, and the circumstance has passed into the domain of local history. A rose-tree was also imported, but, although protected by eider-down, it never could be induced to flower. There are three or four houses (wooden, as usual) of two stories in Hammerfest. They are, M. Enault says, the Louvre, the Elysée, the Tuileries, and the Palais Royal of the place ! There is also an inn, the rooms of which are square boxes, eight feet long by six in width, into which admission is obtained by a trap-door, and 160 francs a month are charged at this hostelry for board and lodging. One wonders who would be induced to stay a month in Hammerfest, unless he was engaged in measuring an arc of the meridian, or studying some of the multifarious phenomena of an Arctic residence. There is also a great laboratory for the distillation of cod-liver oil—the precincts of which present anything but an inviting odour. Hammerfest is the last point which the steamer attains in the present day. It is intended, it is said, at future seasons, to double the North Cape. Our tourists may then extend their researches even into more foggy regions. In the mean time, we think they ought to be quite satisfied to have reached the most northerly town in the world, and to have returned in safety.

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## THE SESSION—PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

PARTY exhibitions and jarring political dogmas, in the view of the philosopher, are useful to keep up that ruffle upon the surface of the political waters which, in a land of freedom, implies the vitality of constitutional liberty. The opening of the first session of a new parliament, and another royal speech echoing from the sham-antique walls reared upon the ruins of the venerable St. Stephen's, have passed away, and much public business has been transacted since we last addressed ourselves to the parliamentary relations of the country. The dissolution, as we foresaw, strengthened the hands of the minister. Many speakers who had delivered themselves like profound orators, with the exception that they never looked complacently on those who were not of their opinion, some who would fain be legislators through the qualification of words rather than things, and a few who used to speak to all but the question, were missing, and, it must be confessed, contributed by their absence to the acceleration of the business in the new House. The Opposition, more discreet than before in its offensiveness, solaced itself for its diminished consequence in Carlton Club dinners and consolatory toasts, or in the twofold operation of eating and listening—"venter habet aures." Its advocates of the press put on much of the neuter gender in politics. Their song resembled, in sameness of character and lack of inspiration, the verses of the after-dinner circle with which young ladies, under the score of Herr Hammerstein, the English-born German composer of the current year, greet the gentlemen fresh from their wine. Not that other opponents were not to be found ready with their chorus of discontents, but they exhibited a tame character, a milk-and-water mixture, scarcely worth tendering for sale—cheap shop articles. The Earl of Derby made no sign after the royal speech, reserving himself for the congenial intolerance of his display on the Oaths Bill; and Mr. Disraeli's hope expired mute as a songless swan. The previous sarcasm of the honourable gentleman, that Lord Palmerston had dissolved parliament "that he might waste a year," was forgotten at the moment memory most required it to be recalled, as a demonstration that the dissolution was neither a waste on the part of the minister, nor on behalf of the country.

The Persian war had terminated before parliament opened, and the ruffianly attack upon Sir James Brook by the emissaries of the meek and much-injured Yeh, was another unlucky stroke for the friends of the rotund mandarin of Canton. The party tactics were discomfited; what could it do better, in such a case, than forget the tale of the Secret Treaty, with which it played the old game of the 1st of April? What could it do but eat its pudding and hold its tongue? A new grievance must therefore be awaited before the part of Giant Widenostrils, the swallower of windmills, could be again enacted. Even the Neuschâtel dispute expired in peace.

But the purity of political attachments must be sustained. Politicians are the rarest of penitents, because they are the most wilful of sinners. The purity of a political attachment must be sustained, cost what it may

in principle, with unsound pleas and invocations of obsolete usages, and barbarisms of the middle ages, pre-Raphaelite resources, somewhat like those of artists, who, finding nature too many for their abilities, exhumed starchy and dead superstitions to adorn their canvas. But there was more than opposition within the walls of parliament. There were still some few members who should have credited Lord J. Russell, when he said the real question was not about the mandarin Yeh, but about place. The excuse was, that like "tape-tied curtains never *seems* to draw," they meant nothing, and from the result spoke the truth. Mr. Denison being elected Speaker, and the majority for the minister being large, the hopelessness of an effectual opposition helped forward the public business.

Out of doors, a party once more called for a House broader in principle—a House that would concede to the people "their rights"—in short, a broad-bottomed parliament. The people had borne "their sufferings with great equanimity." Yet is it a fact that the people never had less reason to complain. For the last twenty years the nation has been rapidly advancing in prosperity. Wealth and population have run an equal race. Complaints are too often made to court a fleeting popularity. We see that trade has been increased to an unanticipated extent. Taxation, though heavy, is light in proportion to the means of meeting it, as compared with past days. On July 5th, with the loss of the malt duties, and the hop duty postponed, the revenue returns had reached the enormous sum of 72,060,821*l*. The income-tax, which weighed disproportionately on a struggling class of the community, had nearly ceased to oppress that class. Food was dear, it is true, all over Europe, from bad seasons. Our population, outstripping our agricultural supplies, and in England and Wales alone having doubled in half a century, this occasional dearth is not surprising. We have no remedy but emigration. A bridge to Canada, in the shape of an old line-of-battle ship, food and clothes being provided by the emigrant himself, would do wonders. Is it not a worthy object to people from our own stock the vast uninhabited regions of the earth, to spread abroad our copious language, and extend civilisation? We are too prone to disregard everything which does not benefit the living. We have burdened posterity with debt: let that evil be balanced by the legacy of newly-peopled regions; let us make our own markets, and increase that power which alone secures national independence. We have in Australia a proof of the wisdom of such a proceeding. The state of things during the present parliamentary session is such, that one can hardly imagine our domestic relations to be more in unison with rational expectation. We find, it is true, the cry of reform in parliament echoed faintly among those who, it is too well shown, are not proof against the coin of new parliamentary candidates in many of our boroughs. Thus, any man with a full purse gets into parliament, while it is contended that the people are not represented. When the people show a proper sense of their duties, and carry out the present reform bill to the letter, it will be well to do more—but let this be done first.

On the opening of the session, the Opposition was impersonated in General Thompson, who, like a bold soldier, declared his determination, "in behalf of the late majority in the House of Commons," not to let the China grievance drop. The general showed a most lion-like front, and

his resolution he declared was to "continue to agitate the question to the uttermost." The results of the election were no warning to the gallant officer. This impersonation of the late House of Commons which condemned the treatment of Yeh, was a hasty threat, only not as hastily carried into execution. The session drawing to a close, and this mountain still in labour, recalls to us the well-known line so ponderous in meaning,

Oh! Jemmy Thompson! Jemmy Thompson, oh!

It was not wise to treat parliament, Yeh, and the public, in this neglectful manner. Perhaps the general has withdrawn his patronage from the countrymen of Confucius?

When a fresh parliament meets, the new joints require fitting into their places to work smoothly. The steam-engine heats when it is first worked, the joints are tight, but they soon cool into equable working trim. It is not thus with new parliamentary aspirants. These begin to work coldly, and seem for a time as if they were endeavouring to fit into their situations, and to learn how to acquire, in place of parting with, caloric. Some reflect on the extent of their oratorical ability, its length and breadth. Modest and shrinking souls, requiring a little observation, and the rejection of all natural modesty, so as to come upon the House with that assumption of boldness which ensures political success, if merit happen to be from home. The three things to which Lord Bacon ascribes success in life are indispensable here, and, if not inherent, must be acquired. Of the inhabitants of the three kingdoms the Englishman's breeding renders him primarily the inferior, when in such a position. He will not presume to speak, conscious of his ignorance in a situation where the lapsus of an unfledged orator may be ridiculed. The Scotchman, having a smattering of many topics, if he understand little of the subject on which he sets forth his pretensions to be heard, will open with a few relative sentences, and then dovetail a topic he does understand into that which began the debate, and in which he is not at home. The Irishman, without recourse to any similar stratagem, because he has not the same resources, will dash boldly into what he does not at all comprehend, and trust to fortune for saying something upon the given subject, if it be not exactly to the purpose. Naturally eloquent, as far as words go, and conscious of the accomplishment, he determines that for once things may take care of themselves. The older members of the three countries, who have dozed away many an uninteresting weary hour on the benches in bygone days, are always ready at hand, if the modesty of a recruit should overcome his courage. They, if needful, will then talk—there is little eloquence in the House now—until the Tyros are settled down in their places. The eloquence of the Senate, truly so called, has ceased to exist. Of six hundred and fifty individuals in the educated walks of life—by which we mean either taught something at school, or industriously self-taught, not the M.P. who becomes, by virtue of his banker's account, fully qualified to settle the fate of empires—none are gifted with that power of moving the passions of their hearers which existed within the walls of St. Stephen's a few years ago. No prime minister now would dream of moving the adjournment of the House because the speech of a member of the Opposition had produced an effect too eloquently powerful to proceed to further business with the necessary equanimity.

There are few changes more remarkable than those which have occurred in the character of the House of Commons since the commencement of the century. It was once quoted as the great senatorial example for Europe, and recalled the time when historians tell us the Conscript Fathers of Imperial Rome met in the high and palmy days of the Eternal City. Eager then was the public desire to peruse the latest parliamentary debates, not for the political sentiments of the more eloquent speakers alone, but, combined with them, the desire to peruse outpourings which were of themselves masterpieces of oratory. At present we are accustomed to associate with parliamentary speeches neither the lofty nor polished eloquence for which the House was once renowned. Little above the colour of common colloquial intercourse, the interest felt in the speakers at present is confined to learn individual sentiments upon passing subjects. Beyond this no interest is raised, and the division is mentally desired by the members to take place as soon as possible, impatient for the moment of a release from the Treasury benches for the night. In the time to which we refer, even youthful, and often noble, nonentities jobbed into nomination boroughs, in place of dozing, sat with mouths at full expansion while Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Tierney, Grattan, Windham, Canning, and, later still, Brougham, addressed the Speaker, fixed by the manner and language rather than the subject matter. Peel, the last who laid claim to any share of the style and superior talent to which we allude, sophistical and formal as he was, and inferior as an orator to those we have named, made no figure in the House of Commons until he had seen his earlier contemporaries pass away. Brougham remained lord of the ascendant till called to the Upper House, and then it was Sir Robert became master of the camp. Fox died two years before Peel entered parliament, but Sheridan, Grattan, Canning, and Tierney, were still there.

It is not easy to convey an idea of the great difference between the past and present eloquence of the Senate. It must be remembered that the newspaper reporters are marvellously clever in helping out lame orators, who are deeply indebted to them for smoothing and polishing their asperities, supplying the halt with crutches, mending the discords of the stutterers, and connecting the disjointed sentences of the hesitating, and that, too, with no little skill and kindness. The perusal of the paper at the breakfast-hour finds few difficulties in that the delivery of which was exceedingly difficult for the listener to understand. The House oratory, at present little more than conversational, generally aims, though at times awkwardly, to move the reason rather than the passions, yet, as of old, we fear the foregone conclusion too often settles the question, irrespective of either reason or passion. The best speech is but an interlude after the motion is developed, to amuse conflicting parties until the time of voting. It was once remarked that the eloquence of Chatham, from which his opponents always shrank abashed, noway influenced the division, and that it would have been the same had the orator been an archangel. This was felt and well expressed by the member who asked, on a motion for excluding reporters, "Who would speak if their speeches were not reported?"

It is the out-of-door public, not quite as invulnerable to sound opinions as those are who are ruled alone by the spirit of party, that acts upon the popular representatives, forcing them to come to sounder conclusions.

If the business within the walls of St. Stephen's were secret, even the boast of a popular government would not, we are persuaded, be tolerated. Publicity is the soul of British freedom, uncensored, unbounded, unshackled, undaunted, uncensored, the liberty to speak and reason upon every topic connected with the public good, and to secure the right of being governed by our own wills constitutionally expressed.

That such a stream of eloquence as flowed in parliament at the beginning of the present century should be long sustained under that law of mutability which is stamped upon everything earthly, was hardly to be expected. It was easy in those times to discriminate the heart- orators from those who were moved by policy alone, whatever might be their talents. Pitt argued only upon the good or ill policy of a measure. He had not that character which genius, apart from ability, stamps upon the individual. He could not, like his father, "nail an opponent to the floor with his eyes." He neither rose so high nor descended so low as Lord Chatham, whose bursts of eloquence were like the electric flash. Pitt's oratory, not a syllable wrongly enunciated, was one uniform mellifluous flow, a translucent stream, equable, correct, unimpassioned, but, when he pleased, full of bitterness and sarcasm, without breaking in manner or gesture from that perfect keeping and exact propriety in delivery which, marking mental emotion, would have been beneath his lofty and imperious nature. No ill-timed gesture, no misplaced elevation, no depression of intonation, broke the harmony of his delivery. His countenance was not pleasing, its chief expression being an arrogance corresponding with his natural character. But we are digressing: to follow recollections well-nigh entombed with the renowned dead, the influence of the best speakers in parliament, too, has much less interest out of the House than formerly, not only from being deficient in the constituents of lofty eloquence themselves, but in the less estimation in which that acquirement is held, because it is not a vulgar one. When mere opinion is alone regarded, little store is set upon the mode in which it is expressed, at a time when those accomplishments and high qualities, which have been objects of admiration in the departed ages, have become secondary, from lack of good taste. Ignorance never presumed to estimate its crude notion of real greatness so authoritatively as at present, nor laboured more to undervalue true genius, learning, and experience. The past is nothing in the view of the existing generation, a mere *caput mortuum*, the future nothing. The present is the worthiest in all things. Nor did ignorance ever presume before to triumph so openly in its own fallacies, owing to the diffusion of knowledge over a larger surface than before, with a proportionate lessening of its depth. Hence the many declare that there is no value in eloquence; that study, taste, and experience are unnecessary. An insensibility to high merit in everything overlays all. The eloquence of Erskine and Curran has, in like manner, no similitude now at the bar. It would be more difficult for great talents to be duly acknowledged, if estimated at all, than it was in past time, because there are so many more who are jealous of them; and this, holding good in politics as well as other things, has introduced that tame mediocrity which rules with absolute sway.

Locke says, "Define your terms." The Earl of Derby, having by an appeal to bigotry thrown out the Oaths Bill, should tell us what he means by "unchristianising," which was his great objection to the bill,



and whether the word has any meaning at all. If it has, it is our misfortune not to understand it. We admit that Jonathan Wild had a knack at "unchristianising" the king's subjects. Betting-offices and horse-racing are excellent means of "unchristianising" us. The lists of the police might be quoted for many prevalent modes to the same end; all this we grant, but we cannot understand what right the noble peer has to place the people of England—for the House of Commons is the people of England—in the same category with the Wilds, betting-offices, horse-races, or gaol-birds of the land. The Jew is excluded from civil privileges because he has "no right" to be elected a member of the legislature, says Lord Derby. This cogent argument is very like the phrase "because it is," used in proof by those who lack one of the bumps Gall declares essential to ratiocination. The noble lord recommended the House of Lords to act independently of the Commons—that is, of the opinions of the people of England, the "unchristianised" Commons. They, the peers, were not, as in the case of the Reform Bill and the repeal of the Corn-laws, to sacrifice their influence to the feeling of the other House—that is, to the feeling of the English people, the just inference. But suppose the people of England, the twenty-seven millions, place their will against Lord Derby's hundred and seventy-three hereditary legislators—what then? His lordship appealed to the dark customs and conclusions of the past time to support a present abuse. It is a great pity the noble lord, so heart and soul in his appeals to barbarous times and usages, had not lived a few centuries ago, and thus spared himself and us the inferences that must follow appeals so unworthy the age, and really so "unchristianising." His lordship seemed to have forgotten the awkward position of the House of Lords under the Reform Bill. Is one who argues thus fit to be Premier of England? May the country be long spared such a calamity. We know not whether the parliament has a deposing power, but we are certain such a power dwells with that public his lordship defies, and that his opposition to it will not improve his position.

The Queen of England governs millions of Mahomedans and Hindoos. Some of these are rich, and philanthropical as well. One or two have had the honour of knighthood. Now railways are making in India, and there is a promise of an enormous accession of commerce with that vast territory, rich Mahomedan houses, or members of them, may become naturalised and residents in London, and even be selected as representatives of Englishmen, with the higher qualification than most Englishmen possess, of being able to explain in the Senate the wants, wishes, and characters of a hundred millions of British subjects. They must not sit in parliament because they refuse to swear they are Christians. Civil rights must depend on religious creed. The Jews keep their Sabbath on the Saturday, the Mahomedans on the Friday, but Sundays are only to be kept Christian fashion, according to some. Here is another impediment to a concession to millions of her Majesty's subjects, more numerous than all the Jews in the world put together, having equal rights in other respects. It is a duty to guard against such conflicts, and place all British subjects upon the same footing in regard to religious privileges, excluding none from temporal rights out of religious prejudices bequeathed in days of ignorance, and supported by error. The step is

inevitable: why not have given the present moment the honour of trampling upon dishonest, persecuting enactments?

Parliamentary reform was early disposed of for the session. We repeat it: we have again and again expressed our conviction that before those steps are taken, which, in our view, are bounded by household suffrage, and not by the American system, for which many hearts in this country seem to pant, it is necessary that the hands of the electors should be clean, that they should have a fitting sense of the duty the qualification of an elector involves, and that the reduction of the number of corrupt voters should be so great as to prevent their influence from deciding the return. To multiply voters under the existing vices in practice, is only to increase the mass of corruption. For one borough where the return happens to be honest, there are three which are corrupt, and will not be rendered less corrupt by multiplying the voters. The system of corruption is not generally one of great expense, as pretended. In a borough of a thousand voters, in which Liberal and Conservative, to the extent of nine hundred, may be pure, the hundred left, who are what is called "managed," really decide the election, by reserving themselves for the highest fee, and deciding the contest when the last hour of the poll has arrived. These reserved voters will become multiplied with the extension of the franchise, which will still have the same evil to contend against. Certain we are that nothing but a conviction of the importance of the voter's duty, and the growth of political integrity to a much higher stature than is at present witnessed, will secure what is so desirable. In a country where, to acquire the means of corruption is the end of existence with nine-tenths of the people, it is not easy to see how a miracle of probity is to be worked. In regard to the ballot, if desired, let it be conceded. It may secure a conscientious voter now and then from being the victim of exclusive trading, but it will do no further good. Tenants may in a few cases vote against their landlords, the fear of which is the real reason of the opposition they make to it. But are there no constrained voters on the other side? Is not the fee of corruption as presentable in the one case as the other, under cover of the adage "Honour among thieves?" Men will not take bribes and vote against him who tenders them. Even gaol-birds do not suffer their flagitious honesty to be impugned: their iniquity retains a solitary taint of virtue. In America, the election of the President is notoriously corrupt. Take the post-office places to the tune of twenty thousand in his gift. These are a reserved corps, with which he decides the fate of his contests by a previous understanding of a reward to "the faithful." We do not see mischief in granting the ballot, nor, on the other hand, any vast benefit, such as its friends expect from the measure. No abler men would be returned to parliament if the voters were quadrupled, but the reverse, since the tendency of the multiplication of electors would be to lower the value of the judgment exerted, as is found to be the case in everything dependant upon multitudinous discrimination. The valid plea for the extension of the suffrage rests upon social right, and in no way upon the greater acumen or superior wisdom of the masses in the choice of purer or more honest representatives. Those masses which declare they cannot resist drunkenness if liquor is within their reach, and want every man of sober habits to be restrained from the use, to prevent their own abuse of God's

gifts—no matter, those very persons claim to be unpurchasable accomplished electors—a consequence difficult to understand.

The show at Manchester, in which the "talent of the world" condensed in the metropolis of cotton had the "honour" of the presence of Prince Albert—to adopt the odd phraseology of the good city—we fear is not solitary in mistaking shows for art, and in committing a serious error as to the best mode of its encouragement, the walls of the present Royal Academy exhibition notwithstanding. Genius must be fostered in a different way from that which happens to be now the rage, if England is to be on a level in good taste with other nations, of which we yet perceive no symptom. Nothing superlatively good or bad seems to be the admired position of things among those who at present judge of art through a false medium, and knowing little of the subject contrive to talk of it to the groundlings as if they had become fully qualified under the Medicis for the task, or as if they had taken degrees long ages previously under Zeuxis and Phidias. In the mechanical arts, neither a Harrison nor a Dent ever acquired the power of making those wonderful specimens of artistic skill, their chronometers, by looking in at watchmakers' windows. The works of genius cannot be fabricated in steam-looms, nor the treasures of imagination embodied at the "Open, Sesame" of the most ardent well-wishers. Prize oxen may be a stimulant at a show to the production of other prize oxen, of greater hardness of contexture in the fat of the ribs, and more improved steaks, cutting them Abyssinian fashion; "but the beings of the mind" are not to be gauged by pressing the knuckles on the cuticle, over the integumentary layers, nor by weighing the bone and muscle in balances. The examples of high art will ever be few, and executed but by a few, whom simple nature, as well as cultivation, not artifice, have had a hand in forming. We see sculptors in plenty, among other artists of the modern mode, for example, along the New-road. We at times, too, see advertisements for apprentices to the trade. The ancients have left us no record of an Athenian placard: "Wanted, an apprentice by Mr. Phidias, sculptor to Lord Pericles, of Athens, now employed upon the figures on the frieze of the Parthenon.—N.B. Funeral vases and inscriptions at a short notice, and on the cheapest terms." This, we take it, is the embodiment of the present notion of a genius for art, or, in other words, the business-air of one who executes marvellously clever things in the "genius line." We have indeed some novelties lately broached, as we have mesmerism, phrenology, mormonism, and homœopathy. We have pre-Raphaelitism, and German and other isms too without end; but we do not now see executed such works by native artists as those of Reynolds, or Gainsborough, of Hogarth, Wilkie, or Turner. They and others have passed by, and in their place we have pictures and cotton-goods, steam-engine models, sculpture, and Jacquard looms, with exhibitions of all sorts of shopkeeping articles mingled together, as an infallible receipt for the production of works of fine art, which are only not produced. The glow of novelty worn off such shows—though novelty is a charm to Englishmen beyond the people of any other nation, being to them both the law and the prophets—things fall again into their old track. Such exhibitions are of no benefit to high art. The world has no comprehension of the operations of genius—it judges by the yard and the shop. Genius is an endowment heaven-born. It is solitary, not gregarious. Privacy, toil, study, indomitable patience, oftentimes under suf-

fering, discouragement, and neglect, are generally the obstacles under which it works out its immortal achievements—achievements which assort ill with a medley of mechanical manufactures, bales of cotton, Brussels carpeting, silk millinery, and clever cabinet manufactures.

To return—the new House of Commons has supported the minister, who is not heard like Lord John Russell to enumerate upon all occasions his past services in order to obtain grace for his forthcomings not yet come. Lord John depends for sustenance upon his stock of traditions. Like the Eton boy—“Did I not lick Styles for you a month before the Christmas holidays?—lend me a crown”—he makes his past deeds his current coin in purchasing support. He is very chary about promises as to the future, except in his staple of reform. His enumerations sometimes are profuse at the expense of others, for we are not inclined to sacrifice the stern integrity of Lord Grey, tried through a long series of years, in exchange for the efforts of Lord John in the House of Commons, however earnest his lordship might have been in behalf of reform. Lord John still adheres to his mandarin alliance. Should General Thompson put his threats at the opening of the session into execution, Lord Palmerston must be prepared to see Lord John divide among the sympathisers with the redoubtable Yeh, even in the next session, if the necessity of the general's threat should demand it; but perhaps the threat was only a *reconnaissance*. The Financial Reform Association at Liverpool made no progress in its objects. There was a dearth of capacity in its leaders. They attempted to steer their vessel before they had studied Hamilton Moore, and Mr. R. Gladstone, taken aback, discovers at last that it was formerly the custom to learn something of a science before attempting to practise it, however sanguine the expectation of progress may have taken hold of the fancy.

At Newport Pagnell, Mr. Disraeli came out in a new character for the first time “this season,” as the players say. He played the Reformer! Wonders will never cease. There is a farce called “The Weathercock,” in which the hero of the moment sets out in life as a barrister, makes an appearance in that character, flings off his gown and wig, and takes up another profession, running in the same way through a score of professions in a couple of hours. Mr. Disraeli has passed in like manner through so many political metamorphoses, that we did not think there was one left for him untried. Perhaps, in the present case, he was preparing for a change which he thinks may be useful, under a deceptive view of the shadow of coming events. He shows a remarkable wariness about committing himself to any course immediately, and thus qualifies for that which may unexpectedly and advantageously offer itself, be it what it may, after his past ill-luck. The honourable gentleman, burdened with the recollection of the parts he had played in past time, exhibited no inconsiderable dexterity in turning reformer on the present occasion. He addressed, this time, as a sort of free-trader, those rustics whom a little time ago he had palavered in behalf of protection. He salved the discrepancy by assuring them that their own skill had worked out their safety, and rendered protection and his previous cautions needless. Providence had aided them—no doubt a special providence? Cunningly cautious of saying anything decided, the great upbraider of others with want of fixity here played the weathercock admirably with a view

to the future. High Tory openly and avowedly—and, if such, best known by his last change for adhering to a party opposing progress of every kind for that portion of the nineteenth century which has expired—Mr. Disraeli declared that Toryism meant the “political, social, and intellectual progress of the country!”—as exhibited, for example, under the ministry of Lord Londonderry; in other words, in those things his party has uniformly opposed. We agree that was indeed progress, but we take it somewhat crab-like in movement. Could the rustics swallow all this hoaxing? It beat Banagan, as the Irish say. Then we were told by the right honourable gentleman that the course to be pursued to make England free and happy above all other nations, was to defer to our ancient institutions. What could that mean but to bring back the blessings of judgment by battle, Salic law, Star-chamber trials, the wills of fat Harry and the Stuarts, papacy, witch-burning, Smithfield fires, and Jew assassination. Let us have Lord Manners’s Young England, which included the above blessings, and of which Mr. Disraeli was once the advocate,—all this, according to the right honourable gentleman, would be progress! The honourable gentleman recalls to us Curran’s pig-driver in relation to this sort of progress, the driver’s averment of advancing to Cork when he was travelling to Dublin, being afraid the pigs would understand him. Just so with the Bucks rustics under Mr. Disraeli’s deceptive progress towards reform. Not parliamentary reform—that was opposed to the landed interest—but his superfine kind. It served him to say this; it may soon serve him, on a similar occasion, to say the opposite, though now he makes war upon the boroughs on a ground repeated a hundred times before by other people. He then shows, by that anomaly as to small boroughs returning the same number of members as large ones, the direful grievance that counties do not return more in proportion, or, in other words, the electors where the power of the landlords is most absolute, and the intellectual qualifications the smallest. The public must be fatuitous not to observe the drift of all this as a reserve for future contingencies, and the dexterity it displays to qualify the speaker for any chance that may offer to his advantage. A Jim Crow jump in any direction, with a somersault in addition, if required, while asking “Wha wants me,” makes the way smooth for all changes. To secure the Church, he praised it high and low, keeping himself between both. He declared church-rates essential to the existence of the Church itself, which existence we once thought depended upon its doctrine, not its pence. We are now enlightened, bowing to such an authority. Obviously because the government has endeavoured to arrange the church-rate question do we gain this priceless explanation. Such is the display of principle made by the leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, who may truly lament that he was not born in a more virtuous age, when his patriotic views would be still better appreciated.

Several important measures have been brought in this session, marking useful progress. The divorce law is one of these. The Maynooth endowment was of course opposed by Mr. Spooner, but was carried, as well as a bill for duly punishing breaches of trust. A law in the teeth of the great principle of free-trade, namely, to place beer-houses under the licensing power of justices of the peace in place of the Excise, was thrown out, and one to secure the punishment of fugitive directors was passed.

Sir John Pakington, a Conservative of long standing, supported the repeal of the Oaths Bill, a course which did honour to his sincere dealing. The Divorce Bill has removed another stain from the law practice of the country, and made legal proceedings in such cases approximate more towards reason. These changes in the laws are the good commencement of a heavy task yet to be completed. The minister has employed his time rather in acting than promising. A bill of Lord Campbell relative to obscene publications, without a chance of staying their circulation, gave a power to the police approximating to that so vicious in continental states. An amendment of Lord Lyndhurst was well timed. A man or woman divested of the

Troublesome disguises that we wear,

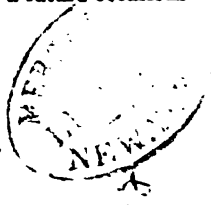
is surely not an obscene nor indecent object in a picture. A vulgar policeman might deem it to be such, and violate a tradesman's domicile under such a pretence. A degree of knowledge is necessary to discover the really censurable character of such works, and how is the line to be drawn without that knowledge? The seizure of books is still more objectionable, and would be the commencement of an expurgatorial system like that of the Pope. Any blockhead might subject two-thirds of our literature to seizure, and begin with the most sacred of writings. Put down such vile things if possible, but do not by decrees establish a continental police surveillance here. We too much fear that the most obscene publications are not exhibited; they are hawked about by vile traders, who carry with them, as a cover, cheap unobjectionable works. On a vote for national education, doubts were thrown upon the results of the present system, and we think justly; we believe the desired end is not, and will not be attained by the mode adopted. Reading and writing cannot impart the virtues desired, though useful as far as they go, and there is not time, were it possible to proceed further, before the necessity of obtaining his bread draws away the child to mechanical or agrarian labour. An educational conference has been held upon the subject, on which it threw no new light. The truth, we believe, in the end, will be found in the discovery of the mistaken application of the term "education" applied to teaching reading and writing for a year or two, whereas it really implies the formation of character by the study of principles for a much longer term, so as to engraft them on the mind inerascibly. The Ministers' Money Bill in Ireland was not passed without the old kind of opposition from some of the friends of the Orange colour still extant in their pristine virulence. A motion for the introduction of the ballot at elections was lost by a majority of sixty-eight.

Intelligence from India, of the same character as that at Vellore many years ago, has caused large reinforcements of troops to be sent out. The similarity of the two revolts is great, and the causes the same, namely, interference with religious prejudices. In the fort of Vellore there was a regiment and six full companies of Sepoys, in number about 1300 men, four companies of the English 69th Regiment, and a six-pounder gun. The princes, sons of Tippoo Saib, were captives in the fort, under the care of Lieut.-Colonel Marriot. The cause of disaffection was a most imprudent code of regulations, both ridiculous and mischievous. A new fantastic turban like a drummer's cap was introduced, the distinguishing mark of the native caste on the forehead was forbidden to be longer worn

—a most important thing to a native—the men were commanded to shave the upper lip, and one or two other regulations of a minor kind were issued. These things were of no moment to the service, but most obnoxious to the native. At two in the morning the mutiny commenced by the native troops pouring a volley into the barracks of the 69th, and opening a fire upon them with the six-pounder. The flag of Tippoo was hoisted on the palace. All the Europeans met were slaughtered, until seven A.M., when the 19th English Dragoons with a galloper gun from Arcot, blew open the gate of the fort, at the same time that all of the 69th left alive sallied forth and seized the six-pounder. Of the Sepoys, six hundred were at once cut down by the cavalry, two hundred taken and shot, and of five hundred that escaped many were taken and put to death. Of the 69th and other troops, eleven officers and seventy-six men were killed, and three officers and eighty-eight wounded. Only one soldier was killed, and three wounded, of the cavalry. The name of Tippoo's sons was used as a rallying-cry, but they were perfectly innocent of any share in the mutiny. The Sepoys spared the women and children, but killed all the soldiers in the hospital. Lord William Bentinck, then governor at Madras, at once ordered regulations so obnoxious to the natives to be done away with. The question was, "Who commanded them in the first instance?" The next mutiny was that of the 47th native regiment at Barrackpore, in 1824, to which a few privates of another regiment joined themselves. Though remonstrated with by their commanding officers and by the general commanding, they refused to obey; artillery and European troops were brought up, and the mutineers, forming in line, returned the fire of the artillery with musketry for a few minutes, and then throwing down their arms, fled—most of them killed, or made prisoners and put to death, the number of the regiment was erased from the list. The present is a more formidable mutiny than any which preceded it, arising out of religious prejudices. Here, too, as at Vellore, the mutineers have made a leader's name a rallying-point, namely, that of the Mogul. Reports state that warning had been given on the subject of greasing the cartridges by some Indian officers previously. We might as well ask the Jew to eat swine's flesh as the Hindoo to touch such a substance. But the punishment of some of the men for conduct connected with the order previously, seems to have hastened the outbreak. We fear that the continued absence of officers on civil service, and that want of mutual kind feeling, owing to a variety of causes, which once existed between the Sepoy and his European officer, is not now what it was when the European regarded India as his home. Europeans treat the natives of India with too much contempt. It is likely the mutiny has been put down, the want of unity of action, and the desire of plunder, rendering the mutineers incapable of that orderly resistance which is the more serious to the ruling power. We must postpone the conclusion of the present topic to a future occasion.

END OF VOL. CX.

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